



SAVE THE BOYS



THE
RIBBON WORKERS.

BY
JAMES M. HIATT,

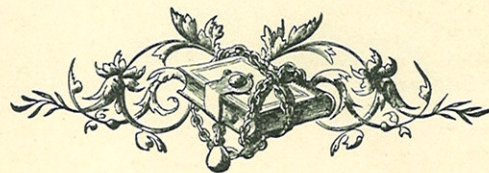
AUTHOR OF "THE POLITICAL MANUAL," "THE VOTERS' TEXT-BOOK," "THE
TEST OF LOYALTY," "THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN," ETC.

"What hath God wrought!"—QUEEN VICTORIA.

TRADE SUPPLIED
BY
LAFAYETTE HUGHES,
HASTINGS, MICH.
PRICE, \$1.50.
AGENTS WANTED.

—
COPYRIGHT, 1878.
BY J. W. GOODSPEED.
—

—
MANUFACTURED BY
A. J. COX & CO.



TO THE BOYS

WHO HAVE PUT THEIR HEELS ON THE HEAD OF THE SERPENT,

AND SOLEMNLY VOWED THAT,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD, THEY WILL BE

FREE MEN,

THIS WORK IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.



(3)



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE,	11
INTRODUCTION,	13

LIFE OF LAFAYETTE HUGHES.

CHAPTER I.—Preliminary Remarks—Birth and Parentage— The Victim of a Hereditary Appetite—Boyhood and its Surroundings—The Demon Bends the Twig—Early Education—Sent to Christian College,	17
CHAPTER II.—College Career—Transmitted Habits Gain a Mastery Over Intellectual and Moral Appliances,	33
CHAPTER III.—The Fearful Struggle—The War with Devils,	44
CHAPTER IV.—Saved by Fire—The Heroic Conduct of a Hotel Clerk—A Ball Through the Heart Drives Satan Out and Makes it the Temple of the Holy Spirit—The At- tempted Suicide Makes a Glorious Apostle of Temperance,	74

LIFE OF MILO P. WARD.

CHAPTER I.—Nativity and Parentage—Disposition—Early Life and Education—Opportunities and How They Were Used,	105
--	-----

	PAGE
CHAPTER II.—Sickness—Commencement Day—Its Triumphs—Farewell to <i>Alma Mater</i> —Opening Scenes in the Battle of Life—The Trip, With Hughes, to Philadelphia—What Was Seen and What Was Not Seen of the Great Exposition—Trials and Conflicts of 1876,	121
CHAPTER III.—Mr. Ward's Reformation—His Character and Success as a Temperance Worker—His Partnership With Hughes—His Invariable Success,	138

WORK OF HUGHES AND WARD.

Washington—Attica—Lafayette—Lebanon—Thorntown, etc., etc.—Victory All Along the Line,	144
---	-----

LIFE OF M. ED. SHIEL.

CHAPTER I.—Nationality—Rearing and Schooling—He Learns the Trade of a Tanner—Power of an Inborn Thirst—Indulgence of that Thirst in Early Life,	170
CHAPTER II.—One of Ed's Jokes—The Story of a Demi-john—Trials of 1873—Life on the Road—Battles and Defeats—Expensive Fun in Holton—"M. E. Shiel, M.D."—Visit to an Illinois Aunt—A Village Grocery-Keeper—Social Party in Waukegan—Home Again—Discouraged—Results of the Use of Substitutes—Recipe for an Irish Whisky Punch,	182
CHAPTER III.—The Afflicting Hand of Providence—A Trip to Buffalo—Sad Return—Delirium Tremens—Saved from Self-Destruction—Six Days' Debauch on the Road—Tempted Again to Kill Himself—The Pledge Signed and Broken—Final Reformation—Complete Triumph Over the Demon—Identification with the Red-Ribbon Work—The Temperance Monitor—Ed. Shiel a Mighty Power for Good—One of the Grandest Workers in the Field,	191

LIFE OF JACK WARBURTON.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—A Pure Englishman, but a True Cosmopolite—How he was Kept Almost Constantly Drunk in His Infancy—He Receives His Only Education in Sunday-School—He Learns the Hatter's Trade,	200
CHAPTER II.—The European Crop of Wild Oats—The Mother's Painful Surprise—Jack Becomes a British Soldier—Deserts—Tramps Again—Comes to America—Marries—The New Leaf Blacker than the Old One—Life in Milwaukee—Reformation,	211
CHAPTER III.—Coming Out of the Kinks—Fruitless Efforts to Save His Favorite Crony—Death of Bill Slater—Jack Becomes a Christian—He Enters the Temperance Field as a Public Worker—His Cheering Success—He Visits the Wisconsin State Prison—Touching Incidents of the Visit—Is Commissioned a Deputy Grand Worthy Templar—Becomes a Ribbon Chief and Does a Grand Work—Cheering Testimonials from the Redeemed and Their Friends,	221

LIFE OF LUTHER BENSON.

CHAPTER I.—The Benson Family—Luther's Antecedents and Opportunities—A Fatal Inheritance—Dire Effects of the Social Customs of the Olden Time—Ignorance is not Always Bliss,	232
CHAPTER II.—Luther Quits Law School—The Sad Things that Follow—Reformation—Ups and Downs—The Strong Should Support the Weak,	240

LIFE OF MASON LONG.

CHAPTER I.—Thrilling Experience of One of the Most Renowned Gamblers and Saloon Keepers of the Wabash Valley, as Given by Himself,	256
CHAPTER II.—Reflections on Mr. Long's Speech—Facts in Regard to His Birth and Boyhood—His Character as a Worker and a Speaker,	278

LIFE OF JAMES W. F. GERRISH, M.D.

Birth—Place—Parentage—Early Associations—Medical Education—Its Moral Results—He Graduates with Distinguished Honors and Enters the Practice of Medicine—The Drinking Habit—How Acquired—Its Effects Upon His Character—Enters the Army as a Surgeon—Serves His Country with Ability and Fidelity—Returns to Civil Life and Locates in Seymour—Attains Marked Distinction in His Profession—The Crusaders Capture Him—He Reforms and Becomes an Efficient Red Ribbon Worker, 305

THE SEYMOUR REFORM CLUB.

Its Organization—Its Trials—Its Glorious Triumphs—A Model Club, 314

LIFE OF CAPTAIN J. C. BONTECOU.

CHAPTER I.—Nativity—Parentage—College Course—Army Career—The Evils of Drink—Reformation—Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Missouri Tell the Tale of a Grand Work for God and Humanity, 324

CHAPTER II.—Captain Bontecou's White Ribbon Clubs—His Own Account of Their Origin—Their Efficiency—History of the Work of Both the Red and the White at Evansville, Indiana; Peoria, Illinois; St. Joseph, Missouri; Madison, Indiana; and Other Points, 330

LIFE OF GEORGE W. CALDERWOOD.

CHAPTER I.—He is a Native of Buckeyedom—Learns to Drink in a Harvest Field—The Sad History of a Jug—Military Career—Professional Failures in Civil Life—Rum and Ruin—The Dark Hour Before the Dawn, 345

CHAPTER II.—Another Instance of the Power of a Child—Restoration to Manhood—Glorious Work for Our Common Humanity Throughout the Western States, 352

LIFE OF JOHN W. DREW.

CHAPTER I.—Birth, Nativity, Boyhood—How Necessity Developed His Extraordinary Selfhood—No Flowery Beds of Ease were His in His Youth—Maturity—The Tempter Comes—A Splendid Business Career Nipped in the Bud by the Serpent that Lurks in the Social Glass, 361

CHAPTER II.—Reformation—How Effected—Its Magnificent Fruitage—New Hampshire Fired—Iowa Turned Upside Down—Hundreds of Thousands Recruited to the Army of Total Abstinence, 367

LIFE OF HON. ROBERT E. FRAZER

Birth—Parentage—School Days—Graduation—A Star of Ann Arbor—Professional Success—Good-bye Whisky—Splendid Career in the Ribbon Work, 374

LIFE OF HON. ALEXANDER B. CAMPBELL.

Early Formation of Bad Habits—The Flight from Home—The Return—Remarkable Susceptibility of Temperament—School Days—Army Life—Professional Career—Ups and Downs—Final Reformation—Noble Work in Saving Men. 380

LIFE OF GEN. GEO. F. POTTER.

- He Comes of Noble Stock—An Interesting Pedigree—Is Started
to School with a View to a Preparation for the Pulpit—He
Defeats the Parental Purpose and Goes to West Point, . . . 388

LIFE OF MICHAEL J. FANNING.

- Born in the Green Isle—Brought to America When a Baby—
One of the Most Remarkable Histories Ever Made by an
Irish Boy—A Real Life that Eclipses Most of the Romances, 393

LIFE OF TONY DELIGHT.

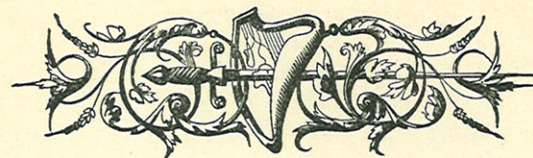
- A Spanish Father—A Portuguese Mother—Born, and Principally
Raised on the Island of Maderia—Peculiar Disposition
—Extraordinary Character—An Electric Engine in Human
Form—Effects of Bringing a Boy up on Native Wine—
“The Pure Juice of the Grape” Proves Itself a First Class
Manufacturer of Drunkards, 398

ANN ARBOR REFORM CLUB.

- Its Origin—Its Growth—Its Good Works, 401

SUNDRY WORKERS.

- P. R. Bailey—Fred. Getchell—“Silver Top”—C. W. Phillips—
F. D. Dalton—John H. Monroe—John Wood—Mrs. J.
Ellen Foster—Mrs. S. M. I. Henry—“Kate Harrington”—
Mrs. Maria B. Holyoke—Dr. C. N. Whitney—Hon. John
Seboski—Rev. W. W. Satterlee—Judge Safety Layton—
Hon. Warner H. Curtiss—Stephe R. Smith—Percy Smith—
Addington D. Welch, 407



PREFACE.

THE motto on the title-page has a history. When the great Morse completed the laying of the Atlantic cable, he requested the Queen of England to send over the line the opening dispatch. She did so; and the majestic Saxon expression, “What hath God wrought!” was the first that ever pierced the ocean which separated us from our mother country. This grand sentence is equally worthy of that noblest and best of all the sovereigns of Europe, and of that incomparable enterprise by which the hemispheres were lashed side by side, and by which the diversified earth was transformed into one neighborhood.

It occurs to me that a faithful presentation of the lives and work of the reformed men who, without the advantages of book-culture or of any special training for the platform, are now “turning the world upside down” on the subject of temperance, is the best history that can be written of the great ribbon movements of the day, and can not fail to interest *all classes* of readers. These men I regard as so many engines driven by the Spirit of God throughout the land, drawing trains heavily freighted with the seed of Christian charity. This seed, deposited at numerous stations, is sown broadcast over the country, and in very many places finds a lodgment in good,

honest hearts, and is producing a glorious fruitage of peace, industry, and happiness. As the agents of the Almighty, these proclaimers of glad tidings of great joy can be rewarded only by Him; yet it is the duty of all good people to appreciate and support them heartily in their zealous, untiring efforts for good, and also to study the secret of their wonderful power and the philosophy of their methods.

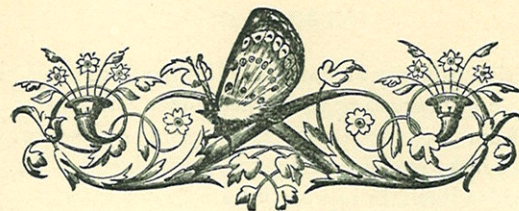
When the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, of Lafayette, frankly confessed to his congregation that Lafayette Hughes, an uncultivated Murphy evangelist, had done for him what the learned and venerable faculty of his theological *alma mater* had never done, in showing him how to reach and move the human heart, he told simply the truth—startling and very unpleasant it may be to some folks, but the truth nevertheless. When the Rev. Dr. Gobin, of the same city, placed Mr. Hughes right alongside his educational father, Dr. Bowman, he, also, told only the truth.

It is to be hoped that these significant facts will find their way to the minds of all the educators of the Church ministry of the United States and of the whole civilized world. They mean that whatever may be a man's brain-power, whatever the fullness of his information and the thoroughness of his discipline, he is, without that love which embraces all mankind, a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

I send this book forth, earnestly praying that it may be the means of showing thousands of laborers how to reap the abundant harvest which is ripe for the sickle.

Let us not be too proud to learn of a worm how to crawl, or of a spider how to persevere; much less let us be ashamed to learn of our humble, unlettered fellows how to do Jehovah's work.

THE AUTHOR



INTRODUCTION.

JESUS once said to the self-righteous Jews, "I came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." In thus boldly and distinctly announcing that the special object of his mission was to save bad people, he avowed a thing that was as new as it was startling and revolutionary to the religious leaders of the chosen race. And if new to them, what was it to the Gentile nations? Hitherto, the notion had been that the sinner was to be shunned, hated, contemned; that as he was the subject of Divine condemnation so he should be the mark of human scorn and vituperation. The most devoted sons of Abraham, the most reputable members of the synagogue, the most devout worshipers at the temple, were those who could not endure the idea of associating with the uncircumcised. With what bitter contempt did they point the shaft—"Your master eateth with publicans and sinners!" With what indignant force did they hurl this shaft at the humble, truth-loving disciples! That any one claiming to come from God should openly declare that he had descended from heaven to gather up and restore to the Divine image the scraps—the very offal of human kind,

was utterly, radically at war with all prevailing sentiment—shocking and disgusting to all recognized patterns of piety. Hence, from the very outstart, the great opposition which the Savior had to meet was sanctified selfishness—that spirit which prides itself in saying, “I am better than thou;” “I thank God that I am not as other men.” And the meekness, the promptness, the true bravery with which he met it, was the example for the Church for all coming ages.

Unfortunately, that example has in too many instances been ignored; and the cynical prudes and religious bigots of to-day are, in downright meanness and moral unfitness for the work of God, not one whit behind their pharisaical predecessors of the Augustan period. Their ecclesiastical harness fits their little souls so tightly that there is no possible chance for that growth in grace and knowledge of the truth which the great Apostle of the Gentiles enjoins. Between them and the straying multitudes there is no sympathy. They are separated from those whom God would save by a wide gulf of pious hauteur.

So, it comes to pass that our Heavenly Father, when He sets His hand to the salvation of the masses, raises up from among the common people, and often from the very lowest and the least cultured of them, the instruments with which He proposes to accomplish this salvation. Thus from century to century and from age to age does He repeat the lesson taught and exemplified by the Elder Brother, that He hath chosen the foolish to confound the wise—the weak to put the strong to shame.

The Knapps, the Moodys, the Sankeys, the Munhalls, the Reynoldses, the Murphys, the Hugheses, the Warburtons, the Longs, are cases in point.

Some may think it strange that I should class the church revivalists and the temperance evangelists together. The

explanation is at hand. The temperance movement of to-day is simply the Church at work. I do not mean the sect, of which even devils incarnate may be members—in good standing at that. I mean that scattered, diversified congregation of the redeemed whose model is the Lord and whose teacher is the Spirit. I refer to the Church which God recognizes—composed of men and women whose creed is Christ and who realize that true faith is the imitation of the Divine Exemplar. There are people in the world who worship God by serving humanity; who understand that the sacrifice on the cross will be of no avail to any man who is unwilling to be sacrificed for the good of his kind; that the children of men can be restored to the deific likeness only by the continuance on the earth of the manifestation in the flesh of that love which wins by its losses, conquers by its defeats, is perfected through sufferings.

When such men as Francis Murphy and Dr. Reynolds are turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God, it matters not with what body of worshipers they may be identified, or whether they are formally united with any body at all, they belong to the General Assembly and Church of the First Born, whose names are written in heaven. Their love of God is demonstrated in their all-absorbing love of man—in their willingness to sacrifice self for the good of their fellows—to go down, as Jesus did, so far in the scale of humanity that there shall be no one below them.

Men of this class, who have, themselves, tasted the bitter cup of the sorrow that ever follows sin, have always been, in the hands of God, the most powerful evangelists, the most efficient missionaries. Paul was talented and learned; but it was neither his talent nor his learning, nor both, that

made him the invincible Apostle of the Gentiles—that carried him all over Syria and Europe declaring salvation by Jesus Christ. It was that intense desire to rescue men from the danger to which he had been exposed, to persuade them to flee the wrath by which he had been threatened, that constituted the secret of his power. He knew what it was to despise the Redeemer and persecute His followers. He knew what it was to be exceedingly wicked—to be a relentless enemy of the Man of Nazareth, and thus to be an enemy of the race. In a word, Paul's superiority over all other apostles was due to the simple fact that his experience in the service of the devil was so much greater than theirs.

So when a man who has long suffered the evils of intemperance is extricated from the mire and filth of the service of a fiendish appetite, his earnestness in the redemption of others from the same horrible bog will generally be found to bear an exact proportion to his former miseries.

Man's greatest strength lies in a realization of his weakness, and never does he fully realize the latter till sin has severely punished him.

The men whose lives are presented in this volume are among the Pauls of the great temperance wave which is now sweeping over the American continent, bearing every thing before it. Their success lies in that mighty power of appeal which is born of an experimental knowledge of the devouring monster against which they are battling. They have been burned in the fires of hell from which, under the great Father, they are so efficient in drawing other victims.

If any one who prides himself on never having been in the power of the demon, should be disposed to say that it seems remarkable that reformed drunkards should be the

most brilliant stars in the galaxy of the cause of sobriety, he is referred to the man of Tarsus, in whose effulgent and undying fame he may readily learn that the glorious ribbon movements in the United States have developed no new principle. We have the same old story of the zeal for right which displaces the zeal for wrong—of the Church at work under the guidance of the Spirit which has ever found the largest capacity for good where there is the largest capacity for evil.

Let no one presume from these remarks that I would teach that before one can be good he must become very bad. The point with me is to show what the moral and religious history of the world clearly proves—that the most efficient agents in the reformation of the dissolute are those who have themselves been dissolute. I have also aimed to show another matter in which the same history is equally clear—that being good for one's own sake and mistaking a hatred of sinners for a hatred of sin is not goodness in any Christian sense of that term. Christ did do what the Jews accused him of doing when they sneeringly told his disciples, "Your master eateth with publicans and sinners." Aye, more, he turned his back upon the self-exalted pharisee and, not only recognized, but pardoned and blessed a poor, degraded woman of the town, demonstrating to his contemptuous host the superiority of a tender heart and an humble spirit over a spotless reputation without these God-like qualities. He did not do these things for nothing. He meant that we should go and do likewise. He meant that no amount of wealth, no degree of respectability should bar from our affections the wayward transgressor, however low he may be.

The man who refuses to go among outcasts to seek and to save that which is lost, because he is afraid of soiling

his robes, may be a very nice person — an ornament to what is called the best society—but he does not belong to Christ, and will never unite his voice with that of the grand choir of the one hundred and forty and four thousand. He will have his reward in this world, to whose selfish pride he is, with all his respectability and high polish, a cowardly, truckling bond-servant.

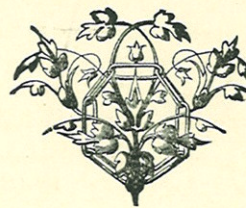
It takes true bravery to face the world's notions of propriety in a fearless discharge of our duty to our fellow man. It takes a stout nerve to walk past the whole, who need not a physician, to the sick whose souls are perishing for want of aid. But great is the reward, both in this life and in the one to come. Earth knows no ecstasy which will compare with that arising from the consciousness of having been the means of saving a human being; and the more complete the wreck the greater the salvation.

The ribbon workers of America have, while rescuing thousands of drunkards, taught preachers and religious organizations a great lesson. They have shown them the short road to the human heart, and in so doing have reaffirmed the truth of one of the grandest statements in the New Testament—"Love is the fulfilling of the law." "Malice toward none and charity for all," is the whole of Christianity in a nut-shell. Deep learning, splendid rhetoric, faultless elocution, unanswerable arguments, all fail in reclaiming the lost, while the ungrammatical, unmethodic utterances of a great heart, touched and warmed by a profound sympathy with the miserable, quicken and arouse to a purifying activity the dead spirits of millions. The lights of the most renowned pulpiteers are paled into insignificance by the blazing earnestness of untaught, illiterate youths; and the churches are, under the stimulating power of the love of God as exhibited by the unlicensed, uncertificated proclaim-

ers of peace, rapidly returning to the old path trodden by Jesus and the apostles. The hitherto impassible chasm which has lain between the pulpit and the unsaved world is being bridged by young, unscholarly hands; and the crowds which but a few short months ago loitered away the Lord's day in the saloon and on the street corners are now seeking the houses of worship and manifesting a hunger for the true bread that cometh down from heaven.

May the glorious work go on till all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest.

THE AUTHOR.



THE RIBBON WORKERS.

LIFE OF LAFAYETTE HUGHES.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS—BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—
THE VICTIM OF A HEREDITARY APPETITE—BOY-
HOOD AND ITS SURROUNDINGS—THE DEMON BENDS
THE TWIG—EARLY EDUCATION—SENT TO CHRIS-
TIAN COLLEGE.

“Ὁ πατήρ, ὁ ἐν ἐμοὶ μένων, αὐτὸς ποιεῖ τὰ ἔργα.” —“The Father in me dwelling, He doeth the works.”—JOHN’S GOSPEL, Chap. 14, verse 10.



SPLENDID work has appeared within the past few years, entitled “The Hand of God in History.” The author of that production has succeeded pre-eminently in the exhibition of the grand truth that from the earliest dawn of the historic period till now there is distinctly visible, in the great social changes and political revolutions which have marked the course of the nations, a power superior to that of man, which controls the destinies of states and governments. Perhaps there is not to be found to-day in the myriad tomes of modern literature

a more unanswerable argument against skepticism and infidelity than the book to which I refer. But, after all, if the masses were given to close observation and analytical thought there would be little need of such a book.

As ages are but the sum of moments, so nations and races are but the multiplication of individuals; and in the life of every man the power of God may be as plainly seen as in the career of a nationality or of the world. The trouble is we do not look for it.

Contemplating a single character that has attained a ripe maturity, or one around whom the scythe of Time is circling, we are in the habit of attributing the traits of that character and the results of its existence in the world to certain things which we very improperly call causes. The parents were at fault; the education was defective; the associations were badly selected, and the like. Or, on the other hand, the parents were efficient; the education was excellent; the social advantages were good, etc., etc.

Thus arises the lameness of ninety-nine one-hundredths of the efforts we make to philosophize on humanity. We rarely stop to think that if George Washington had been born in England, instead of being born in the United States; that if he had reached his majority in that country, instead of attaining it on our shores, the great likelihood is that he would not have been the Father of this country.

We do not properly realize that if John B. Gough had remained in his native Sand-Gate, on the British Coast, where he spent a happy childhood, instead of

being torn from home and sent, while yet a boy, to the United States to learn a trade, and to pass through many a youthful storm without parental care or guidance, it is more than probable that the Washingtonian galaxy would have been without its most brilliant star, and the cause of temperance in America would be far behind its present stage of progress. This great orator, whose mighty efforts in behalf of fallen man will be felt during all time to come, never knew for what he was made till he was rescued from the fiery pit of intemperance; and it seems reasonable to believe that his American experience was the road that led him into that pit.

In regard to such marked careers as those which are here presented, it is easy to say that this happened and that happened. But will any reasonable person be satisfied with such an explanation? How did these things happen? How came it that in the case of two of the most distinguished benefactors of the race, certain circumstances, over which they had no control, were the chief factors in placing one of them at the head of the continental army of 1776, and the other at the head of the great total-abstinence army of thirty-six years ago?

Men may say that there would have been a reformation in Continental Europe if there had been no Luther; that America would have been discovered and colonized if there had been no Columbus. Yet we know that the Protestant reformation was not accomplished without Luther, and that this hemisphere was not added to the geography of the world without Columbus.

It is silly to theorize on what *might* have occurred. It is wise to accept what is, and to regard it as having been produced by the agents which were appointed for its production.

Where is the man who can assert that he has absolutely controlled his own destiny? How many are convinced that they had anything to do in fixing the turning-points of their lives? How many are assured that they have been masters of the events, circumstances and surroundings which furnished the motives by which they have been governed from time to time? How many can truly say that their parents and friends have made them what they are? Here is a first-class physician whose father educated him for the ministry. There is a splendid preacher who started out to be a lawyer. Behold that senator who was in his lad-hood apprenticed to a shoemaker; that president of whom, when he was twenty-five years old, no one imagined that he would ever be anything more than a rail-mauler or a flat-boatman. See that glorious missionary who tried his best to be a stock-trader and utterly failed. Look yonder at an author of some distinction, who at the age of fourteen was a journeyman carpenter, and at the age of twenty-eight was a successful teacher.

In tens of thousands of examples—in the case of nearly every man of note—it takes but a momentary survey to discover that something outside of the purpose of the individual has had to do in determining the course which has been pursued, the accomplishments which have been achieved. That something can be no

less than the power which fashioned the character and created the capacity. It controls intelligences—must, therefore, be itself an intelligence—a supreme one at that; and such an intelligence we call God.

We are told in the Bible that God called Abraham; that He selected Moses for the deliverance of Israel, and that He ordered David to be anointed as the successor of Saul. Many who do not deny these statements think them very strange. Yet things of the same character, quite as wonderful, are occurring every day right around us.

Within the past four years God called Francis Murphy from the jail in Portland, Maine, to do a mighty work in the salvation of men. This man, without any of the advantages of culture, without any commendatory antecedents, without any of the aids of social recognition, was raised from the lowest depths of human degradation, and converted into an apostle of temperance such as the world has rarely seen. Almost equally marvelous is the call of Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, the leader of the great red-ribbon movement.

The rescue of a nation of drunkards is not less important than the rescue of a nation of Hebrew bondmen; and the use of uneducated, uncertificated men, like Francis Murphy, covered from head to foot with the slime and the odium of the ditch, in the accomplishment of such a rescue, is surely not less remarkable than the use of the pure, the learned, the talented Moses, in the performance of the task to which he was assigned.

The same is true of nearly every one of the numer-

ous Murphy evangelists who are now throwing the blue-ribbon halo around so many homes made desolate by the demon of the bowl.

LAFAYETTE HUGHES, one of the most successful of these evangelists, was born in the city of Cincinnati on the twelfth of September, 1850. His parents were both of pure Welch blood. They emigrated to this country in the year 1832, and settled in New York, in which metropolis they remained four years. John Hughes, the father of Lafayette, was a puddler by trade, and, as a mechanic, had few equals in his line. After his residence in New York he moved, with his family, to Philadelphia, and subsequently to Quebec, to Pittsburgh, and to Harper's Ferry. During his stay in New York he traveled on foot all over the eastern Alleghanies from point to point in search of work, at a time when there were but two foundries in the United States, frequently wading in snow knee-deep.

Finally, however, the manufacturing interests of America having been greatly developed, he settled in the Queen City, obtained permanent and profitable employment, and there remained till he quit his trade and went to farming.

A superior workman and a man of marked fidelity to the interests of his employer, he soon rose to the rank of foreman of a first-class foundry, and steadily retained that post to the end of his mechanical life. While in Cincinnati he supervised the manufacture of the first railroad iron that was used in the Western States. He was renowned for his good humor, his pluck, his courage, and his extraordinary bodily strength. It was not

an uncommon thing, in the days of his prime, for him to whip three or four men, each one of whom was fully his equal in weight. But he was never, when sober, the first in a quarrel, and invariably avoided a fight as long as he could consistently do so.

He was not, up to the time of his leaving Cincinnati, nor, in fact, till within the last few years, at all inclined to be religious. On the contrary, he was, though very tender-hearted, a rough, wicked man. He was a constant drinker, as was his father, and frequently became thoroughly intoxicated. When in this condition he was completely transformed. The loving husband and father was converted into a very brute. He turned the house, which was in his sober moments a paradise, into a hell whose terrors could be scarcely endured. Like all others of his peculiar temperament, he went on from one degree of dissipation to another till he became almost a wreck. Still, remarkable to say, he was successful in business — though not nearly so much so as if he had been a perfectly sober man — and accumulated considerable means. One great reason of this, however — the chief one, in fact — was that he had a model wife, one who was an adept in practical economy, and who knew how to turn every cent of her husband's earnings to the greatest profit.

Such a wife is worth her weight in gold. She will do much toward counteracting the wastefulness of the most profligate husband, and when possessed of one whose industry during his sober intervals goes far toward restoring the losses occasioned by his drunken carousals, be they ever so frequent, will show an amaz-

ing proficiency in preventing the financial ruin of the family. How many such wives have there been, to whom history has paid no tribute, in whose honor no poet has sung — wives whose only ambition was to save the honor and preserve the fortunes of men who appeared to care but little for themselves — women, the lustre of whose qualities and the grandeur of whose lives will never be known to earth till Christ, who is uniquely the seed of the woman, shall sit in judgment upon the doings of the world.

Finally, this noble Christian wife (she is a member of the Baptist Church) conceived the idea of getting her husband away from the crowded city to some quiet rural spot, where, removed from his old haunts of vice and separated from his evil associations, he could breathe a purer atmosphere, moral as well as physical, and have such advantages and opportunities as would greatly assist him in putting forth an effort to reform. So she persuaded him to purchase a farm in Jennings County, Indiana, about three miles southwest of North Vernon. To this farm John Hughes sent his wife and family. But he still remained in the Buckeye metropolis some years, not being able, as he thought, to immediately quit his business.

The family having resided several years in Jennings County, Indiana, moved to Crawford County, Illinois, and settled on a large farm which John Hughes had purchased in that region.

Here the son, Lafayette, who was one of a family of fifteen children, two of whom died in early childhood, was, for the first time in his life, put into business har-

ness. His father still stayed in Cincinnati, and he, not yet out of his teens, was intrusted with the care and the management of a large plantation. Not only the culture of grain, but the purchase, the rearing, and the disposal of stock, devolved on him. For the assumption of this great responsibility the boy was by no means unfitted. On the contrary, he showed a marvelous capacity and a surprising readiness to take hold of the work over which he was placed. But, oh, how sad! He had inherited from his father the appetite for drink, just as the latter had inherited it from his father; and this appetite he had not failed to feed.

When he was only six years old, being one day alone, at home, he saw on the center-table in the sitting-room, a bottle nearly full of whisky. Not being tall enough to reach up to the top of the table, he placed a chair near it, clambered up, took the bottle, uncorked it, poured into a glass which sat close by, a large dram, and drank it all down at a gulp without a wince. From this moment forward he drank almost constantly, being found frequently, while he was but a child in a beastly state of intoxication.

What a lesson is here afforded. What a warning to men who drink regularly and keep a bottle of bitters about the house.

Very different were the boyhood surroundings of young Hughes from those of John B. Gough. The latter, while at home, in England, never knew what it was to drink; had no inherent appetite to grapple with; had no temptations thrown in his way. He never saw his father drink—never knew what it was to have a

drunken father; was blessed with all the advantages of a thorough religious training, and enjoyed the best of Sunday-school facilities.

Let it not be imagined that Lafayette Hughes was ever encouraged, or even indulged by his mother in drinking. On the contrary, that excellent woman did every thing in her power to keep whisky away from him and him away from whisky. But what could she do toward the salvation of her boy when her husband, not only had no sympathy with her in the matter, but furnished both the example and the opportunities which would insure the rapid development of the son's inborn desire for strong drinks? There were plenty of chances for young Hughes to get liquor when his mother's eye was not on him, and these chances were always improved.

Not until her removal from Cincinnati did Mrs. Hughes have it in her power to keep whisky from under the very nose of her child, and by that time the habit had so firmly fixed itself that no effort on her part to break its hold, exerted any thing more than a temporary influence.

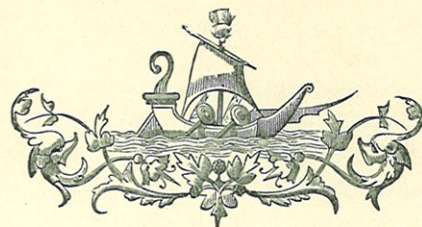
Thus it occurred that when Lafayette Hughes, at the age of a little more than eighteen years, took charge of his father's farm in Illinois, he was a confirmed drunkard. In this employment he remained for eighteen months, at the close of which he found that he had come out one thousand dollars in debt—a fact wholly attributable to his almost constant inebriety. Behold the increasing evil of a transmitted appetite! The grandfather was a drunkard in his old age. The

father was a drunkard in his young manhood. The son is a drunkard in his childhood.

When Lafayette Hughes was approaching his twentieth year he was sent from the farm to Christian College, at Merom, Sullivan County, Indiana. Up to this time, what knowledge he possessed of books had been, for the most part, acquired at common schools in the rural districts. The college at Merom had then, as it still has, a well-deserved reputation for thoroughness, both as a scientific and a classical institution. Its faculty was composed, as it is to-day, of men equally distinguished for their learning and their piety—men whose efficiency as mental trainers and moral disciplinarians was behind that of none occupying like positions any where within the limits of Hoosierdom. Moreover, the location of the college, in a remote country village, nearly every one of whose citizens was a consistent member of the Christian (Newlight) Church, was an item not lightly to be regarded as an educational advantage. Hence, it was a happy day with Mrs. Hughes when her son packed his books and clothes and started to Merom. He was not lacking in mental power. He had ever shown a ready aptitude to learn; and now that he was to be placed in so good a college, under such excellent teachers, with such splendid social surroundings, to be hedged in by such wholesome restraints, there was, apparently, every reason to hope that her son would reform and become a useful man.

How that good mother's eyes sparkled as, with hands gently placed on her boy's shoulders, she looked so sweetly into his face, and gave him the parting kiss.

How confidently she received his promises to be good and to avoid evil. With what buoyant hopes did she contemplate his college career and his commencement day. O, woman, is there in all the realms of the angel-world any thing to compare with thy love? Does glowing cherub or burning seraph feel aught that resembles the exquisite pathos of thy affection? "Gone," said that precious mother, as Lafayette departed, "and I believe it will be the making of him."



CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE CAREER — TRANSMITTED HABITS GAIN A MASTERY OVER INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL APPLIANCES.



ARRIVED in Merom, Lafayette Hughes matriculated in college and entered upon a scientific course. To an ordinary observer, his sky would have appeared cloudless, and the outlook before him all *couleur de rose*. So far as external facilities were concerned, this was true; for they were such as only the few can enjoy.

How many young men would have envied him! How many would have almost given their eyes for the chances he now had! In a noble institution of learning, under the very best of instructors, provided with plenty of money to pay his way and make things pleasant about him, associated with the pure and the cultivated — surely, with all these advantages, there was before him an open road to fame and usefulness. But how many opened roads remain untraveled for ages. How few even of the best of us improve the half of our opportunities.

We are eternally talking about what others might have done if they had only made the effort, forgetting that we have not availed ourselves of the means for the accomplishment of good with which our own pathway has been strewn. It is so much easier to see the short-comings of others than to detect our own sins. We do not realize the important fact that clear fields and outside helps amount to nothing in the absence of a motive; that a well-defined purpose is more essential to progress than books, and teachers, and schools, and time, and financial support.

The failure of the majority of graduates to make any impression on the world after leaving their *alma maters*, and the brilliant careers of men who spring from the clods and the woods, commanding the respect of mankind as much by the obstacles they surmount as by the victories they win, are lessons whose true significance is comprehended by few. They really mean this: that, instead of putting the boy into the school, the school must be put into the boy. The poor farm-lad who, sitting before a cabin fire-place, reads the Bible, the history of the United States, the lives of revolutionary statesmen and heroes, by a hickory-bark light, and who pursues this course for weeks and years, is being schooled — well schooled; and it is idle to say of such a boy, after he has matured and is beginning to shake the nation with the power of his utterances, that he is *uneducated*, and owes everything to his superior *natural endowments*. He is one of the most truly educated men in the world. His teacher was his purpose, his disciplinarian was his motive. His de-

velopment was as much the result of application and thought as is that of the most finished graduate who ever carried off the honors of Oxford or of Yale; and without application and thought, the combined facilities of all the schools and universities in the world can do nothing toward the education of any person.

As it is useless to plant corn on unfallowed sod, so it is useless to put a boy into college without the stimulus of a motive; for, destitute of such a stimulus, he will never apply himself.

Here was the trouble with young Hughes. He was in college, but for what he knew not. He had no desire to lead a professional life. Eminently social and genial in his nature, all he cared about was to have a good time and money enough to keep it up. Meanwhile, his appetite for strong drink, although he was yet scarcely twenty years old, was a master whose sway over the entire domain of his soul was absolute; and Merom, notwithstanding the high character of the great majority of its people, was not without places where whisky, wine and brandy could be obtained. Scarcely had young Hughes commenced his college course when his insatiable craving for intoxicating beverages began to assert its power. Having the means, he soon found the opportunity of responding to its demands. Procuring whisky, sometimes by the pint, sometimes by the quart, he would invite to his room certain friends of like proclivities with himself (for he was not the only student in Christian College who was fond of the cup), and drink, and sing, and play cards, from a little after tea-time till early dawn.

Thus was night after night spent in bacchannalian revels; and many were the days which found him completely disqualified for study by these nocturnal debauches. Could any one expect him to do any good under such circumstances? Without a definite purpose, and under the supreme control of the demon of the glass, of what avail was it that he spent his time and his father's money in college? It were as well to sow seed upon a bare rock as to attempt the intellectual training of one whose motiveless mind acknowledges the complete supremacy of the most debasing passions and desires. For three full years young Hughes continued in the *same classes*, not making one hair's-breadth of progress. Never was patience more thoroughly exhausted, never was lenity more amply extended, than in his case. He possessed in large measure what may with great propriety be called the gift of popularity — that extraordinary power so marked in some men, to win and to hold the affections of the people, in spite of the most glaring defects and the most egregious blunders — a power without which the grandest abilities will be found of little force in attempting to control the masses.

It has been truly said that no other politicians in the United States could have survived the mistakes of President Johnson and Senator Voorhees. Do what they might, the constituencies of these two men would cling to them and continue to return them to place and power. So of Lafayette Hughes, while he was in Christian College, it seemed impossible for him to do any thing which would displace him from the kind

regards of either the school or the people. The faculty loved him, the students loved him, the whole community loved him. Time after time did he go to his class without the least knowledge of his lesson; day after day was he absent from the recitation-room on account of drunkenness; and yet his professors bore with him, his fellow-students apologized for him, and the people pitied and caressed him. O marvelous force of human sympathy! When once it is fully awakened and concentrated, it breaks down all conventionalities, ignores all established rules and usages. In its resistless course it sweeps every social barrier before it, and is no more impeded by the thought of inconsistency than a thunderbolt would be impeded by having a lucifer match thrown across its path.

Finally, however, it became so apparent that Lafayette could accomplish nothing in school, and so manifest that the demoralizing effect of his example on other students could not be longer tolerated that the faculty of Christian College determined to dismiss him. He heard of this soon enough to quit the institution before the time fixed for his expulsion. What an event, this, to chronicle in the life of a young man who had full command of every thing outside of himself, which was necessary to make him one of the best and most useful of men. Yet such an event is but the natural result of an intemperate life.

Lafayette Hughes did not lack capacity for the acquisition of knowledge. In early boyhood he had no difficulty in learning any thing to which he set his head. Nor was he without help. His professors,

while he was in college, exhausted their ingenuity in efforts to wean him away from his evil habits and to inspire him with a love of study. Many of the better class of his fellow-students did the same thing, while not a few of the citizens of Merom earnestly exerted themselves to turn him from darkness to light. But, above all, there were the hopes and prayers of his good Christian mother, which it would seem would arouse him, if anything could arouse him, to a sense of his duty to himself and to his God. He was never incapable of appreciating his mother's solicitude in his behalf. Often, when he lay down at night, while he was in college, would the thought of his mother's love and anxiety bring hot, scalding tears from his eyes. But all these moral appliances combined—the efforts of his professors, the persuasions of his school-mates, the influence of the better portion of the community, the consciousness of a pious mother's love and care—were of no avail. The die was cast. Lafayette Hughes was not to be what the scholars call an educated man. With a sufficient aptness of mind, with every needed appliance and a superabundance of encouragement, he made a total, a pitiful failure—a failure wholly due to the love of drink. O, what a victory was this for alcohol! what a sad defeat of all the nobler forces of our humanity. How devils laughed and angels wept, when young Hughes, covered with disgrace, humbled with the thought of his shame, weighed down with the realization of his utter abandonment, turned his back upon Christian College, never again to enter it in the capacity of a student. And who can realize the sorrow

of that mother, whose very life was her son? Who, but herself and her God, can ever know the bitterness of her disappointment?

One instance in Mr. Hughes' life at college will serve to show how he lived there. One evening he and a score of his convivial friends were out on a spree, and entering a grocery store in which liquors were sold, took several drinks all round, and then proceeded to amuse themselves at the expense of the grocery-keeper. They were nearly all students, and being now pretty "boozy," were anxious to have a little live fun. Sitting in convenient reach were some open vessels filled with eggs. Into these vessels went half a dozen of the boys, while the proprietor's back was turned, there being as many others behind them receiving the eggs from their confederates and safely pocketing them. Meanwhile, a couple who were not thus engaged, filched a few sheets of brown paper which were to be converted into pans in which to roast the eggs. But those who were stealing and those who were pocketing were not so shrewd as they imagined themselves to be. Several eggs dropped unnoticed on their way from hand to hand, while others were mashed in being stowed away, and still others fell out of pockets that were too full, and were broken on the floor. All this smashing and breaking passed unnoticed by the boys who were totally oblivious to minor accidents. In the midst of the fun a well-known voice was heard: "Gentlemen! gentlemen!" Instantly every student's eye was attracted in the direction of the voice. It was discovered to be that of the President of Christian College.

Imagine the ungraceful alacrity with which those interesting young men made their exit, some of them hastily and unluckily disgorging their stolen eggs as they went, others going pell-mell, with pockets full and running over, besmearing themselves and the pavement most elaborately while running.

The President knew that they were drunk. He could see it in their eyes and motions—smell it distinctly on their breath. Yet he forgave them after giving them a gentle reprimand and receiving their promise never to drink another drop. This promise was faithfully kept by some who had never drunk a great deal, and who knew nothing of the power of an inherent appetite. But as for Hughes—poor fellow!—the pledge was soon broken. And yet there was not in the town of Merom, nor elsewhere, a man whose conscience was more acute than his when he was sober. Nor was there one in whom the religious sense was keener during the few short intervals of his sobriety. Many a time, humbled and conscience-stricken, did he retire to some secret place and pour out his soul in fervent prayer to God for help to do that which he felt it impossible to accomplish without help, while tears of remorse unspeakable bathed his face.

Many and earnest were the attempts which he made during this period of his life to break the spell which bound him with more than the force of an iron chain. He loved fun more than books, and cared very little about an education, but, nevertheless, he wanted to be considered a decent, respectable man. He had little thought of becoming an absolute tee-totaler, but he was

anxious to control his appetite—to be a very moderate drinker—and it was this control that he prayed for. He plainly saw that the road he was traveling would end in a drunkard's grave; and the thought of such an end was to him the most horrible of all things. He would try to quit getting drunk, and sometimes would succeed for a day or two; and then he would fall lower than ever. When the stimulant of the fever of the revel was withdrawn, how he sank in his own estimation! He had made a strong effort to control himself, and how egregiously he had failed! He had tried frequently to "take a little and quit." The result had invariably been a state of beastly intoxication.

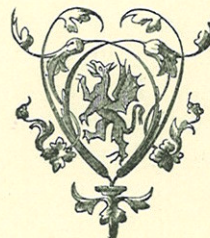
O, how foolish it is to tamper with an evil appetite; how futile to try to conciliate it; how silly to think of governing it by a pacific course—by yielding a little and requiring a great deal. How worse than childish is the idea of one who has a natural relish for liquor endeavoring to drink regularly without becoming a drunkard. Can a man extract the heat from fire and still have warmth? Can he extract the shocking power from lightning and still have a thunder-bolt? Can he take the twist out of a cyclone and still have a whirlwind? And yet, this was the course which Hughes thought of pursuing. He was honest and sincere, as many another poor soul has been, in attempting the impossible task. He wept and groaned at the thought of becoming a victim of delirium tremens, and often invoked Divine aid, not in the destruction, but merely in the mitigation of his tyrannical thirst. A drunkard's death was to him the most fearful of all contem-

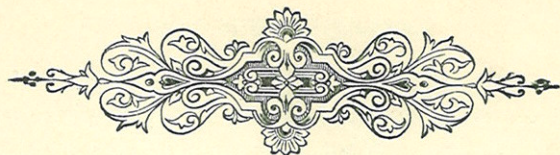
plations, and to avoid so terrible a calamity he could well have adopted the following prayer, appropriated by John B. Gough when he broke his first pledge:—

Almighty God, if it be Thy will that man should suffer, whatever seemeth good in Thy sight impose upon me. Let the bread of affliction be given me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let the cold hut of poverty be my dwelling place, and the wasting hand of disease inflict its painful torments. Let me sow in the whirlwind and reap in the storm. Let those have me in derision who are younger than I. Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud, the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good let evil annoy me. When I look for light let darkness come upon me. Let the terrors of death be ever before me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God, save me from the fate of a drunkard. Amen.

I say Mr. Hughes *could* have adopted the foregoing prayer. The trouble was that he *did not* do so. He had not yet learned that nothing less than a full and unconditional surrender of all alcoholic stimulants will avail any thing in a case of his sort; that he could be enabled to manage his appetite only by solemnly promising God that he would not touch, nor taste, nor handle—that he would, with Divine assistance, avoid the very appearance of evil, and show no quarter to his great enemy. This he, no doubt, would have done—so horrified was he at the idea of dying a drunkard—had he realized the necessity of such a step. But he had

not yet suffered enough to know the only means of his salvation. His own sleepless craving was destined to be his disciplinarian. What reason and advice could not do, was finally done by the excruciating tortures of the fiends, and serpents, and dragons of the cup.





CHAPTER III.

THE FEARFUL STRUGGLE—THE WAR WITH DEVILS.

QUT of school and free to roam! So thought Lafayette Hughes when he quit Christian College; and this thought greatly relieved the mortification caused by his being compelled to quit the institution. But his was not the disposition to roam aimlessly about. He must have something to do. He had from his earliest recollections been accustomed to employment. Never had he known what it was to loiter away the hours—to “kill time.” Except when too drunk, he had ever been usefully engaged—*i. e.*, up to the date of his entering college. Business was his forte. He loved it. Next to his cups it was to him the most fascinating of things; and its charms for him were not unmatched by his capacity for it. When he was sober there were few who equaled him, scarcely any who excelled him, as a trader and a practical economist. His disinclination to books was chiefly attributable to his preference of traffic and of active out-door pursuits. By nature he was a mercantile man. By nature he was not a student. He soon came to

regard his retirement from college as an emancipation. Immediately he began looking around for work. He soon found it. T. T. Haydock, of Cincinnati, O., who was largely engaged in the manufacture of carriages and buggies, hired him as a traveling salesman. Nothing could have suited him better. It was exactly to his mind and taste. It would actively employ his trading talents and afford him an opportunity to see the world. It would give him a chance to measure himself with the lords and the princes of commerce, while it would enable him to acquire a practical knowledge of the different characters of different communities. He entered upon the duties of his new occupation with a zest greatly intensified by the horribly blotted blank of the previous three years. He made a vow to himself that he would not get drunk; that he would control himself and keep straight. This vow he kept a good while—a thing quite unusual, and largely due, no doubt, to his change in life. He had long been *trying* to do that, the utility of which was not apparent to him. He was now *doing* that, the utility of which was visible in direct results. He felt strong and thoroughly self-assured. While his calling fitted him so that he was every way at home in it, there was about it the fascinating glow of freshness and a delightful amplitude of range. It brought into full play every activity of his mind and soul. It afforded full scope to all his admirable executive powers and furnished them every needed incentive. Under such circumstances success was inevitable.

It was in 1876 that he commenced doing business for

Mr. Haydock, and during the first few months of that year the fruits of his labor eclipsed those of the oldest traveling men in the same line, and greatly exceeded his own rosiest expectations. Soon he was counting his money by hundreds and thousands of dollars. With this accumulation of capital he concluded to try his luck at handling goods for himself. With plenty of means and a fine credit he experienced no difficulty in procuring and keeping a good and well-varied stock. His personal popularity, wherever he had traveled, was such that it was easy for him to make the most profitable sales, and about as many of them as he pleased. Never did a future loom up more gorgeously before a young man. Every thing he touched bloomed with prosperity.

But while fortune smiled, and friends increased, and all externals seemed so fine, the lurking demon within was not cast out. That demon had taken possession of Lafayette Hughes at the remarkably tender age of six; and growth in wealth, so far from ousting this devil, tended only to confirm his claim. Seated on his throne secure he laughed at the vain ambition of his victim, and chuckled at the thought of the havoc he would presently make of Hughes' money and hopes. Soon, very soon, he rose supreme and swayed his hellish scepter o'er the whole realm of the proud youth's moral and physical nature.

The resolution to get drunk no more was, in a short time shivered to atoms; and, as a swollen stream when it cuts or overflows the dyke by which it has been hampered, lays wide acres waste, so the rum-fiend, once he

had broken the frail obstruction by which Mr. Hughes sought to limit his power, made a clean sweep of the whole territory of his soul, utterly demolishing every bulwark erected by the desire for self preservation.

Mr. Hughes was now an habitual drunkard. On the road, on the river, at headquarters in Cincinnati—everywhere, he was in a more or less advanced state of intoxication. So fully did his inordinate thirst consume him that often for many days together he never tasted food. Yet all this time, and notwithstanding his ceaseless inebriety, he attended to his business, and rarely lost anything by mismanagement. He abandoned all hope of ever being able to *regulate* his appetite, and completely surrendered to it. On and on he went in the indulgence of his inborn love of the cup till drunkenness became the rule—sobriety the exception. For days and weeks together he did not draw a sober breath. He was a pitiful wreck—not yet twenty-five years old, and literally folded from head to foot in the coils of the serpent. So thoroughly shattered was his nerve-force by the inordinate tension to which it was constantly strained that it took a full pint of whisky to bring him up to a proper condition for the ordinary activities of life. In other words it took more liquor to sober him than it takes to intoxicate three common men. The quantity required to make him hilarious was simply incredible.

Frequent and prolonged debauches now marked his career. During these he manifested a degree of recklessness that was truly appalling. Once, while drunk, he and a friend of his, having each procured a buggy,

went out for a ride. Coming to a stump, Hughes offered to bet five dollars, that he could drive two inches nearer to it than his friend could drive. The bet was taken. The other young man drove first, almost grazing the stump. Then came Hughes, his horse at full speed, and fairly won the bet,—but at what a cost! The right fore-wheel of his buggy struck the stump, and was knocked into a thousand pieces, the occupant being hurled with the velocity of a thunder-bolt against the hard road-bed. When picked up he was utterly senseless, and so remained for some time. It was several weeks before he recovered from the injuries he sustained by this affair. Many a man would have been effectually warned by such a punishment, but not so Hughes. At first he was, on coming to his senses, frightened and horrified at the end to which he was rapidly coming, and under the pressure of his calamity, vowed that he would drink no more.

He was not sure that he would survive his hurts; and, by no means destitute of the religious sense, he wept bitter tears of repentance, prayed God to forgive him, and promised to forever forswear the intoxicating bowl. But oh, the flexibility of young life. How wonderful are its reactions, how remarkable is its elasticity. Once fairly on his feet again; once fully restored to soundness of body; once more on the road, engaged in the exhilarating combats of trade, and mingling with the gay, thoughtless world, the frightful death from which he had so narrowly escaped, and the promises he had made to God to lead a new life, were alike put away.

The weakness of our poor human nature in matters of this kind is one of the most marked characteristics of the race, and sometimes presents a rare mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous. I remember while making a geological tour of Southern Indiana in the summer of 1860, that an incident illustrative of this peculiarity occurred at Springville, Lawrence County—an incident which I shall never forget. The party of which I was one, led by an experienced guide—a lad of about eighteen years,—visited and explored the caves in the vicinity of that interesting village. In one of these caves we had, in going well back into it, to thread a very narrow causeway formed by a tortuous ridge of rock, whose upper surface was at no point more than three feet in width, and along the whole course of whose perpendicular sides were chasms of unfathomable depth. It took a nerve of iron to keep that winding path, flanked as it was by those stygian pits. The roof of the cave was covered with stalactites, from the points of which a briny water was constantly dropping. For light we were depending on tallow candles, one of which each of us carried. Presently we came to a point at which the dripping stalactites, being unusually numerous, extinguished all these luminaries in a trice. Thus suddenly were we enveloped in a darkness that eclipsed that of an Egyptian midnight. But what was our horror on finding, after rummaging our pockets, that we were without matches? Tongue can not tell how we then felt. More than one hundred yards from the little mouth of a deep, zigzag cave, far beyond the reach of a sunbeam; confined to a crooked road, at each side

of which, was an apparently bottomless abyss, and whose narrowness was such that it was exceedingly dangerous to move a foot without the aid of an artificial light, let the reader imagine our feelings when every candle was out and not a match could be found. The situation was equivalent to a short stay in the vestibule of hell. Our guide, one of the most profane youths I ever saw was, in a jiffy, transformed into the most affecting personification of piety. Shoving his rayless candle into his coat pocket, he clasped his hands and uttered the following prayer, which so completely daguerreotyped itself upon my memory that I shall never forget one word of it:

"O Lord! Good Goddlemighty! You know what's the matter. We're into it mighty deep, here, an' haint got nary light nor nary match. O, Goddlemighty, what are we a goin' to do? Won't you help us? If I die in this fix won't you please save me? I'm awful sorry I was ever weeked. If I live, O, God, I won't be that a-way any more. Furgive—won't you please furgive my monst'ous sins. If you let me out o' this I'm a goin' to be a good boy to the end o' the world. Amen."

Just as he pronounced the amen, he accidentally felt the end of a match protruding from his watch pocket—a receptacle in which he had not been accustomed to carry any thing of that sort, and which, therefore, he had not previously thought of examining. With a yelp of exultation and a horrible oath he drew it forth, exclaiming as he did so, "boys, we're all right! I've found a match!" A laugh, whose peculiar sound I can now hear, rent the confined atmosphere of that gloomy sub-

terranean hall and echoed along all its labyrinthian windings, dying away in ghostly ha! ha's! How could we repress our mirth in the presence of such a provoking personation of human inconsistency?

In a few moments our candles were re-lit, and, taking the best care of our lights, we made our way safely out of the cave. Going back to our hotel we joked our guide mercilessly about his extraordinary display of temporary piety; and so keenly did he feel our cruel gibes that when we got him before a crowd of the villagers he utterly denied having prayed a syllable. Such is the weakness of man.

Indeed it is no uncommon thing for one to be ashamed of having exhibited a sense of his dependence upon the Higher Power, when in a strait, even though no creature but himself may know any thing of the fact. He permits the world and the flesh to shame him by its false show of self-sufficiency into the notion that there is nothing above man, which can render him any assistance in the exigencies of this life. He sees that all the petitions of the good and the holy are not directly and literally answered; and he wonders that he could have been so great a fool as to call on God to help him while yet he was one of the worst of sinners. He sees the children of bad men well clothed and well fed, while those of the most truly pious are scantily provided for. He hears, in the hotel and at the watering place, the oft-repeated remark of Bonaparte, that "God is on the side of those who have the most bayonets." He reads of a hurricane that swept through a town and demolished the churches and the school-

houses, while it left all the whisky shops standing. Finally, he remembers that some exemplary follower of Jesus fell down a cellar-stairway and broke his neck, while he has, himself, often fallen much greater distances and still lives to tell of his marvelous escapes. Thus does he persuade himself into the belief that Jehovah has nothing directly to do with man. Thus does many a son sophisticate himself into a total disregard of the prayers of a godly mother. Thus is many a subject prepared for the destructive manipulations of Payne, and Voltaire, and Ingersoll. Poor things!—they never, in all this fallacious rambling, get a single glimpse of the merciful side of God. They think only of the rigorous justice which is falsely and too frequently attributed to Him. They can not perceive the goodness of the Great Father in sparing the wicked and taking the righteous—His patience and long-suffering in extending the probation of the wayward, while He gathers to His heavenly fold the lambs and the sheep who are prepared for that place.

Lafayette Hughes was now something of a cosmopolite. He had seen a great deal of the American part of the world. He had learned much of other parts from various foreigners whom he had met here and there in his travels. He had come in contact with a great deal that tended to dissipate the impressions made upon his heart by that dear mother who had endured and sacrificed so much for him. Many of his former religious ideas, if not displaced by skeptical opinions were distempered by them. It was, therefore, by no means difficult for him, everywhere beset by

throng of convivial friends, to soon learn to laugh at the thought that there was any binding force in the pledges he had made to God in the hour of his peril. Again he cut loose from his home-moorings. Again he plunged, without rudder or compass, into a sea of dissipation. Again he drowned the memory of every good impression in the cup, and suffered the rum-fiend to fetter every noble impulse.

Still he made money. Still he maintained his reputation as the prince of carriage-salesmen. He could carry a quart of whisky in him and drive the best of bargains. He could drink from morning till night and from night till morning, and yet keep his books straight. But the means and the time he wasted in his unremitting succession ofsprees—to say nothing of the health he impaired—would have laid the ground-work of several respectable fortunes. His former spirit of recklessness returned with increased force.

When drunk he imagined, like Macbeth, that he bore a charmed life; that there was no power in the universe that could either thwart his purposes or injure his person.

While in a town in Southern Illinois, he filled himself full of whisky, and proposed a buggy ride to one of his boon-companions in that place. He had plenty of the handsomest vehicles of his own with him for sale. Bringing out two of the best single-seat phaetons in his stock and furnishing two splendid horses for each of them, he took one and put his friend, who was as crazy as himself, into the other. With an exultant yell and a grand flourish of whips the drunken twain started

at full speed out of town on a fine road. The picture was entrancing—two pairs of magnificent horses, beautifully harnessed, with necks bowed and manes waving, moving with majestic grace and locomotive speed along a level highway, drawing a matched couple of elegant phaetons.

How many poor lads, who never knew what it was to ride in any thing better than a cart or a common two-horse wagon, looked with envy and a bitter sense of humiliation upon that sight? Hughes led, the other young man followed.

When out of town some distance they came in sight of a bridge which had neither cover nor side-railing. Hughes, as full of his old spirit of rivalry as he was of whisky, offered to bet five dollars that he could drive nearer the edge of that bridge than his companion could drive. The bet was promptly taken. Hughes shot across almost with the speed of lightning, the wheels on the right side of his buggy rolling within less than one inch of the edge of the floor of the bridge. His friend, following him with that determination to excel which alcohol intensifies into madness, drove off the bridge, and fell, with his whole rig, to the bottom of a deep ravine.

Hughes heard the crash and, though his team was making its fastest time, and he, himself, was soaked from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet with whisky, the sound of that awful disaster went through him like a stroke of lightning. As soon as he could check his horses, he turned and drove back to the bridge. Stopping, he leaped out of his vehicle and

stood for a moment transfixed before a blood-freezing portraiture of death and destruction. It had the effect to sober him. He saw the poor, bleeding horses, writhing and groaning in the misery into which they had been so cruelly driven by rum. He saw the shapeless lump of ruins to which his seven-hundred dollar phaeton had been reduced. But where was his friend? He called aloud again and again for him, but received no answer. He ran down to the spot in which lay the mangled mass—the sad wreck of what was but a few moments before one of the most fascinating representations of high life in America. He soon found his friend, but O, what a thought!—found him dead! He got the lifeless body home, but to this day can scarcely tell how,—not because he was too drunk to remember anything about it for, as before stated, he was sobered by the frightful casualty, but because the frenzied condition of mind which directly followed the inebriated state, was such as to render him almost totally oblivious to the facts relating to the removal of the young man from the place at which he met death so suddenly, so illy prepared.

He paid for the horses—he had already paid for the vehicle—and thus made restitution for all losses of material wealth. But the man! the man! who could make restitution for him? Who could restore the life—the human life—that had that day been sacrificed upon the bloody altar of Bacchus? Who could restore the son to the mother, the brother to the sister, the lover to the affianced bride? Had it been in the power of Hughes to do this he would have done it at any loss, even to that of his own life. But it was not in his

power. God gives life. Only God can return it. O, how sacred a thing is life! The Divine Brother taught the world how to regard it. Blessed is he who receives the lesson. All that poor Hughes could do was to mourn the sad loss of this life. He had been the cause of that loss—no, not he, but the infernal spirit of alcohol which had full possession of him at the time. He felt, in regard to this most terrible of all the events of his highly eventful career, as he had never felt before in regard to any thing else. To say that it grieved him does not express the case. It haunted him by day and by night. Go where he would, do what he might, there was ever with him the heart-rending picture of that lifeless body, the thick purple blood oozing from its mouth and nostrils and gathering in clotted pools on the ground. No change of scene or of associations could in any wise mitigate the horror. Spectral horses and phaetons were constantly flitting before his vision; the clatter of hoofs and the hum of wheels were forever sounding in his ears, broken by occasional crashes, thuds, and death groans.

Surely, says the reader, this soul-crushing affair was enough to wean him from whisky. But it was not. At first he heartily resolved that not another drop of intoxicants should ever go down his throat; and for some days he kept the resolution. But it did not seem to afford the relief he vainly sought from the awful tragedy with which he had been so closely connected. It did not remove the frightful phantasms from his waking hours, nor the choking night-mares from his dreams. He essayed a modification of his misery by

plunging heels over head into business, but the attempt was fruitless. Every vehicle he took hold of appeared in a moment to be occupied by a besotted young man, and whirled by a pair of phantom horses over a smooth road on to an open bridge, from which it was hurled, with its occupant, to the bottom of a rocky ravine. He rested from travel, and courted oblivion of the near past in shady retirement. But this, so far from proving a cordial to his aching heart, only increased its inexpressible agony. Trees, stumps, and bushes took, as if by magic, the shape of wheeled vehicles moving swiftly to destruction, while floating forms of dead men, whose ghastly features were sickening to behold, were seen in the drifting cloud-banks which skirted the horizon. Where, O, where, could rest be found for that storm-shaken soul? What, O, what, could solace that lightning-scathed and thunder-riddled heart? Driven to desperation by the failure of every means by which he endeavored to escape the shadows of a relentless, black-winged remorse, compared with whose tortures the pangs of the hardest death would have been a luxury, he again gave up all hope of reform and flew to the maddening bowl. Resuming his business he continued to travel throughout Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, all the time drinking the most unlimited quantities of liquid hell-fire. This fire, though rapidly consuming him, he had not the slightest intention of trying to check. He knew that whisky was killing him, but what cared he for that? Life was to him an unbearable burden. Along the whole course of his by-gone existence there were no flowery spots on which

memory loved to linger—no towering achievements of morality, radiant with the glory of the light of God's approval. But on the contrary, there was an unbroken succession of shameful blunders and sad misfortunes—a long series of wrecked purposes and shattered resolves—a continuous line of melancholy ruins, over which hung in angry folds the frowning cloud of Jehovah's displeasure.

It was now that the first seeds of misanthropy commenced to sprout and grow in Hughes' mind. It was now that he began to hate the world and despise himself—to disregard life and court death. All the beauties of nature were transformed into hideous monstrosities. All the charms of social life became empty mockeries. To him there was nothing good, nothing desirable on the face of the earth. Strangers were shunned, friends were avoided and mistrusted. Having lost self-confidence and dethroned self-esteem, there was nothing—absolutely nothing—in which he had any faith. What a fearful condition is this. What a bleak, desolate void is a faithless spirit—what a complete moral negation! How much poorer is such a spirit than that of the uncultured savage, “whose untutored mind sees God in the clouds and hears Him in the wind.”

However ignorant, however rude in manners, however ill-fitted for polite circles a young man may be, still, so long as he knows that his motives are pure, that his aims are high, that he is making the best possible use of his time and his powers; so long as he believes in God and lives for truth and right; so long as he respects himself and improves his opportunities; so long as he

loves life and trusts humanity—just so long is that young man a gem in the world, a pearl of great price in the eye of Him who “searcheth the hearts” and meteth the fullest justice to all the sons of men; just so long will he be a power in society, a savory lump of the salt of the earth—just so long will he be shielded by that Protector who never faileth, and have the assurance that he shall be saved to the uttermost. O, hallowed joy, O, invincible strength of conscious purity! Seek it, young man. Nay, more, obtain it. One of the loveliest of Christ's beatitudes is this: “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” The meaning is not merely that they shall see Him in the hereafter; but that they shall see Him *all the time in this present life, and forever in that which is to come*. Those who are pure in heart do see God now—see Him in their own purity, and thus ever seeing Him, He is their faithful, unerring guide—their all-sufficient Savior.

What a comfort would it have been to Lafayette Hughes in this hour of great sorrow had he been able to say, “God knows my heart is upright before Him, and that I have not willfully done any wrong.” But this he could not say. He had sinned in getting drunk—so drunk that reason and judgment were completely displaced by a fiendish insanity. While in this condition he had made a crazy proposition to a friend, the acceptance of which had resulted in the death of the latter. He, therefore, knew that he had not done the best he could do. He knew that a sober brain would never have conceived such a proposition; that a sober tongue would never have expressed it. The frenzy

of intoxication it was, to be sure, but a fatal and criminal frenzy, nevertheless. He was guilty of no wrong for which the state could punish him, but he was guilty of a wrong for which God and his conscience were inflicting a penalty compared with which the severest punishment known to the penal statutes would have been a trivial affair. And when to the consciousness of this great error was added that of a whole life of debauchery and its consequent evils, it is certainly not surprising that Hughes should have felt himself to be the meanest of all creatures—the very essence of diabolism—the quintessence of wretchedness. And such he did feel himself to be.

From his past it seemed impossible to gather the slightest hope of an improved future. He had tried himself over and over, and had invariably been disappointed. Every pledge to live a temperate life had been violated, every resolution had failed. To depend on his will-power to accomplish any thing in his own behalf was like leaning upon a broken reed, and yet he had not the least idea of trying any other dependence. Calling upon God was the most remote of all things from his mind. He felt himself bound to the devil for time and eternity. Between his soul and Divine Goodness he saw an impassable gulf, plowed by the fearful whirlwinds of unbridled passion and covered all over with the fragments of good intentions.

There had been a time when he was not only willing, but anxious, to give his heart to his Heavenly Father. When he was sixteen years old he offered himself to a certain religious congregation in Jennings County,

Indiana. But the pastor of that flock happened to be one of those who stand so straight in their ideas of the importance of purity in others that there is great danger of their falling backward—one of those cynical prudes who think that a person ought to be too good for this world before he is fit to come into the church—and he very respectfully declined admitting young Hughes to membership, purely on the score of Hughes' father being a drunkard. Such a man—I will not call him a minister—may be well qualified to run a muly saw-mill, but he has about as much business in charge of a church as a half-starved cat has inside of a cage of canary birds. The amount of harm he did in the rejection of this boy can never be fully known till the day of judgment.

Hughes was a man, in whom, as I have before remarked, the religious sense was naturally acute; but his own self-abuse, to which was added the impression that the people did not consider him good enough for pious associations, had the effect to harden him against Christian influences in early life, while the misfortunes which accompanied his unrestrained dissipation in after years tended to settle him in the conviction that his doom was sealed and that there was no salvation for him. O, what an exquisite structure is the mind of a young man—how sensitive to every influential touch, either for good or for evil! How few there are who know how to manipulate that structure—how to secure the harmonious action of all the parts of its delicate machinery. How few there are who realize the importance of

giving prompt encouragement to its every good impulse, to its every noble aspiration.

Hughes, who in his boyhood might have been enrolled among the most valiant soldiers of Christ, found himself at the age of twenty-five a pitiful captive of sin—an abject slave to the most debasing proclivities, covered from head to foot with the marks of the lash of the most cruel, the most tyrannical master a human being ever had. O, how gloomy was the prospect! Beyond the veil which separated the present from coming time there could be seen no years blooming with the flowers of innocence and rich with the fruits of properly directed energies. Standing, as he now did, at the full maturity of his powers, he saw behind him a wilderness of woe, before him a howling desert of shame and wickedness. His existence seemed unendurable, and he would gladly have welcomed death. But death rarely comes when it is desired. His self-imposed burden, which had already assumed mountainous proportions, was daily growing larger and larger. How could he be relieved of that burden? In no way at all that he could see. Temporary mitigation was his only hope, and he saw no method of obtaining even that except by a complete submergence in the Lethean stream whence all his sorrows came. So, regarding the cause of the disease as the last resort for the alleviation of its symptoms, he drank and drank again—drank so deeply and incessantly that for days and weeks together all his finer sensibilities would lie buried beneath an ocean of alcohol, on whose poison surface his dead spirit floated like the festering carcass of a lifeless seabird.

During this period he was a moving mummy—a walking corpse.

But the day of retribution came at last, and a fearful day it was. Nature, pressed beyond its power of endurance, revolted, not only refusing to perform its ordinary functions, but waging against its merciless, invading adversary a war which threatened the destruction of the kingdom in dispute. It was a war between appetite and life-power—between the stomach and the brain. The first battle was fought on a steamboat between Madison and Cincinnati, on the Ohio river.

It is both horrifying and touching beyond the power of human description to hear Mr. Hughes, in his off-hand way, tell an audience about that battle. On taking the boat at Madison, Ind., he was seized with an inordinate craving for whisky. He had been trying to limit his appetite for some hours previous, which made the case infinitely worse. For several days he had neither taken food nor rest. His whole nervous system was literally riven to splinters. He trembled in every limb and every joint like a palsied octogenarian. His temporal veins felt like red-hot ropes lashed to the sides of his throbbing head. His eyes felt like great glowing coals, and seemed ready to fly their orbits. His tongue was a broad fire-brand. His throat was parched to a crisp. His burning flesh felt like it was being soldered to his bones, while ten thousand demons with their searing claws buried in his body, pulled and dragged him toward the bar. He sank to the floor of the state-room, he had taken, in his efforts to resist. Instantly that support gave way and he was precipitated

into a gulf of boiling lava, beneath which the relentless fiends of darkness plunged him again and again. Then they tore off his clothes, stripped his roasted flesh from his bones, reduced it to strings, tied the strings in bundles, which were immediately transformed into writhing knots of hissing, stinging snakes, in whose horrid coils he was presently bound from head to foot. Then he was picked up and carried to the highest peak of a towering mountain of semi-molten iron, down whose white-hot crags he was tumbled to the bottom of a rayless pit, which was filled with the smoke of burning brimstone, while along its slimy bottom were crawling hydra-headed monsters of every shape and size. Several of these approached him and formed a cordon around him, their myriad eyes glaring like the lurid stars in the sky of hell, and their frightful teeth gritting and snapping at him, the very essence of infernal fury. Then they gave vent to a prolonged succession of discordant shrieks and roars, during which Satan, himself, entered within the circle, leading the burnt and blackened soul of the young man who was killed in the buggy-ride. A red, sulphurous light now flashed over the scene, revealing a tableau before which Hughes fell breathless and unconscious. From this moment forward he knew nothing till he woke up in a hotel in Cincinnati surrounded by friends and physicians.

It was several days before he recovered from the effects of this fit of delirium tremens. It was told him, finally, by the doctors who waited on him and by his friends who nursed him, that if he valued his life he should quit drinking; that he and whisky could not

travel together much further. He was persuaded to give ear to this warning, and he made up his mind once more that he would try to break himself of the fatal habit, which, transmitted to him by his ancestry and developed to gigantic proportions by himself, was holding to him with ferocious tenacity. But no sooner was he on his feet and able to walk the streets than he began to weaken before the prowess of the blood-thirsty monster that was ever gnawing at his vitals and had always in previous conflicts proven its superiority. If, at this time, he had been removed to some place where whisky could be neither seen nor smelled, and had been kept there, surrounded by proper associations, he might have succeeded in making good his escape from his heartless pursuer. But, situated as he was, the case was quite different. It was difficult to pass three squares in the business part of the Queen City without going by from one to three or four rum-hells, whose yawning mouths, like that of Jonah's whale, were wide open to swallow their meals of living humanity—not without mastication, however, as in the case of the big fish, for few, indeed, were they who went in and came out unchewed. Moreover, Lafayette Hughes had not now the strength of former years. In addition to shattered nerves, an increased appetite and a will cowed by frequent defeats, there was that saddest of all deficiencies—the lack of motive. He did not feel that he had any thing to live for; that there was any object before him worth striving to attain. Under these circumstances how could he be armed and equipped for the conflict through which he was required

to pass? It need not, therefore, surprise the reader that he fell in the very first engagement with an old enemy who, flushed with the prestige of a thousand victories—who, like Wellington, could say that he had never been defeated—swooped down upon him the moment he took the field. As soon as he was able to resume his work he left his hotel and started to the carriage factory of T. T. Haydock. He had not gone far till he came to a saloon. He nerved himself to run the fiery gauntlet, and quickened his pace to make sure his escape; but the moment he inhaled the breath of the hydra that was lying in wait, his determination capitulated, making an unconditional surrender. He went into that saloon as though it had been the particular object in view when he started from his place of entertainment—as though it had all morning been the one great occupant of his desires. He called for a glass of whisky—drank it; called for another—drank it; called for another—drank it; and all this in about as little time as it takes me to write it, and you to read it. These potations having only served to fully arouse his thirst, he poured down drink after drink, not stopping till his whole body was thoroughly surcharged with poison and the fiend that controlled him fairly looked through his eyes. Strange it may appear to some, he stepped out of the rum-shop nimbly, walked with a firm step to Mr. Haydock's office and there transacted his business with unusual readiness and accuracy. He promptly paid over all the money due to the manufacturer, took out a new lot of vehicles, bought a large stock for himself, and

proceeded at once to ship his goods to Illinois. He then returned to his hotel, taking another copious drink as he went, settled his bill, repaired to the O. & M. depot, and took train for the West. Arriving at Olney, Illinois, he stopped and awaited the coming of his buggies, which reached him in good time. All the way from Cincinnati to Olney and during his stay in the latter, he drank constantly and deeply, never allowing the fires of hell one single moment to cool in his veins.

About the time his goods reached Olney he got very drunk—so drunk that he did not know what he was about—and reeling around aimlessly, came to the O. & M. depot in that little city, just as the west-bound passenger train stopped. In a moment he was aboard of that train, having as little idea of its destination as a goose has of the precise location of Jupiter in our solar system. The train started. Soon the conductor came along and asked Hughes for his ticket. The latter immediately demanded to know where the “wagon was going.” “To St. Louis,” was the reply, “where do you want to go?” “I guess I’ll go to St. Louis too,” responded Hughes, and straightway handed over the amount of his fare in cash. To St. Louis he went, and drove from the passenger depot of the O. & M. Road to the Lindell Hotel. After registering his name he found a bar and took several glasses of whisky in rapid succession. By this time he was in such a beastly state of intoxication that it became necessary to take him to his room, which was promptly done by the efficient clerk of the best house of which

St. Louis ever boasted. On the following morning he awoke to a painful realization of his enormous transgression. He plainly felt the premonitory symptoms of another fit of delirium tremens. His brain seemed to be pricked by a million red-hot needles. He clapped his hands to his temples to keep them from bursting. Horrible forebodings of the direst impending evils filled his soul with the gloom of hell itself. He had no control of his nerves, and bounded and jumped from side to side of his bed like a hand-torpedo. With great difficulty he dressed himself. Having done so, he went, trembling and shaking like an aspen leaf and crying like a child, down to the office of the Lindell and deposited eighty-five dollars—all the money he had with him—in the hands of the clerk, earnestly requesting that polite official not to let him have one cent of it until he had fully recovered himself. The pain he was now suffering can never be known by a man who has not had a similar experience. He hated life, but he dreaded death. He loved whisky above all things else, but he could not endure the thought of delirium tremens. Having no appetite for food he took only a sip or two of coffee at breakfast, and started, he knew not whither. He rambled wildly about the city for the space of an hour or so, with no motive under the heavens save that of a desire to escape something awful, which he thought was pursuing him as closely as his shadow did. His parched throat, his scorched tongue, his quivering nerves, cried aloud for drink. His infernal thirst, cunning, atrocious fiend that it was, taking advantage of the situation,

goaded and tortured him in a manner that defies description. Finally, it got hold of his mental locomotive, reversed it, and drove him back to his hotel. He went to the clerk and called for his money. The clerk, seeing that he was even in a worse condition than when he made the deposit, reminded him of his request, assured him that it was not well for him to be running around, and urged him to go to his room. With great reluctance he took the advice so kindly given to him, weeping the while as if his heart would break. But there was no ease for that most wretched soul. To him there was as little comfort in a bed of down as in a bed of thorns. Vain were all his efforts to obtain rest. His sleeping apartment, though elegantly furnished and every way pleasant, was soon to be converted into a smoking, flaming pit, and his feathery couch was presently to be transformed into a nest of fiery scorpions. But I prefer letting him tell his own story in this case.

The following is a description of Mr. Hughes' second attack of delirium tremens, as given by himself in a speech at Lafayette, during his great temperance revival in that city. I take it from the report of the *Lafayette Courier*:

My whole system was burning up and crying out for stimulants, my tongue scorched in my mouth, my brain was on fire, my eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, my flesh seemed to be pierced by a thousand daggers, and the very marrow of my bones was boiling and oozing from a thousand vents. The whisky tremens were upon me. My friends could not control me. The room was full of horrid,

grinning skeletons; their long, bony fingers were grasping at my throat. The air seemed full of howling demons fresh from the regions of hell. I fell to the floor and begged and prayed for mercy, but the devils answered me with a demoniac ha! ha! as their faces lighted up with fiendish triumph. Then one of them brought a bundle of sticks into the room and threw them upon the floor. Each stick turned to a hissing snake with which the devils lashed my head and body. Then they brought red-hot irons and pushed them through my brains. They tore out my eyes and dashed them against the wall. They cut out my heart, sucked my blood, and with maniac howls gritted their teeth over my agony. They brought boiling oil and saturated my clothing with it. I rushed into the street to escape their fury, but the pavement sank beneath my feet as though it were miry clay. I struggled, and screamed, and tore my hair; but my struggles only sunk me lower and lower, until I was powerless to move. Suddenly there was a crash as if the earth had burst asunder, and I was precipitated into a lake of burning lava. My flesh was melting from my bones. The devils came with red-hot tongs and carried me to a high building, where they dashed out my brains on the pavement below. Then they took my brains and soaked them in gall and compelled me to eat them. They cut great gashes in my flesh and then sewed up the wounds with poisoned wire. They crushed my bones and put live coals upon the marrow. They suspended me by the thumbs and poured boiling whisky down my throat. At last they all disappeared but one fiendish hag who seemed to be thirsting for my blood. Her head was split from the top to the middle of her face. She howled at me and cursed me and swore that I was the cause of all her misery. She built a fire and declared she would roast me alive. As soon as she loosed my bonds I

sprang at her throat and tore the head from her body, when lo! snakes of every kind and size crawled from her neck and entwined themselves about me. And thus all night long I fought with snakes and demons of every shape. At times I thought the room was full of cats, all screaming and squalling, and scratching at my eyes. At other times the floor would be covered with bees, and ants, and roaches, and insects of every kind. They would crawl all over my body, and sting, and bite my face. Oh, who can imagine my suffering, my terrible agony? It was more than death. Hell itself could not have been more terrible.

Such is the graphic account rendered by Mr. Hughes of his sufferings at the Lindell Hotel in St. Louis. The date of these sufferings was July 15, 1877—a day never to be forgotten by him. How strange to one who has no experimental knowledge of them are the horrors here described. To some, no doubt, Mr. Hughes' story will look incredulous. Yet it is fully confirmed by every one who ever had delirium tremens. In looking over Luther Benson's description of what he saw and felt while in the power of the same dread affliction, it will be found to present a number of striking parallels—so many, in fact, as to make it almost identical.

There is something worthy of the most profound reflection—the most critical study—in the wonderful sameness of all the known cases of this disease. Serpents and devils figure prominently in all instances. What does this mean? It is not so in other kinds of delirium. For instance, in that which often accompanies virulent fevers, we have no snakes and demons—no descents into hell, no infernal tortures. Strange

visions there are, to be sure, sometimes, but none bearing the slightest resemblance to those seen by persons laboring under alcoholic fits.

Now, I claim that in this invariable presence of fiends and reptiles in all attacks of what Mr. Hughes calls whisky tremens there is a significance which has not hitherto been generally, if at all, observed by writers and thinkers whose attention has been called to the subject. Ever since the days in which the book of Genesis was written, at least, serpents and devils have been identified. Satan, himself, is said to have established the identity in Eden. He chose the form of a serpent, as being the one most suitable, to beguile Eve. From the time of that event till now the arch enemy and the hateful snake have been alike sly, insidious, and venomous — so Christians believe at all events. What about alcohol? Is it not sly and insidious in its manner of attacking the moral and the physical health of man? Was it ever known to boldly approach a human being and slay him outright? Certainly not. By stealthful, spiral movements it gradually coils itself around its victim and then strikes its poisonous fangs into his heart. Solomon saw this, and most aptly compared wine (native wine, too, I suppose) to the biting serpent and the stinging adder. Hence, it seems reasonable to believe that the Evil One has chosen alcohol as the most effective instrument with which to blight and destroy human kind; and the horrible visions of demons and snakes which invariably characterize delirium tremens may be accepted as an evidence of the truth of this view, and, also, as a proof

of the existence of such a being as the bible calls the devil. It is not unworthy of remark that whatever may be a man's theological opinions — whether or not he believes there is a devil; whether or not he believes there is a God; whether or not he believes in any thing of a spiritual character; whether he be an enthusiastic Biblicist or an atheistic materialist — a follower of Christ or a follower of Hume — just as sure as he drinks enough whisky to induce delirium tremens he will be favored with a sight of his infernal majesty; and not only will he be thus favored, but he will be enabled to behold all the hosts of lesser devils that troop over the burning regions of the damned, and will be permitted, nay, compelled, to explore all the blazing chambers, nooks, and corners of hell itself. Even Bob Ingersoll might see the devil and his abode in this way. If he don't believe it let him try it. Delirium tremens is no respecter either of persons or of creeds. It takes any man on whom it gets a hold to hell, and honors him with a personal introduction to the "boss" fiend and all the inferior fiends. It is a potent teacher of theology on the negative side.

May God help us all to learn of Him and shun the devil — to seek Heaven and avoid hell; to secure bliss and escape damnation.





CHAPTER IV

SAVED BY FIRE—THE HEROIC CONDUCT OF A HOTEL
CLERK—A BALL THROUGH THE HEART DRIVES
SATAN OUT AND MAKES IT THE TEMPLE OF THE
HOLY SPIRIT—THE ATTEMPTED SUICIDE MAKES A
GLORIOUS APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

AT the close of the preceding chapter we left Mr. Hughes in the Lindell Hotel at St. Louis, suffering the excruciating agonies of delirium tremens. As he states in his own report of that terrible fit, he fought demons and serpents all night long, that is, from the evening of the 15th till the dawn of the 16th of July, 1877. On the morning of the latter day he was but partially recovered.

Sunrise found him still being racked with pain and parched with a consuming fever. His spirit, though free from the taunts and the darts of devils—the stings and the hisses of serpents—was thickly enshrouded with the gloom of the shadow of some impending calamity. Some shapeless, hideous monster, fresh from the womb of ancient night, crouched before him and seemed to threaten him with evils of which those of the preceding day were but the heralds. His blood-

vessels were like so many streams of boiling, bubbling lava, while his nerves felt like red-hot wires, knotted and twisted in every imaginable shape. His muscles jerked and twitched automatically; his swollen eyeballs rolled and danced in scalding water, gleaming with the glassy sheen of death. Groaning with pain and excited beyond the power of endurance by his fierce craving for drink, which had returned with redoubled fury, he sprang from his bed as if wrenched out of it by an epileptic spasm, put on his clothes and went trembling down to the office. He approached the clerk and begged him in the most pitiful tones to give him the money he had deposited the previous day, declaring that he could stand it no longer. The clerk, who was a man of great tenderness of heart, though strongly moved by poor Hughes' touching appeals, gently but firmly refused his request, and persuaded him to return to his room.

What a blessing is such a person as that clerk in such a place. To him, Mr. Hughes owes a debt he can never pay. Right here I locate the fulcrum, and regard this hotel employé as being, in the hands of God, the lever which lifted Mr. Hughes out of the bog and gave him his start upward toward that complete reformation, in which subsequent appliances played so important a part. Many a man, standing behind the desk of that house would have thrown Hughes' money at him with a look signifying, "Take it and go to the devil with it." And, to the devil he would have gone if it had been given him. Of what inestimable value it is to society to have

persons who, if they do not fear God in the ordinary church-sense of the term, possess the love of humanity, in charge of the facilities which are used by the traveling public. It is an item worthy of all consideration that a very large portion of humanity is now-a-days constantly on the move. And this portion includes all ages, sexes, classes, characters. If none but the thoroughly matured and morally strong were cutting loose from home restraints and traversing the continents and the seas, it would not matter much who managed the great thoroughfares and the places of public resort. But, as it is, the education of more than nine-tenths—yes, I think I might say more than ninety-nine one-hundredths—of the population of the civilized world is affected by those who control these things. And far too frequently it is affected for the worse by such individuals. The reason is that certain business qualifications, to the exclusion of every thing else, determine their employment. Is he *business*? is the only question, as a general rule, whose satisfactory answer will secure a man a place on a railway or in any stationary establishment depending upon public patronage. That word, business, is getting to be the synonym of all that is selfish and hard-hearted in America. It rarely applies to any interests other than those of a purely material character. Not often is it the case that high moral qualities cut the slightest figure either in supplying a vacancy or in filling a new position in the world of commerce.

I shall never forget a talk I once had with a splendid young man named Wm. Telfer who was at the time,

and may be yet, day clerk of the Union Depot Hotel at Vincennes, Ind. His duties required him to watch certain passenger trains in order to fill up the tables at morning, at noon, at night. The house was first-class in all its appointments, and then spread, as it does yet, the best table between Cincinnati and St. Louis—between Terre Haute and Evansville. Its great popularity, added to the number of trains passing over the several roads which made it a point at which to stop for meals, gave Mr. Telfer very little spare time between dawn and dark. He generally, however, controlled his nights, and had, up to the period of the talk to which I have alluded, been free on Sunday. He was endowed by nature with a superior mind, which, in spite of poverty and the care of a widowed mother's family, he had richly stored with knowledge and brought under the best of discipline. When I knew him he was a student—a close, inveterate student, using every spare moment and consuming no small quantity of midnight oil in the preparation of his powers for the professional work which he expected to do in the future. That work was none other than that of the ministry. While he was allowed his Sundays he was in the habit of filling occasional appointments to preach at the little villages around Vincennes, and thus procuring the normal drill so necessary to one who would be practically educated. But in the course of events the situation was materially changed. Some of the railroads going through Vincennes put Sunday trains on their tracks. This required young Telfer to be at his post day in and day out, and

his retention of that post and preaching in the country were utterly incompatible. The times were so close and good places were so hard to get that no reasonable person could blame him for doing just what he did — though with deep regrets — when he decided, in view of his own necessities and those of the dear ones depending on him, to watch the trains and give up, for the time, his pulpit exercises.

It was at this juncture that I made his acquaintance, and learned from him how his soul galled under the yoke that was imposed upon it. Said he, "Mr. Hiatt, a man in my position ought to be the merest, the purest machine. He oughtn't to have a heart. The word, feeling, oughtn't to be in his vocabulary. Like a clock, he shouldn't know any thing but to run down when he is wound up, and to wait when he has run down till he is wound up. He oughtn't to care a straw for any body, nor ever think of the future. He ought to be a cast-iron man with a face of solid brass, and no brains at all, except those which are supplied to him. My employers are the very best men of their kind. But they keep a railroad hotel; and when the roads work all week and all day Sunday, they and their subordinates are obliged to do the same thing."

Here it was — the whole matter. The house was dependent on the highways, and the clerks were dependent on the house. The love of money discounted the good of man. The dollar obscured humanity. *Business* though — wasn't it? Yes. So, at least the country has it. People erect costly houses of worship, and employ talented ministers at high salaries to

teach the multitude the way of the Lord — *once a week*. But how few of the multitude get to hear the preaching, especially of those who most need to hear it. The great lines of travel, the watering places, the places of public entertainment, are controlled by men who regard not the laws of God nor the interests of the race. The degree to which the work of our pulpiteers and teachers of morality is neutralized by the contact of the masses with heartless selfishness in the great centers and avenues of intercommunication, is enormous, and is understood by few. But how can the evil be remedied so long as proprietors, both individual and corporate, persist in placing at the heads of departments the merest automatons, preferring persons who, to use the words of Mr. Telfer, have not the word, feeling, in their vocabulary? Railway conductors and ticket agents, steamboat clerks and hotel clerks are, this day, more important factors in the moral education of the people than preachers and Sunday-school teachers. Theirs is not an occasional work, but a constant work. While the expounder of the Scriptures spends one hour a week with a class, or with a limited congregation, they spend almost their whole time with the great moving crowds. It is not their proper function to sermonize and exhort, but it is — or at least should be — their proper function to have a humane regard for the men and the women whose patronage they solicit — to imitate the Elder Brother of our kind in their manners toward their fellows and their dealings with them.

In the clerk of the Lindell Hotel I recognize one who appreciated the moral relations he sustained to the

world of mankind, and had both the disposition and the nerve to perform the moral duties which belonged to his position. When he kindly, but resolutely, refused to hand over to Mr. Hughes the eighty-five dollars which he held for him, he showed the heart of a Christian, whether or not he ever indorsed a single article of a single creed in Christendom. The essence of Christianity is not in the confession, but in the life; and he was not wanting in the latter. When he, at this most critical moment, firmly said "*no*" to Mr. Hughes, and tenderly took him by the arm and led him to the elevator to accompany him to his room, he did what no preacher had ever done for him in all his life. To the spirit-broken slave of sin help is more than sermons—a kind act more than homilies. By this deed of goodness the clerk of the Lindell—I wish I had his name—gained a marvelous mastery over Mr. Hughes—one which proved to be of the highest utility on after occasions.

On returning to his room, the latter threw himself on his bed, and there remained, denying with unaccustomed stoicism the ceaseless urgings of his burning appetite, and enduring the most painful tortures of both mind and body. He passed the day without physical refreshment, for he had no stomach for food. The night brought no sleep to his heated eyes—no rest to his lacerated brain; for Bacchus and Morpheus are not harmonious gods. Rarely, indeed, does the latter co-operate with the former. I know there is such a thing as a bacchanalian stupor, but so far from repairing the shattered forces of nature it adds a thousand fold to

their injuries. The downy-winged messenger whose soothing touch cools the fevered nerves, and calms the troubled waters of the stormy soul with the oil of sweet oblivion, holds no converse with restless, ever-wakeful demons.

On the morning of the following day Mr. Hughes' thirst for whisky again attacked him with implacable fury. It wielded a two-edged blade dipped in the rankest poison of the infernal pit. From its fiendish cuts and thrusts there was no escape. The heart shrunk at every stroke. The spirit quailed, the will was captured.

Having made his toilet, as best he could, he went down and stood before the clerk. But on approaching that noble-hearted gentleman he saw something in his kindly resolute features, which forbade the utterance of the request for money, which he was about to repeat. Never before had he met such a man. Never had he, till now, found one strong enough to hold up his enfeebled, rum-vanquished desire for freedom. Wonderful, indeed, and beautiful as wonderful, was the power of this heaven-appointed agent. Without saying a word poor Hughes gave vent to his inexpressible agony in tears, weeping like a heart-broken waif on the boisterous sea of time, and presenting one of the most moving spectacles ever beheld in that place. And such a waif was he—shipwrecked a thousand times—a thousand times tossed by the billows of passion—a thousand times driven against the breakers of damnation—a thousand times washed upon the jagged rocks of self-reproach, and there left for days to suffer the

untold torments of an outraged conscience. O, touching portrait of human weakness and human depravity! O, mournful picture of the effects of the cup that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder! Twenty-six years old, endowed with superior energy, and splendid business talents, able to defy the strongest opposition in trade — and yet as helpless as a baby in the toils of the serpent that poisons the blood and damns the soul.

With the same brave spirit of divinely-guided sympathy which had been so markedly exhibited on former occasions, the clerk led Mr. Hughes to the elevator, placed him in it, sat down by his side, and started with him up to his room.

Now comes that great tragedy in Hughes' life which, in certain of its features and results, is without parallel in the history of the evils of intemperance. While he and his guardian were going upward, a fiendish spell took momentary possession of him. He imagined that the man who was so faithful to him was his worst enemy. The murderous demon of the bowl sat for an instant in a cloud of vindictive wrath that covered Hughes' face; then, taking control of his right arm, thrust the hand of that arm into his hip-pocket, drew thence and cocked a revolver, and aimed it at the unsuspecting clerk. This gentleman had proved himself a giant adversary of that demon; had foiled all his late attempts to complete the destruction of his victim; had repeatedly throttled and subdued him in his stronghold. For this the clerk must die. Meantime, his back being turned, he knew nothing of the fate

which threatened him. The deadly weapon is leveled. Hughes' right fore-finger presses the trigger, when lo! the mighty hand of God is revealed. The arm is palsied; the pistol is lowered; the aim is lost; the ball is not fired; the clerk is unharmed. But the whisky devil, though balked, is not routed. He rallies. He will be avenged. If he can not rule he will ruin. He re-inspires that fallen right arm; again the revolver is raised; again that trembling fore-finger presses the trigger. But this time the aim is changed, and now, behold! the muzzle of the weapon rests against the left side of poor Hughes. The lock clicks; the hammer strikes the cartridge; the conical herald of death pierces that poisoned body; a sharp report rings out on the air and fills the halls of the Lindell with its startling echoes; and Lafayette Hughes falls bleeding into the arms of his protector.

The proper floor having been reached, the elevator was stopped, and Hughes, spitting blood and bleeding at his side, was carefully carried to his bed. Dr. Lankford, one of the most distinguished surgeons in the State of Missouri, was immediately summoned. At the same time, and at the urgent request of Mr. Hughes, the Rev. Dr. Gaines, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, was called. Mr. Hughes had no hope of surviving. He knew the ball had been aimed at his heart, and his feelings told him plainly enough that it had not gone wide of the mark. The terrible shock of the tragedy and the copious blood-letting resulting from the wound, had the effect to restore his mind to perfect sanity and his tattered

nerve to a healthy condition. When he was laid upon his bed he displayed a clearness and serenity of spirit which contrasted boldly with the delirious frenzy which had controlled him during the previous two days, and which was not a little surprising to the clerk of the house and the bystanders who, having been alarmed by the sound of the pistol, had gathered around his bed.

For the first time in twenty years, he felt entirely free from the grip of the fiend that had brought him to the very door of death. But, could he live? That was the question. He was not naturally of a suicidal disposition; had never attempted to take his own life before; had not contemplated doing so this time; would not have thought of it if he had not first thought of taking the life of another man. His conscience was exquisitely sensitive; and when he caught himself in the act of slaying his friend for faithfully guarding him against the tempter, the idea that he had been guilty of attempting such a crime made his own existence a burden too great to be borne. This was the secret of his shooting himself. Now that he was calm and sober, and capable of looking at things in their true light, he had no desire to die. On the contrary, he was more anxious to live than he ever before had been. He was persuaded that if his life could be prolonged he could make it far better. He was yet comparatively young; and if he could be spared he might, out of the melancholy ruins to which sin had reduced his activities, reconstruct himself, by the help of God, upon a new and greatly improved model, and thus make a future

which would, in some measure, atone for the wretched past.

If this was impossible, then he would be vouchsafed at least a few brief hours in which to prepare for a change of worlds. He had temporarily experienced on earth the tortures of a hell which beggared the descriptions of Milton and Dante; and now before him opened the yawning, smoking mouth of the pit whose fires are never quenched, and in which he felt that, if he should die as he was, he should eternally suffer infinitely more than he had ever known.

O, how he hoped and prayed against all apparently reasonable hope. How intensely he desired that the hand of death might be stayed. But could it be stayed? He was under the cold shade of the grim brow of the king of terrors, the keen edge of the icy blade of whose cruel sickle had touched the ligature that binds the spirit to its earthly tenement. Had he not hastened his own doom? Had he not leaped into the dark valley? And what had he ever done to entitle him to divine clemency? What single ray of light, coming up through the horrid gloom of all the misspent years, penetrated the bosom of the midnight cloud that completely shut from view the Lord of Glory and the dawn of eternal peace?

While he was thus reflecting—thus alternately hoping and doubting—the doctor and the minister entered. The former, after a thorough examination of the wound, announced that the ball had passed through the apex of the heart and through the left lung, and

that, while recovery was barely possible, in certain contingencies, it was by no means probable.

How extremely doubtful was the case. On what a slender and exceedingly brittle thread that poor life was hung. Hughes had never heard of any one living after the heart had been pierced, and he was disposed to regard the dim ray of comfort which so feebly glimmered along the line of Dr. Lankford's remarks as being intended rather to flatter than to promise. He now gave up his body as being virtually dead, and cared only for his soul. While the Rev. Gaines was reading to him the sacred Word and earnestly pleading with God in his behalf, he turned his eyes heavenward and mentally breathed a long farewell to earth and all its fleeting scenes—to that brief and uncertain existence of whose dark side he had seen so much. Few had been his days of real joy—few his hours of pleasure unalloyed; few had been the blossoms whose beauty had gladdened his eyes, whose fragrance had cheered his heart; few had been the fruits whose taste was not embittered by the dregs of regret; few had been the sunbeams which, unclouded by the gloom of remorse, had illumined his tortuous pathway; few had been the starry nights whose myriad lamps of sparkling gold had shown to him Jehovah's handy work; few had been the morning suns whose reddened sheen had purpled the dimpled cheeks of the blooming hills, kissed into smiles the sweet faces of the verdant plains, and danced in frolicsome glee in the silvery wavelets of the rippling brooks, to inspire him with

the love of nature and the praise of nature's God; few had been the clear bright noons, the full blaze of whose effulgent glory, inspiring the fertile fields with life-producing power, converting the husky buds into umbrageous foliage and gorgeous floral fronds, warming the shaded nooks and making the rivers laugh, could dissipate the mists of sorrow which gathered o'er his spirit's brow in ever-thickening folds; few had been the evenings whose soft and mellow twilight, which brings to the pure and good a glow of bliss serene, wraps the quiet hamlet in robes of perfect peace, and flings a modest veil o'er the gem-lit sky, could awaken in his poor breast a single responsive chord. Few had been the family boards, around which, gathered with mother and sire and brothers and sisters dear, he had in boyhood's sunny days enjoyed with that holy zest which comes of a soul untrammelled and thankfulness untainted by thought of perils pending and grievous wrongs committed.

And yet, notwithstanding the moral barrenness of all his by-gone days, there had been a slender something which tied him to this poor world. But that something—that ill-defined and feeble chord—whose strange tenacity had, like that of the love of a fickle maiden, ever ebbed and flowed—was now about to be severed. The ax was raised, and the parting blow was descending.

Had he any right to complain? He did not feel that he had, except on the score of an hereditary appetite, and as touching that matter, where and on

whom could the blame be located? To what could it be charged? With some one—he knew not exactly with whom—standing far back in the ancestral line, the evil began, and it was, doubtless, mainly due to ignorance. So much, and only so much, was the sum of his knowledge at this point. But in regard to one thing his conceptions were neither vague nor meager; and that was the fact that he was born with a consuming thirst for alcoholic liquors, which had inflicted upon him immense losses of means, incalculable wastes of energy, untold misery of mind, and lamentable degradation of character.

Between that thirst and his conscience there long had been waged a perpetual war, whose ruthless and wholesale devastations of the realm of his spiritual nature had left him without a single prospect of happiness, either in this world or in the world to come. All the way along the stormy path of the two previous decades he could have said, in the words of Milton, “Which way I turn is hell;” and now, with his feet dipped in the waters of Jordan, he could look back to no bright spot from which came one scintillating spark to irradiate the pitchy pall which hung so heavily over him.

O, the darkness of that darkest of all dark hours! And, O, the visions to which that night of despair gave birth. First came in panoramic order the scenes of his boyhood, in all which his darling mother was the central figure. Now she takes him on her knee, tenderly strokes his forehead, runs her soft fingers through his hair, tells him about God and the Angels—about

Jesus and his love. He hears again those sweet, simple words in which she paints to the life the Man of Nazareth surrounded by little children, who feel at home in the Paradise of his embrace, and whose twinkling eyes gleam with the ecstasy of seraphic delight as, while he smooths their sunny locks with his own dear hand, he calls upon them in honeyed accents the blessing of Heaven. Now she describes the Babe of Bethlehem, surrounded by shepherds, who have left their sheep on the mountains, to see the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world—acknowledged by the Persian magians who, guided by the star of the world’s Hope, have come to do homage to the world’s infant King. Now, with facile brush, she throws upon the silken canvas of her son’s percepts a living portrait of the Divine Boy, standing in the Temple, surrounded by the doctors of the law, easily solving all their theological riddles, readily unraveling all their metaphysical enigmas, and then, in turn, propounding questions to them which they could not answer. Now, with graphic clearness, she portrays the baptism and the descent of the Heavenly dove; the feeding of the hungry thousands in the wilderness; the healing of the lame, the halt, the sick, the dumb, the deaf, the blind, the devil-possessed; the thrilling triumph of the Savior’s love for Mary and Martha over the power of the death which held Lazarus in the rayless tomb; the charming calm which reigned o’er boisterous Galilee when he who rules the seas stood forth in godly majesty, and said to wind and wave, “Peace, be still!”—the exquisite pathos of that sad picture in the mid-

night-shaded garden where God's only Darling poured out the agony of his passion in beads of mingled sweat and blood; the impersonation of perfect manhood inspired by the fullness of the Godhead, hanging on the cross between two thieves, scoffed at by the elders, mocked by the vulgar mob, crowned with cruel thorns, praying, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!" crying, "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani!" pierced by the deadly Roman spear, breathing out with his last breath the all-significant and heart-transfixing words, "It is finished"—while the veil of the Temple is rent, the solid rocks are torn with grief, the sun to darkness turns, the moon covers her face in blood, the ethereal arch is draped in black, the angels hang up their harps and take up sorrow's wail, and Heaven and nature mourn the loss of Him who was all innocence, all purity, all love; and, finally, the grand display of the power of God on the morning of the third day, when the mighty messenger rolled the stone from the door of the sealed and guarded sepulcher, and the resurrected Prince of Peace led the tyrant Death in chains, haloed the grave of man with the promise of a life beyond, whose bliss shall never end, received the authority of the universe, and was entitled its rightful King.

Next came, one after another, all the painful scenes of subsequent years in which he had shown so little regard for the teachings of that mother—in which he had gone diametrically opposite the way in which she sought to lead him; in which he had trampled all her

precepts, all her holy lessons, with her prayers and her tears, under his wayward feet.

Finally, came the heart-sickening pictures in which were exhibited his lamentable failures to make a man of himself. The blurred and tattered leaves of the history of the three years' college-course; the pages of a brilliant business career, marred and blotted with shameful, destructive carousals which ultimately resulted in delirium tremens; the tragic portraiture which were interspersed throughout the whole book of his existence, and in which whisky had placed him in the foreground in the most disgraceful attitude—all these passed in rapid succession before the eye of memory, and were repeated time and again.

Eventually, tired out with the miserable retrospect, and being unable to see any thing but the most unmitigated evil in himself, he rose to a sitting posture in his bed and exclaimed, "Here, Lord, am I, wholly unworthy to be called a man! Take me, and do with me what thou wilt. I am nothing, and can do nothing!" Instantly the room was filled with Heavenly light, and he felt himself lifted up in tender arms, while a voice like that of Jesus whispered softly in his ear, "Thou art mine! All thy sins are pardoned. Thou art not now to leave the earth. I have called thee to be a mighty instrument in saving men."

From this moment all was joy and gladness with Lafayette Hughes. He was a new man. A new heart had been given him. New motives and purposes inspired him. The black record of the past was blotted out, and a glorious future loomed up before him. He

rejoiced in a complete salvation, and felt assured that he should yet enjoy the supreme pleasure of being the means of leading thousands of his suffering fellow-mortals away from the rocks on which he had foundered. But at the same time he was not afraid of death. The victory of the cross had routed all the terrors of the dread monster, and in the alone merits of a crucified Redeemer he had the blessed consciousness of a perfect safety.

By slow degrees, and to the astonishment of his physician and attendants he grew stronger. In a few days his wound was healed and he was able to travel.

Truly, it would appear that if there are any miracles in these times this was one of them; and, indeed, it would be difficult to find in the annals of modern history a recovery which more clearly indicates the interposition of the Divine power. Scarcely less remarkable is it than the healing of the Centurion's servant. And surely its after-results stamp it with the seal of the Almighty, and mark it as a special case in which the door of death was transformed into an open door of extraordinary usefulness, through which the rescued sufferer passed from a dungeon of woe to a grand field of labor.

While he thanked the Giver of all good with his whole heart for the undeserved mercy shown in the restoration of his body, it was the regeneration of his soul that gave him the greatest happiness. He no longer felt the slightest misgiving as to his ability to stand against the tempter. His feet were planted on the solid rock, his weak hands were held up by the

same invincible power that sustained those of Moses in the critical hour of battle. He was strong in the strength of Elijah's God; and thus upheld he had no fears of ever falling.

He now returned home, one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the goodness of the Great Father the world ever saw.

The joy of his parents on being permitted to again behold their son in the flesh may be in some degree approximated when we learn something of the state of their minds a few days previous to this event.

Soon after Mr. Hughes shot himself they received a dispatch informing them of the tragedy, and stating that he was dying. The father, on reading the telegram, fell on his knees, shaking with anguish like a leaf in a storm, and crying in the most pitiful tones, "My son! O, my son! It was I that did it! It was I that did it!" The bitterness with which he upbraided himself, the keenness of his self-reproach, intensified his sorrow beyond the power of human description. He would have given the world, had it been in his possession, had his sin been visited upon his own head instead of that of his child. But it had not been so. His constitution had borne him through a long career of drinking with comparative safety; and, in spite of his dissipation, he had been successful in amassing considerable wealth. He had been one of those who could say to the advocate of total abstinence, "You say that whisky is ruinous. Look at me!" Far different was it with his boy, whose more susceptible and mercurial temperament could not hold up through years of

debauchery. And, now, it is seen that the death that was in the sire's cup has been transmitted to that boy, and the life of the youth is required as the penalty of the old man's transgression. How concisely, how touchingly is this expressed in the words, "It was I that did it! It was I that did it!" The guilt of more than three score years is condensed into those words.

What a lesson is here given to fathers. How it reveals the responsibility to which they are held by the laws of both God and nature.

The mother participating in the husband's grief had a double load to carry — her own and his. It seemed to her that the pangs of a thousand deaths would have been a relief compared with this affliction. She felt herself crushed beneath a mountain of woe. Although the calamity was little more than she had long expected, she was not prepared for it. Such organizations as hers can never be prepared for the evils they anticipate. O, what an hour was this to her! Through long, weary years she had borne up meekly and patiently, under the hard lot of a drunkard's wife, coupled with that of a drunkard's mother, hoping against hope, and "praying with all prayer" that God might some time turn night into day; and now comes the intelligence that the boy for whom she had done and endured so much is dying the death of a suicide — undergoing the fatal and self-inflicted punishment of a drunkard's course. How weak is the pen, how palsied the tongue, in the presence of a case like this.

And equally feeble, equally incompetent are all the powers and instruments of human expression before

such a scene as that which followed the restoration of Lafayette Hughes to home and friends, sound of body, and sane of mind. With what untold rapture did his Christian mother hear the story of his conversion. With what eager delight did she catch every word of his own account of his new birth. She did not doubt the genuineness of that glowing narration of the transition from death to life, from the power of Satan to the embrace of the Savior. From beginning to end it had the true ring. She could see, as only a mother can see, that it came from the depths of the heart; that it was the spontaneous rejoicing of a babe in Christ. For all her patient forbearance, and all her agonizing solicitude, she felt amply repaid in this most happy regeneration. To the joy with which the household overflowed there was but one drawback. The eminent surgeon and physician who attended Mr. Hughes while he was at St. Louis had told him, when he recovered, that the ball which had penetrated his heart was lying very near that organ, and that, as the slightest accident might precipitate death at any moment, he could make up his mind to measure his life thenceforward by the minute — not by the year, nor even by the day. Thus was the gladness of the hallowed reunion distinctly shaded by the sadness of impending dissolution.

Feeling that he had but a short time to live in the world, Mr. Hughes resolved to make the best possible use of that time. The thought of "shuffling off this mortal coil" was no longer fraught with fear to him. God had made him fit to live and thus had made him fit to die. He was ready at any time to go.

But like any other poor worm of the dust who has tasted the good word of the Father through the intercessions of the resurrected Son, he was filled with a burning anxiety to save others from the awful doom from which he had been snatched as a brand from the burning. He knew that the harvest was great—very great—and that the laborers were few. He wanted to go out and put in his unpolished sickle. He was not ambitious to make a display of learning, for he had none to display. He was not goaded by an itching to make reputation by a show of any special talent, for he did not think himself possessed of any such endowment. But he was stimulated by an ardent desire to use the power of his terrible experience in rescuing other men from the dangers to which he had been exposed—the indescribable tortures, shame, and wretchedness which he had suffered.

In a word, he was moved by that divine earnestness which is born of the bitterness of the misery of sin, and which has in all ages been the inspiration of every great apostle of righteousness and liberty.

In the hour of his reformation he had been assured that a great work lay before him, and that he should be permitted to do it. Therefore, notwithstanding the warning of his surgeon, he believed that his life would be so lengthened by the Great Physician as to allow him to gather in many human sheaves before he should be called to the heavenly harvest-home.

His faith in his mission acted as a powerful tonic on both mind and body; and in a few days after his

arrival at Merom, Ind., which was then and is yet the residence of his parents, he declared himself as feeling better than he had ever felt before in his life, and with the hearty approval of all his relatives and friends proceeded to the commencement of one of the grandest careers known to the moral history of America.

The first place he touched was Middleton, Vigo County, Ind., a small village which was thoroughly rum-cursed. He went to work with all the soul he had, addressing large audiences at night and exerting himself in strong, persistent personal effort in the daytime. His speeches were any thing but finished in a rhetorical point of view, and he butchered the king most horribly in almost every sentence. But never was there a case in which the learned and the unlearned, the careless and the critical, were more completely brought *en rapport* with a speaker. It mattered not how ridiculous his pronunciations, how glaring his misapplications, how distorted his imagery, how inaccurate his references to history, how awkward his gestures, how meager and inelegant his periods, the magic spell which hung like an iridescent cloud over the man chained every auditor and thrilled every heart. Intellectual pride, rhetorical taste, and oratorical criticism, slunk back like cowed whelps behind the screens of a thoroughly awakened sympathy, and gave place to the all-absorbing claims of our common humanity. Middleton was regenerated. Hundreds signed the pledge of total abstinence. The villagers, together with countless scores of people living in the

country round about, put on the blue ribbon, and the rainbow of peace, order, and sobriety spanned the whole community.

At what precise time and place it was that Mr. Hughes formally identified himself with the Murphy movement I have not been informed. In furnishing me the matter for his biography he, some how or other, omitted any mention of the particular circumstances of that event. This may have happened because of the overshadowing prominence of his conversion to God as the great turning point in his history. Certain I am that it was not due to any under-estimation by him of the value of the temperance pledge; for there never lived a man who more highly prizes that obligation. But, at all events, we find him shortly after his return to Merom, in the Summer of 1877, conducting a total-abstinence revival in the village of Middleton with the most splendid results.

His success at this place, while it did not flatter his vanity, mightily strengthened him, greatly increased his faith in what he could not but regard as a divine call to labor for the redemption of man. He believed the hand of the Almighty to be as visible in the fruits of his efforts at Middleton as in his own wonderful escape from the jaws of death at St. Louis. Believing now that he was clothed upon with the power of the Highest, and that, relying on that power, he could not fail; believing that he had received an earnest of his apostleship and that it was his duty to continue the exercise of its high functions, he went to Fairbanks, another village in the same county with Middleton,

and there held a series of meetings whose effect on the town and vicinity was as remarkable as that which distinguished him at his beginning point. Flushed with his repeated victories over Satan, he moved on to West Lebanon, Sullivan County, Ind.; thence to Scipio, Jennings County, Ind., and from there to Hutsonville, Illinois—everywhere reaping the same cheering harvest, and constantly waxing stronger in his ability to cope with the adversary.

All this time he traveled alone, having no human assistance other than that which volunteered its services in the various places which he visited. But after he closed at Hutsonville, Illinois, he went home; and while there recuperating his jaded physical energies, an agreement was effected between him and Milo P. Ward, one of his oldest and best tried friends, with whom he had taken many a drunken spree in former years, by which they were to travel together and labor jointly in the cause of temperance.

This partnership proved not only pleasant but eminently profitable to the great interest which it represented. Mr Ward, whose biography follows this one, showed himself a most valuable fellow-laborer not only as a speaker, but also as a tactician and manager. With him Mr. Hughes visited successively Washington, Attica and Lafayette. All these are Indiana cities, the grand work recently done in which is presented at length in a separate chapter in another part of this volume, and does not, therefore require special mention in this place.

AS A SPEAKER.—Mr. Hughes, as a speaker, is an

interesting study. To many his extraordinary power over an audience is a marvel—an inscrutable mystery. If almost any of his speeches were reported verbatim and committed to print, no one who had never seen him, nor been favored with a description of him and some history of his life, would at all be able to account for the immense crowds, comprising the *élite* and cultured of the very best communities, which he invariably and under all circumstances draws to his meetings, and which from the instant he rises till he concludes with a call for signers, never loses a single one of his utterances. The secret of this matter is like certain good people of the olden time used to say of their religion—"better felt than told." While sitting in Mr. Hughes' audience I can realize the wonder far better than in an after-hour I can describe it.

But, in attempting an explanation I should say that it would be more nearly contained in the word, earnestness, than in any other single term in the language.

But that word requires in this case some special amplification. Let the reader imagine, standing on a platform before him, a stoutly built man of medium height with a short, thick neck; a full, round face, marked by a heavy, black mustache and surmounted by a strong brow, beneath which rolls and flashes a pair of large, black eyes. Let the imagination now see this striking figure stepping from end to end of the forum, relating in tones of melting sadness how whisky deadened all his nobler sensibilities; how it slew his love of truth; how it supplanted his own mother from her place in his heart and caused him to do that which

he knew was killing her; how it crushed every manly aspiration and dragged him to the lowest moral level; how it dethroned reason and induced him to do things which resulted in the destruction of property and the lives of his warmest friends; how it opened the blazing, sulphurous mouth of hell and brought from thence countless hordes of infernal imps to torture him with red-hot javelins and fiery, hissing serpents; how it nerved his arm to shoot a trusty guardian of his interests, and then turned the weapon and sent a ball through his own heart—I say, let the reader picture such a scene as this in his mind and he will have a faint conception of what I mean by earnestness in Lafayette Hughes.

After all our talk about the arts of hypocrisy, it is still true that the human heart is not often deceived. By a divine intuition it feels the truth or the falsity of any display of zeal or of tenderness. Before three sentences have escaped Mr. Hughes' lips every soul within the sound of his voice is filled with a sense of his intense anxiety to save his fellow-men from the snares of the merciless tempter. No improprieties of speech, no rudeness of manner, no harsh or ungainly expression, can shake this conviction in the least degree; and forgetting all the rules and conventionalities of standard oratory, the entire assemblage, as if consolidated into one grand spirit, and utterly ignoring all critical obstacles, literally rushes to a union with the powerfully magnetic spirit that occupies the stand. And when he has wound up his thrilling appeal and calls out, "Now, boys, let's have some signing!" the

crowds that move down the aisles and throng the pledge-table, demonstrate the power which man has over man when man is brought in contact with man.

I think I have here dimly portrayed the secret of Mr. Hughes' success as a speaker, and in so doing have, in some degree, accounted for another remarkable fact which hitherto I have not mentioned—the fact that among almost any number of temperance orators, whatever their ability and reputation, the large majority of any audience which may have been listening to Mr. Hughes a few times, will invariably prefer him. I confess that during the progress of his and Mr. Ward's great work in the city of Lafayette, I was greatly astonished to observe that such renowned men as General Sam. Cary, who were occasionally procured to lend variety and add interest to the movement, never received the attention which was accorded Mr. Hughes, nor produced the effect which he did, especially on the unreclaimed.

But while Mr. Hughes is illiterate and unmethodic—while he is truly a rough diamond, he is a diamond, nevertheless. He is by no means poverty-stricken in thought. Indeed many of his ideas are worthy of the very best thinkers. While in conversation with me one day he remarked, "Some people pray God to give them His whole power, little thinking that the greatest man in the world would not know what to do with the one hundred millionth part of God's power. Why, if I can only just get the smallest possible grain of that power I am more than satisfied. I think it's foolish and wrong for a man to pray for what he wouldn't

know what to do with and couldn't possibly use if he had it. Just a little grain of God's power fills me chuck full and running over."

Here is a grand thought which many a venerable head, distinguished for wisdom and learning, never evolved.

Another thing to be considered in making up an estimate of the character of Mr. Hughes is his genuine and self-sacrificing philanthropy, coupled with his heroic pluck. Many outside circumstances play an important part in the commendation of a public man to the hearts of the people. When Mr. Hughes sits down in a city to take it he has not the least idea of leaving till his purpose is accomplished. If he is refused the churches he takes a public hall, pays for its use out of his own pocket, makes arrangements for the payment of his own board, and gives the citizens to understand that he begs no favors of them except that of signing the pledge; tells them that he has settled among them to remain till he has put the blue ribbon on such a number of persons, and that he is fully prepared to remain till that task is done. Every day finds him scouring the streets and hunting up toppers and drunkards. If he meets a poor, miserable wretch, who has drunk himself out of money, and clothes, and friends, and employment, he takes him to his own hotel, pays his board, puts better clothes on him, pins a blue ribbon on his coat, gives him money, finds him business if possible, and sends him away rejoicing.

These facts come to the ears of all who do not see them and make an impression on the minds of the

multitude, which not only secures respect but inspires love.

It is not talent, it is not knowledge, it is not genius, it is not finish, it is not money, it is not position, it is not rank, but it is the heart that moves the heart. That is just what God meant in the gift of Jesus.

People who knew Mr. Hughes in 1876, seeing him engaged as he was in Lafayette and other cities in the Spring of 1878, would exclaim, "What a contrast! Is it possible?" A contrast we have, to be sure—not in original character and moral capacity, however, but in life. It is the same boat with the same machinery and the same propelling force, but the direction is changed. It was running down stream. It is now running up stream. How is this? There's a change of pilots and captains. Jesus and the Holy Spirit have taken the place of rum and the devil. Whatever room a man has for Satan may be fully occupied by our Heavenly Father. The most powerful opponents are invariably the most powerful advocates. Lafayette Hughes after his reformation turned the same fine social qualities, the same extraordinary executive faculties, the same endless pluck and tireless energy, which made him so successful in business, to the glorious work of reclaiming and elevating lost humanity. There are many others, now in the service of sin, who by a change of masters would be equally powerful for good. On the first day of June, 1877, no one then intimately acquainted with Lafayette Hughes would have imagined that on the first day of June, 1878, he would be able to say that he had been the means of saving thousands of men from a drunkard's grave.



LIFE OF MILO P. WARD.

CHAPTER I.

NATIVITY AND PARENTAGE — DISPOSITION — EARLY
LIFE AND EDUCATION — OPPORTUNITIES AND HOW
THEY WERE USED.

"θεοῦ γὰρ ἐσμεν συνεργοί."—"For we are God's co-laborers."—
I. Cor., Chapter 3, verse 9.

THE subject of this biography is a native Hoosier. Not only so, but he is a true Hoosier. Any one who has traveled much over the states, and has compared and studied their several populations, will not fail to see this in the first three minutes' conversation with him. Frank, hearty, straight-forward, genial, enthusiastic, throwing his whole soul into every hand-shake, and never playing the coon with you by sticking out his left "paw" when you approach him, while at the same time there is about him an air which convinces you that he knows how to take care of himself, he is the

very impersonation of the highest and noblest Indiana character. No one who admires sterling manhood can help falling in love with him on sight. On the other hand, no one who does not appreciate the value of such manhood and who is not conscious of rectitude of purpose, will long feel easy in his presence. In his very person and in his every movement there is something that distinctly and strongly rebukes meanness. His abhorrence of everything that approximates trickery and scoundrelism; his utter detestation of all kinds and phases of selfishness; his uncompromising hatred of bigotry, prejudice, and duplicity, can be read in every lineament of his heroic face, and may be clearly seen, mingled with love of the just and pity for the oppressed, in every flash of his splendid black eye.

He is not one of those with whom you have to associate a long time and try by a thousand tests before you find them out. He is perfectly transparent, and you are at once acquainted with him. But, nevertheless, he is every inch a general; and while he throws wide open the door of his great heart and takes you right in—while he permits you to ramble freely through every apartment of his disposition—he makes you feel that all his plans, whose exposure might endanger their success, are locked up in secret drawers.

One of the most marked traits of his character is a rare power of adaptation. In this regard he is truly all things to all men and to all occasions. Whether with the old or with the young; whether with the grave or with the frolicsome; whether with the talented

and cultured or with the ignorant and unlettered; whether in the governor's council chamber or in the mechanic's workshop; whether in the most elegant drawing-rooms of the wealthy or in the rudest hovels of the poor; whether facing an audience of ten thousand or in a crowd of boys on the street, he is everywhere at home and everywhere appears to the very best advantage. When dignity and gravity are required, he has an abundance of both; when jollity and good humor are needed, he overflows with them. In the presence of young life he is all entertainment. In the presence of pleasure he is all pleasantries. In the presence of true joy he is all happiness. In the presence of success he is all enthusiasm. In the presence of defeat he is all coolness. In the presence of obstacles he is all pluck. In the presence of hard work he is all energy. In the presence of opposition he is all heroism. In the presence of want he is all generosity. In the presence of suffering he is all sympathy. In the presence of death he is all sorrow. And I may add that in the presence of God he is a MAN.

Dip the pencil of fancy into the colors of your imagination and throw upon the canvas of your conceptive faculties a man about five feet, eight inches high, admirably proportioned, with a strong physical frame; a round, handsome face, surmounted by a fine head, that takes a number seven and a quarter hat and is covered with jet-black hair, strongly inclined to curl; with dark, gracefully-arched eye-brows, beneath which sparkle a pair of large black eyes; with a mouth

and a brow expressive of great determination; and you have a fair picture of Milo Presley Ward.

This gallant young chieftain of the Blue-Ribbon forces was born on a farm in Pulaski County, Indiana, near Winemack, the county seat, on the twenty-fourth day of March, 1855. His father, Samuel Ward, was a stock-farmer, a man of great thrift and of renowned integrity. He always possessed the fullest confidence of every body who knew him. He never saw the day when he could not get credit for any thing he wanted, and his word was everywhere considered as good as any man's bond. Milo's mother was a woman of unusual cheerfulness of spirit and of genuine piety. With her husband, she was a member of the Christian (New-light) Church. In Milo she took that profound and enthusiastic interest which a mother of her ardor and appreciative capacity would be expected to take in so bright a boy. His training for the high responsibilities of manhood occupied her mind almost constantly and filled her heart with earnest solicitude. She did not allow her pride in his fine qualities to utterly obscure all his weaknesses. She was as critical in her discernment as she was warm in her love; and while yet he was a mere child she could plainly see that, although his impulses were good, his susceptibilities were marked; that his strong intellect was accompanied by a very impressible temperament; that his powerful will was not a little encumbered by an overweening passion for society and a decided preference of jolly companions. Her close observation of things had taught her that such human compounds as that of Milo

are above all others the most positive, the most active in the world; that they do not live for nothing; that their existence is not a mere blank, dotted at one end by a christening scene and at the other by a tombstone; that they do not come in and go out without leaving some visible trace upon the sands of time. She, therefore, watched his growth with intense anxiety, and busied herself daily in devising methods for his proper development.

Happily, she had a companion who fully sympathized with her in all her ideas and plans touching this important matter. Samuel Ward believed in giving a boy a sound education and in the use of all necessary means to put him into good moral harness. He held the correct view with regard to the preparation of a son for life—that he should be well informed, well disciplined, and then allowed to select his calling for himself.

By the time Milo was thirteen years old, Samuel Ward had accumulated sufficient means to graduate all his children in a good institution of learning, and keep the family in comfortable circumstances while he was doing it. But at that time there was no such institution in Pulaski County.

At Merom, Indiana, was Union Christian College, under the management of the church with which he and his wife were identified. To that point he moved, at no small sacrifice of his business interests, for the purpose of educating Milo and the rest of his offspring. It was, however, more particularly for Milo's sake that this change of residence was effected, as, in addition to his uncommon intellectuality, the time of life had come

for him to be put upon a thorough course of instruction if he was ever to have it.

Milo entered the academic department of the college at Merom in the Fall of 1870, and completed his academic studies that year. Never did a student apply himself more diligently than he did at this time. He had no bad habits, no inherited vices, to impede his progress. Descended from an untainted ancestry and having passed the period of his childhood in rural retirement, under the faithful watch-care of excellent parents, his road was entirely clear of those fearful obstacles which accomplished the overthrow of Lafayette Hughes upon the very threshold of his collegiate life. Furthermore, he was not yet old enough to go into society, and never wasted his hours in writing *billet doux*, nor occupied his mind with schemes of love-making. This last was not an unimportant item, as some may suppose. Cupid is no friend of Minerva.

His innate greed for learning, coupled with an uncommon aptitude to acquire and an industry which knew no bounds, kept him at the head of all his classes and made him a great favorite with his teachers. Every day's work was thoroughly done. No ground had to be gone over the second time. All the branches were brought up with a surprising evenness. The preparatory year was a complete success.

In September, 1871, he entered the Freshman grade of a scientific course. On the start and for a good while afterward his career was one of the most brilliant in the annals of the Merom Institution. He was the first mathematician of his class, and fully equal to the best

in all other branches. He soon began to exhibit oratorical talents of the highest order, being in this respect an object of both envy and admiration. Possessed of a clear, round voice and a wide range of expression; always taking the most comprehensive view of his subject and being endowed with the finest powers of analysis and arrangement; capable of the nicest discernment and readily entering so fully into the spirit of any theme as to make it peculiarly his own; fertile in thought, apt in illustration, enthusiastic in manner, natural in action, fluent in delivery, electrical in feeling, he directly advanced to the front rank of speakers and ever afterward held it. His superior tact and strong reasoning powers won for him the title of champion debater while he was yet little more than a boy, making him quite a pet among the older controversialists of the school.

But with all his noble gifts and grand achievements; with his proud record as a student and splendid reputation as an orator, there was trouble before him.

As before stated, he was eminently social in disposition and always showed a strong predilection for lively companions. He loved work, but he loved play equally well; and the zest with which he took hold of study was fully balanced by his keen relish of fun. It has ever been so with the smartest lads. The model boy of the Sunday-school books is not often an intellectual star of the first magnitude.

The discipline of Union Christian College was as good as the best, but the students were flesh and blood, and like other human beings of the same age could

make no just pretenses to perfection. They could be tempted. In Merom they were by no means free from temptation. It was before them and all around them. The community was generally religious, but like all other such communities it contained a leaven of unrighteousness; and this leaven was remarkably active and enterprising. The country adjacent to the village partook largely of the general character of Sullivan County, containing not a few of "the baser sort," who, while they were not respected in decent society, still exerted a perceptible influence upon it.

This condition of things naturally induced those fruitful facilities of vice which are fraught with innumerable dangers to the young, and which are exceedingly difficult to counteract by the usual appliances of morality. Whisky, wine, gin, brandy, and all other intoxicants could be had in the place, while many of the various games and sports known to the gambler were secretly indulged in by many who were thought to have no knowledge of them.

Every good has its compensating evil. The advantages of a village location for a college are greatly neutralized by that free intercommunication of all grades which we invariably find in such a place. Where every body is acquainted with every body else and knows everything that is going on in the neighborhood, it is no easy task to keep an active boy, and especially one of exuberant social feelings, within the limits of an exacting morality.

Here was the trouble in the case of Milo. He was distinguished for that unbounded openness of heart

which revolts at the idea of holding any human being at arm's length. Approachable by all, he immediately took up with those of a congenial spirit. Being ignorant, at this period of his life, of the ways of the wicked world, he knew not where to look for traps nor how to avoid them. He never suspected the approach of the enemy of souls in the guise of friendship. The passage in the teaching of Jesus which informs us that "when the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch," was a riddle to him, or at least, without any practical meaning. Need it, therefore, be a matter of surprise that he soon fell into the Bacchanalean dead-falls which were set in Merom, and whose efficiency to do the work of destruction was greatly facilitated by the unchecked inter-association of all classes of people. Such was his fate. But he did not lose caste by it. More than a score of his fellow-students—young men of the finest qualities—were equally unfortunate with himself. Like him, they came from the quiet and purity of rural life to be caught in the snares of the village tempter. Like him, they had received no practical training which enabled them to avoid those snares. He had all the company he wanted, and that, too, of the best as it regarded respectable connections and antecedents.

The habit of drinking grew rapidly upon him, as it does upon any body of his disposition. The result was a war between appetite and intellect, in which the former proved its superiority in a short time. His books lost their charm; study was neglected. The evenings formerly given to the preparation of lessons

were now spent in revelry. The flowing bowl was sought in preference to the fountain of knowledge. Victories in cards were more highly esteemed than victories in recitation. Still he managed to avoid exposure, as did nearly all his associates, and by the aid of his wonderful aptness kept his position at the head of his classes. He did not at once let go the rudder and suffer himself to drift upon the breakers of destruction. He never lost all his pride. His ambition to excel was too strong to succumb at the peremptory nod of the fiend who had so adroitly commenced his ruin. He had won a distinction among his fellows, which he had no thought of relinquishing.

Meantime certain circumstances of a highly stimulating character occurred, which were admirably calculated to countercheck the current of dissipation on which he was floating. During the Spring term of 1871, he was appointed at the request of Prof. L. F. Watson, to teach the class in geometry; and it is said that he discharged the duties thus imposed upon him with entire satisfaction to the class, and to the honor of the institution. When the Franklin Literary Society was formed he was called upon to assist in its organization; and, having become a leading member of it, was always regarded as one of its main props and prized as one of its brightest ornaments. Of course he would not have received these preferences if he had been an open, shameless drinker. But such a one he was not, having ever been very careful to conceal his indulgences. Concealment, however, could not be indefinitely perpetuated. A

certain degree of stupidity—of blindness to what others can plainly see—comes, sooner or later, to every man who attempts to drink moderately and keep it all to himself.

Milo P. Ward had not been in college three years till it was generally known in Merom that he occasionally drank too much, and that he was almost daily under the influence of liquor. He got so that he could not master a difficult lesson, prepare an oration, or write an essay without a considerable quantity of something that would intoxicate. Woe to the day when this comes to pass with any talented young man. Naturally generous and accommodating, he was always willing to assist others. Many of his friends, knowing his superior ability in the production of speeches, and lacking confidence in themselves, used to request him to help them out when they were anxious to make a fine display. These favors he never refused to render, provided those who were to profit by them would supply the stimulant without which he deemed it impossible to do a good job. Of course, the condition was always cheerfully complied with, and generally to the amount of a quart of the best whisky that could be obtained. Taking this into a private room, with pen and paper, he would presently bring out something which would enrapture the fellow who had purchased it so cheaply to himself but at such incalculable cost to its author. Thus did he make reputation for many a one who had not the brain to make it for himself. Thus did he commence many a night's debauch which continued from the moment in

which his task was completed till sunrise of the following day.

But his sprees were periodical; and so well did he guard them that they hardly ever became known to those whom it was important to keep in ignorance of them—his parents and the faculty of Union Christian College. Periodical carousals, however, of the kind to which he gave himself up, are terrible in their ravages upon both the moral and the physical man; and nothing but his ambition saved him from becoming a total wreck long before his graduation.

It seems not to be out of place to inquire just here whether that method of discipline which is commonly adopted in school and in the home circle has much more than its antiquity to commend it to mankind?—whether, in fact, it does not oftener defeat than secure its own end? Certain rules are dogmatically laid down and arbitrarily enforced. Certain precepts are dryly quoted from the Bible and other good books. The boy is told that if he respects these regulations and observes these pretty sayings all will be well with him; that if he violates the former and disregards the latter he shall suffer the direst consequences. All this will do first rate in the case of a person who has any *realizing* sense of the matters enjoined and taught—to a person whose *experience* enables him to appreciate the value of law and apply moral truth to his individual necessities. But of what practical use is it to one who has yet the whole world to learn, and all his knowledge of life to hew out with his own hand? Do we not know that children never travel exactly the same road over

which their parents have gone? Do we not know that no two human existences ever ran in precisely the same channel? Do we not know that things move, and that change is the order of progress? Do we not know that the circumstances and influences which have so largely to do in molding character are not transmitted from father to son, and that the same weapons and mode of warfare which enabled the elder to surmount obstacles and overcome temptations may prove wholly inadequate to the wants of the younger? David could not fight in the armor of Saul, but in that which was fitted to him he was invincible. Just so the youth of to-day can not successfully meet the giant evils of the times in the harness of the staid professor, nor even in that of his stalwart sire, but in that which is made for him he may prove a glorious conqueror.

It should never be forgotten that if he is ever to be anything he must work out his own idea; that helps, guides, instructors, governors, have not to *make* his individuality but only to assist him in its proper development, and this in the light of conditions, surroundings, and peculiarities of disposition to which the history of no matured person furnishes any parallels upon whose indications it is safe to depend in making out the requisite prescription. Moreover, if he is to be trained in the exercise of present virtues and guarded against present vices, he must have a practical understanding of present facts. It will not do to keep him away from all the places where sin is practiced, and by a misapplication of the Apostolic injunction to "avoid the very appearance of evil," warn him against going

about such places; for while this will, in almost every instance, stimulate curiosity, it never carries conviction to the mind. He should be taken right into all the dens of iniquity, and be permitted to behold the works of the devil and their effects upon our humanity. The sight of one whisky-hell with its tattered, degraded patrons will do more toward preventing a boy from becoming a drunkard than all the good advice ever given, with all the temperance sermons ever pronounced, provided, that is, he is attended to the show by one who knows how to explain it to him.

The cast-iron method of moral training so long in vogue, and highly venerated by most people because the common sense of Christendom has been diverted from it by business interests, can never serve the great purpose to which it is applied, for the reason that it is impractical and out of harmony with human nature. Under it hundreds of the brightest, most enterprising children have been talked into indifference, disgusted into wrong-doing. Under it every rising generation of the past century has been preached to sleep and lectured to death. How many of the sermons delivered to little folks are carried three feet from the door of the church? Scarcely any of them. The members of a juvenile audience are not fools. Behind all the professions of liberality they can see the soul of selfishness, the spirit of the sect, the desire to proselyte. And even where these sermons are inspired by the purest philanthropy, they rarely ever have a tangible bearing upon the lives of those to whom they are addressed. Youngsters can not be grouped together and argued

into goodness. They must be *led* into it, *worked* into it. Negatives have very little charm for them. One thou-shalt rightly pointed out and rightly spoken is worth a million thou-shalt-nots. The best way—the true way—to keep them out of sin is to keep them employed in works of righteousness. The best way to keep them out of mischievous sports is to supply them with innocent, instructive amusements.

The highest interests of society demand a new method of moral discipline—a method which, based upon the principles of the nature it is intended to improve, shall utterly ignore the whole system of negative commands and arbitrary restraints—one such as Christ and Paul indicated, and by which youth shall as naturally “grow in grace and a knowledge of the truth” as it grows in physical size and strength. Such a method adopted in our schools and colleges would go far toward clearing them of that dissipation, that disregard of government, and that disrespect of governors, with which we are too often pained. It would save many a brilliant young man like Milo P. Ward from years of disgrace and suffering.

Notwithstanding his loss of time and waste of power by his too frequent resorts to the cup, Milo justly enjoyed, throughout his collegiate life, the name of being one of the best of students, and was distinguished for quickness and accuracy. But if any person should imagine that whisky was no detriment to him, let that person hear him tell how his sprees interfered with his work, and how he frequently resorted to dis-

honorable tricks to sustain himself in recitation — how he rode “ponies” and cheated professors.

In the Winter of 1875, at which time there was much suffering from famine in Kansas, he was the first in his community to solicit help for the perishing thousands, and by his judicious, untiring efforts procured the establishment of the Kansas Aid Society in Merom. Although not yet nineteen years old he displayed in this work an executive capacity and a philanthropic greatness which were truly amazing, and which threw into the shade many of the older heads in his region of country.

Thus early in life did he exhibit that humanitarian grandeur of spirit which was destined to make him, in after years, one of the most glorious benefactors of his kind.



CHAPTER II.

SICKNESS — COMMENCEMENT DAY — ITS TRIUMPHS —
FAREWELL TO ALMA MATER — OPENING SCENES IN
THE BATTLE OF LIFE — THE TRIP, WITH HUGHES, TO
PHILADELPHIA — WHAT WAS SEEN AND WHAT WAS
NOT SEEN OF THE GREAT EXPOSITION — TRIALS AND
CONFLICTS OF 1876.

BY Professor L. F. Watson, of the faculty of Union Christian College, we are informed, in an article contributed to a sprightly educational magazine entitled “Our Work,” to which I am indebted for much of the matter of this biography, that Mr. Ward was prevented from completing his course in the usual four years by sickness. But the doctor says nothing about the probable causes of that sickness, for which he is certainly not to be censured, as such mention would not have been germane to his subject, and, under the circumstances, would have caused the deepest mortification among Milo’s numerous friends. It is, however, not only proper, but necessary, for me, in writing the history of reformed men, to relate all the facts which have affected their moral character.

All irregularities of life are injurious to the body ; and no one need suppose that he can indulge in them with impunity. The physical man requires food, rest, and exercise at proper intervals, pure air at all times, and total abstinence from poisons of every description. He who presumes that he can live as fancy may suggest or as passion may dictate without damage to his health, is grossly deceived, and may never realize his delusion till it is too late to prevent serious results.

Mr. Ward, shortly after entering college at Merom, suffered himself to be drawn into the most deleterious habits—habits which, with his warm social nature, he knew not how to check. They grew upon him with fearful rapidity, and in a little while gained an almost complete ascendancy. The single thought of the honors either to be won or to be lost on Commencement day prevented him from fully surrendering his manhood. He could not endure the idea of being behind the best of his graduating class. His pluck was quite equal to his pride. He never dreamed of failing in any thing he undertook, and the more difficult the task the more determined was he to do it. His recuperative powers of mind were wonderful. If he fell he would get up again. Though he might be knocked down he would not remain prone. The point of the battle at which others would strike their colors was the one at which he began fighting in earnest. On the sea he would have been another Paul Jones. But while his self-hood was strong his passions were strong. While his will was indomitable his appetite was mighty even to the pulling down of strongholds. As he neared the day

when he was to receive his diploma the conflict between ambition and thirst grew fiercer and fiercer, with but a slight preponderance in favor of the former. Brains barely held the ground against a poisoned stomach. The strongest physical constitution in the world can not long endure the ravages of such a warfare. It must succumb, and that soon, to the extraordinary tension to which all the vital powers are strained. The opposing gales of the mental and the animal forces form a cyclone which, not only tempests the soul, but sweeps the body into the vortex of disease.

Here was the trouble with Milo P. Ward ; here was the cause of his sickness. The loss of sleep in debauches which lasted from twilight till sunrise, the undue excitement occasioned by the intensity of the spasmodic study by which he kept up his lessons, the gnawing solicitude he constantly felt in regard to his parchment, and the uneasiness he suffered from the fear that his parents might be disgraced by an exposure of his bad conduct, subjected him to a pressure which his physique, tough as it was, could not support.

Just how much he was hindered by illness from completing his course in "the usual four years," Dr. Watson does not tell us. But the professor does inform us that on Commencement day Milo was scarcely able to be present, though rapidly recovering from a prostration which had for three weeks rendered him unable to rise from his bed. He also informs us that Milo was assisted to his place on the rostrum by his brother members of the graduating class ; that so pleased and thankful were the people at his recovery that his appearance at the

exercises was greeted by long continued and hearty applause from the entire audience.

This latter statement clearly justifies the inference that Milo possessed an invincible spirit and that he had a strong hold upon the popular heart. A young man who will do his part though he has to be carried to the place where it is to be performed, has courage enough to overcome any opposition he may meet in the path of life; and one whose rescue from the grasp of disease is hailed with expressions of delight such as Prof. Watson here describes, need have no fears that proper behavior will not secure him all the friends he wants.

To what degree the attack on Milo's health on the eve of his graduation was aggravated by the prospect that he would be unable to participate in that important scene to which he had been so long and so anxiously looking forward, may be readily imagined. The pictures which fancy drew of a decorated stage confronted by a large assemblage of appreciative people, occupied by a group of proud class-mates and stately professors, were ever passing before his fevered vision; while the thought that he would not be upon that stage was painful almost beyond endurance.

Some time previous to his sickness he had been appointed to deliver the valedictory address of his class. Knowing from his reputation as an orator that much would be expected of him he had worked hard to prepare his speech, and had succeeded more fully to his liking than he had ever done before in his life. But now the hour for the pronouncement of that speech was almost at hand, and he was not able to stand erect.

O, how sad were his feelings at this most critical and gloomy juncture. And saddest of all was the consciousness that his misfortune was due to his own recklessness.

Finally, however, he resolved that he would allow *nothing* to cheat him out of his laurels; and the curative power of the human will was never more palpably shown than when he was borne in the strong arms of his fellow-students to the platform on the day of his Commencement.

Weak in every muscle, feeble in every nerve, trembling in every joint, he rose in his place in the chapel of Union Christian College on the afternoon of the seventh of June, 1876, and delivered a valedictory which will never be forgotten by those who heard it. The weakness of his voice only added to the charms of his elegant periods and increased the pathos of his eloquent appeals. From the magazine to which I have alluded I quote the following extracts from that effort:

As I cast my eyes over the beautiful village of Merom, with her buildings half hidden in a forest of fruit trees, with her wide streets carpeted with nature's green covering, and her bluff rising above the placid waters of the old Wabash, a pang of sorrow enters my heart when I remember that we can, as students, no longer walk in the cool shades beneath the boughs of those useful trees, or stand on the brink of the bluff and let our eyes sweep over the broad prairies beyond. Ah! the days, the scenes, the associations of our student life are gone! gone forever! and reluctantly we bid them adieu. Union Christian College, in your halls we have spent the happiest and most profit-

able period of our lives. For years we have been eating and drinking at your bountiful table, prepared not with knick-knacks, but with the bread of life. The recitation rooms, the society halls, the rooms in which we have met daily for morning worship—yes, even the walls of this sacred chapel—will soon forget our now familiar voices. But we can not forget them, nor would we if we could. Nay, if it were possible we would impress them more deeply upon the tablets of our memories. O, thou noblest institution of the West, the class of seventy-six goes from thy bosom, hoping, trusting, praying for thy prosperity.

Turning to the president of the institution (T. C. Smith) he said :

Dear President, we could not close without saying a word to you. For the brief period of one year we have been under your wise administration. How short the time, yet how sweet the recollections. Constantly you have risen in our esteem, respect, love, and veneration. We almost envy the students just entering college, who will have the opportunity of remaining for years under your watchful care and benign influence.

But our hearts are overflowing with gratitude for what we have enjoyed ; and we bid you good by, hoping many may come and feast to their full on that which we have only tasted.

Of course the foregoing passages have, in point of thought, little more than a local significance—and who would expect them to greatly exceed such a value. My purpose in putting them here is to give the reader some idea of Mr. Ward's style of expression, scope of diction, and fervor of sentiment. His heart was thoroughly

wedded to his *alma mater*. His whole soul was thrown into the strain, "O, thou noblest institution of the West"—an expression which, while it was not accurately true in fact (though it would be accurately true to say that Union Christian College is *one* of the noblest schools in the West), was an exact utterance of his feelings at the time. It is a fine specimen of that irresistible enthusiasm with which, since his entrance into the temperance field, he everywhere storms and captures the human affections.

The effect of his valedictory upon the audience may be judged from the statement of Professor Watson, that when he had finished its delivery there was not a dry eye in the house. There can be no doubt that his speech would have been far better than it was if he could have given it all the time and strength of which whisky deprived it.

Commencement day over, Milo P. Ward, being twenty-one years old, looked the world's line of battle squarely in the face, and put on his armor to enter the fray. He had permitted strong drink to interfere with his collegiate labors and to considerably lengthen his course. He had allowed it to materially damage his health and his morals. Nevertheless, he had acquired a thorough English education, and was well prepared to enter upon either professional or industrial pursuits. He had chosen the practice of law to be his vocation—a calling to which he was admirably adapted, and for which he lacked nothing but sobriety to make him eminently successful. In all his literary performances while he was in college, especially in debate, he had

shown that he was highly endowed with the native abilities of a jurist and an advocate. In several political campaigns in which he had taken an active part (for from the time he was seventeen years of age he could not be kept out of politics) he had given evidence of those splendid forensic powers which in after years shone so brilliantly on many a platform in the Blue Ribbon work. All who knew him predicted that he would make one of the best of lawyers, and he, himself, had no fears of failure.

But "the long" vacation supervened upon his reception of his diploma, and it was customary for those who, like himself, had the means to afford it, to spend that period in recreative tours and visits. Moreover it was now the summer of the centennial year of American liberty, and there was a grand show at Philadelphia which he felt bound to see. He could easily command all the money necessary to pay his way, and make the trip agreeable in every particular.

For these reasons he decided to give the season to travel and to the City of Brotherly Love. Having so determined, the next thing was to find a congenial companion, for it was not in his nature to enjoy any thing without some one with whom to share it. He was at no loss in making a selection to his liking. LAFAYETTE HUGHES was at hand, and was the one above all others whom he desired to have go with him. Meanwhile Hughes had been for some days ready and anxious for the ride, and was only waiting for Ward to get out of school. An agreement was soon effected

between the two, and in due time they took train for the scene of the Great Exposition.

Like too many others in the world, they seemed to regard it as impossible to make such a trip what it ought to be without alcoholic stimulants. Each of them had a well-filled purse, and neither of them had the least idea that he would ever know the want of money. When they took their seats in the cars they were as drunk as loons, and they so continued till they reached their destination, making whisky the principal refreshment at every resting place *en route*.

Arrived at Philadelphia they took rooms at a hotel, rather more with reference to a well-supplied bar than with respect to convenience to the Exposition grounds. In fact, being in that state of intoxication in which men regard themselves as the most interesting objects of attention in the universe, they were not very greatly concerned about the Exhibition anyhow. They gave every body to understand that they had seen international shows before; that, as Ward expressed it, "the woods were full of 'em in Sullivan County, Indiana." The first thing they did, after registering their names and being assigned their apartments, was to fill themselves so full of whisky that they did not know whether they were in the Keystone metropolis or in Merom; and in this condition they kept themselves during the whole of their stay. Having plethoric pocket-books, and showing no disposition to tighten the clasps which rum had most liberally relaxed, they had scarcely thrice turned round till they were beset by a swarm of new acquaintances who were exceed-

ingly anxious to show them every possible favor, especially that of helping them to spend their currency. These self-sacrificing gentlemen knew every thing and every body. They were familiar with all the short cuts to the big sights, the best entertainments, and the facilities which it was essential to have the use of if a person would fully enjoy the city. Under their polite guidance, Ward and Hughes saw many things—richly furnished whisky-shops, resonant with maudlin songs, and quivering with the hideous noise of discordant revels; gorgeous gambling rooms, in the magnificent outfit of which neither wealth nor the genius of art had been spared; Thespian gardens in which Venus united her bewildering fascinations with the subtle charms of wine in the fatal enslavement of the sons of those redoubtable sires who shivered Britain's yoke and made Columbia free—all these things they saw again and again, not through opera glasses, but through the magic bottoms of those glasses whose infernal contents involve the serpent that biteth and the adder that stingeth. They beheld a spectacular drama whose parts were played by devils and all whose shifting scenes were lighted up with the sulphurous fires of hell. But the Great Exposition to which the soils, the mechanics, and the artists of all nations had made the most liberal, the most attractive contributions, they did not see.

They were several days in Philadelphia, during which they did not draw a sober breath, nor think a sober thought, nor look at a single object that, to them, stood right end up, or could maintain a steady posture.

One day Ward took it into his head to have some fun at the expense of Hughes. Having discovered, near the Exposition grounds, while in that state of inebriety which obliterates the powers of discrimination, something which he took for a statue of Pocahontas, he told Hughes that he had found the famous Cardiff giant, and urged him to go and see that wonder, offering to accompany him. Hughes consented, and, locking arms, the twain zig-zagged their way to the place where the figure stood, stopping at several saloons on the way to "brace up." The point with Ward was to make Hughes believe that an image of Pocahontas was the Cardiff giant. To do this would be a capital joke, which would ring finely in Hoosierdom after their return. Finally the interesting spot was reached, and Ward, calling a halt and swinging his partner around so as to face the figure, waved his hand with an air of triumph, exclaiming:

"See, Lafe! 'at's 'r (hic) Card'ff gi'nt."

"Eh? zat's 'r Cardiff-der (hic) gi'nt?"

"Yes, tell yer (hic) 't's Card'ff-if (hic) gi'nt. S'pose I don't know what (hic) I'm 'bout? I've se-n Car'ff gi (hic) gi'nt b'fore."

"You b' (hic) blowed, by thun'r (hic) 't's n'more Car (hic) d'ff gi'nt 'n I'm Car'ff gi'nt. 'At's Chris'fr (hic) C'lum's."

"Lafe, by blood, 'll bet ye fi-(hic)-ve doll'rs 's Car (hic) dic-gif'nt."

"Put 'p (hic) y' (hic) yer money. I'm (hic) on't big'r 'n life."

They were both in the act of drawing their pocket-

books, when along came a newsboy, crying an evening paper.

"Hol' (hic) hol' on, young'n," exclaimed Hughes, "I'll (hic) take pap'r."

The boy stepped up promptly, and sold him a paper, and was just turning to go on his way rejoicing, when Hughes again said, "Hol' on min't, young'n. We're (hic) on bet 'bout (hic) Carn't gi'ff."

"'Bout what?" asked the boy.

"'Bout Card (hic) fig'nt." Then, pointing to the image, he asked "What's 'at?"

"That?" cried the boy, "why, cheese the racket, pard, that's a pump."

And so it turned out, that Ward had taken Hughes half a mile to impose upon him a statue of Pocahontas for the Cardiff giant; that Hughes was ready, when he saw it, to bet that it was the statue of Christopher Columbus; and finally that it was really a cast-iron pump-stock, surmounted by the figure of the head of an Indian chief.

This is a sample of the manner in which this enterprising pair of Hoosiers saw the Centennial Exhibition.

Having at length satisfied themselves with Philadelphia, or rather with its mean whisky, they started home drunk, and neither of them with money enough to pay his fare through. They knew not what to do, nor what they were about. On their way from home they had bought round trip tickets at Indianapolis at the greatly reduced rates of the season, and then, having taken train and finding that they had lost their tickets in a spree, were obliged to pay the conductor

full fare. They were, however, at that time, well provided with greenbacks, and cared very little about the matter; but now that, on their return, their pockets were nearly empty, they would have been glad of a reduction, but none could be procured. But, whether drunk or sober, they had the resolution and the pluck of bull-dogs. They took their seats in the cars, and when the conductor came round they gave him all they had, and went as far as that would take them. They got to Cincinnati, at which point they stopped with the intention of remaining there till they could go on to Merom. They were now unable to buy whisky, and were consequently obliged to come to themselves. It seemed impossible to endure this. But in Cincinnati, Hughes had relatives in good circumstances. He managed soon to get a little money of one of them. He had intended to use this money to pay his way to Merom; but "whisky first, home afterwards" was the motto with him. In less than half a day his borrowed currency was converted into liquor, on which he was intoxicated beyond the power of self-recognition. Ward, meantime, nearly as drunk as Hughes, had received a sufficient remittance from good friends, on whom he had happened, to take him to his journey's end, and was on a lightning express flying in the direction of Southern Indiana. When Hughes came to a realizing sense of his situation, he discovered himself again penniless and stuck in the Queen City, without his traveling companion. Obtaining another accommodation of a near relative, with the understanding that it was to take him to his parents, he spent the

whole of it just as he did the first loan, and was in a few hours reeling and cursing along the streets. In the course of a day or two, however, his Cincinnati friends, coming to the light of his condition, picked him up, put him on a train, and sent him home, having reached which, thoroughly used up in every respect, he presently met Ward, and renewed with him the recollections of Philadelphia.

Thus ended the visit of Hughes and Ward to the first American Centennial.

When the latter came to reflect upon the manner in which he had abused himself during his tour, his soul was overshadowed by a feeling of self-abasement such as he had never before experienced. He began to get a glimpse of what whisky would do for him if he should continue drinking. Privately, he resolved to quit it and lead a sober life. There were many things to incite him to this resolution, and many encouragements to help him to keep it. In the year 1870 he had joined the Newlight Church and made a profession of religion, in which he was thoroughly sincere. His parents and relatives were all members of church and devotedly pious. They were total abstainers from intoxicants and radical enemies of the liquor traffic. He had been so successful in preventing the exposure of his intemperance at Merom that his standing in society, and in the religious body of which he was a member, had not been affected. He had chosen a profession for which all who knew him pronounced him amply qualified. He had graduated with distinguished honors from a respectable college. Before him lay a

field blooming with the rarest possibilities, and offering the richest rewards.

Such were the incentives that fired his ambitious spirit when he determined to break off his evil habits. But the time had not yet come for these incentives to exert their full force. Sin had not yet punished him with quite enough severity to enable him to properly appreciate his advantages, abilities, and prospects. His pledge was known to no human being but himself, and he was one of those social persons who are mightily strengthened in their efforts to withstand temptation by public committal and the sympathy of others. If, at this time, there had been a great ribbon movement in Merom, such as he has, himself, since conducted in many towns and cities, he would, doubtless, have obligated himself in such a manner and under such circumstances as would have caused him to stand firmly upon the rock of total abstinence. But, as it was, he did not stand.

Shortly after his return home he went to Terre Haute, with a view to commencing the study of law. But he had been in the Prairie City only a little while when he had formed associations which were calculated to drag him further into dissipation and vice than he had ever gone at any previous time. Many of the friends he made in this beautiful place were among the most profligate persons in the Wabash Valley—card-players, faro-players—gamblers, in short, of every description. It is unnecessary to state that these were drinking men, for all know the dissolute practices which are incident to the lives of sporting persons. Through their influence he readily fell again into the slough of drunkenness, and

sank to lower depths of its viscous mire than he had ever before thought it possible for him to reach. In their company his professional studies were soon ignored and laid aside. The hope of the glory to be achieved in courts of justice was supplanted by the passion for places of debauchery and licentiousness. In less than half a year he was an open, shameless drinker, apparently having lost all pride in himself, all regard for his antecedents and family connections. His friends provided him liberally with money, which he spent with an astounding prodigality. He lived as one who cared for nothing—who expected never to be any thing nor to accomplish any thing. Helmless and helpless, without chart, without compass, he floated on the heaving bosom of a boisterous sea, at the mercy of the storms of appetite and the waves of perdition. He rolled days, and weeks, and months, into the irreclaimable past as if they had been of less value than foot balls. But there were times when he reflected. There were sober intervals, of short duration to be sure, in which his mind turned homeward and thought of the misery he was inflicting upon a father who had never withheld from him any good thing, of a mother whose love followed him wherever he went, and clung to him, whatever he did. At such times his mental anguish infinitely more than balanced all the pleasure he ever enjoyed with his cups.

What an insane notion it is in some people that a young man must have a season in which to sow wild oats; that a certain period of dissipation is essential to his full development and his ultimate success in life.

To-day, if Milo P. Ward could call back the woes he brought upon himself and his parents, during the year 1876, he would cheerfully give the proceeds of twenty years of the most profitable labor of which he is capable. Had he devoted the time he gave to the devil that year, to faithful study and legitimate business, it would add many cubits to his present intellectual height.





CHAPTER III.

MR. WARD'S REFORMATION — HIS CHARACTER AND
SUCCESS AS A TEMPERANCE WORKER — HIS PART-
NERSHIP WITH HUGHES — HIS INVARIABLE SUCCESS.

FORTUNATELY Mr. Ward's course of outright debauchery was not a very long one. Nor was it, at any time, so horrible in detail as that of many who start from as high a point in life as he did. His appetite for liquor, though strong, was not inherited, but acquired. His temper was of that well-poised order which alcohol does not utterly unsettle. His power of self-control was so great that no degree of intoxication ever carried him to those extremes of destructive insanity which we so often see in the case of highly mercurial, ill-balanced organizations. Among those who were near and dear to him there was not one whose example was not diametrically against his flagrant errors. At Merom was a congregation of warm-hearted Christians, of which he was a member, and which, though it was apprised of his bad conduct, declined to take action against him, exercising toward him that charity which "suffereth

long and is kind" — determined to restore him by the power of love if possible. In the same village was a mother over whose prayers he knew he was posting his way to ruin. Meantime his mangled self-respect, occasionally being able to procure his attention, remonstrated strongly against the curse by which it had been dethroned.

There can be no doubt that these natural advantages, combining with these superior home influences, considerably modified his character as a drinking man and paved the way to an easier reformation than can be effected in one who knows nothing of them.

So when the great Blue Ribbon wave, which had swept a large portion of Ohio, and nearly the whole of Eastern and Central Indiana, struck the towns and cities along the lower extremity of the Wabash Valley, Milo P. Ward was among the first who was cleansed in its purifying baptism. Precisely what were the particular circumstances under which he was induced to take the pledge I am unable to inform the reader. Suffice it to say that when he heard the Gospel of Total Abstinence preached from an experimental standpoint, he yielded to the force of its unanswerable arguments, and rising to the full height of his manhood, solemnly vowed that, by the help of God, he would break the chains of his slavery, and be, in the most exalted sense of that term, a free man. It was a memorable day in the house of his soul when he made this grand Declaration of Independence — a day in which all the harmonies of his better nature were attuned to the most delicious music, and all the chords of his

heart vibrated to an anthem of earnest thanksgiving. And, O, what a day it was in the house of his parents, when they received the intelligence that Milo had slain the serpent in whose coils they had feared he would be crushed. That dear old mother declared herself more than twenty years younger than she was the moment before she heard the sweet message, and thanked the Heavenly Father for the new life which He had so graciously bestowed upon her. It was, also, a day of rejoicing to scores of warm friends and devoted school-mates, whose sky had been clouded with the fear that he would suffer the drunkard's fate.

But Milo P. Ward was not the man to rest in the enjoyment of his own salvation. He was not one of those who appear to think that, when they have been redeemed, the power of God has been so thoroughly exhausted that there is not a particle of it left for any body else. No sooner was he fully conscious of his liberty than he was inspired with an intense anxiety to liberate those who were yet bound as he had been bound. He was not particular about harness, but took that which came most readily to hand, put it on, and went to work. He showed no desire to take a leading part, or to be promoted. Wherever any good was to be done there he was to be found, if needed.

At length he met Mr. Hughes, after the latter had been some time in the field as a Murphy Evangelist, and formed a partnership with him. From that time till the present the "Lightning Temperance Firm" of Hughes and Ward, as the Lafayette (Ind.) *Courier* justly styles it, has labored day and night in the cause

of humanity, and has done an amount of good which is almost incredible.

AS A SPEAKER Mr. Ward is terse, pungent, direct, and powerful. His speeches rarely exceed ten minutes in length. Most of them are from three to five minutes long. His sense of propriety and his readiness to supply the needs of the occasion are wonderful. He never makes a miss-lick, but invariably hits the nail right on the head. Exactly the things which should be said are the things which he says; and the vim, the force, the magnetic fervor, with which he says them, must be witnessed to be understood. His grammar is generally faultless; his periods are full but remarkably clear of surplus verbiage; his voice is round, resonous, and of extraordinary compass; his manner is bold, positive, aggressive, overwhelmingly earnest. He comes, not only *at* you, but *for* you. I have never seen a man who possesses in so high a degree the power of making *every* person in the audience feel that he is *personally* addressed. He is ready, keen, and peculiarly original, in his wit, but he never tells any long stories or makes an effort to be smart. He is so intense in his appeals, so determined to carry his point, that he will go to any extent which the necessities of the moment seem to require. Not a man, not a woman, not a child, in the largest crowd can evade the lightning flash of his large, black eye. Those strongholds of intemperance—selfishness, pride, prejudice—he attacks as the Black Prince attacked a castle, with no thought of any thing but chopping his way through to victory. The profound sincerity, the fearlessness, the heroism, he

displays in such attacks thrill and captivate all hearts.

But it is not as a speaker that Mr. Ward shows his finest parts. It is as a manager of a temperance revival that he excels almost every other man in the field, of whom I have any knowledge. In the ability to harmonize all classes of people, and to unite and concentrate all forces—social, moral, religious—he is, perhaps, without an equal of his age, certainly without a superior, in the world. Let those who do not believe this to be true see him tried. He is rarely in a place two weeks (and it makes little difference what the size of the place may be) till he has enlisted the sympathies and the active services of the leading men of every profession and every calling—preachers, attorneys, merchants, railroad men, mechanics, laborers. By some sort of sleight-of-hand he keeps them all in a good humor, and keeps them full of his own irresistible enthusiasm.

In point of pluck he is a full match for Mr. Hughes, which is saying about as much as could be said in praise of that quality. His energy increases with the growth of whatever difficulties he may have to encounter. I remember reading a letter from him to M. Ed. Shiel a day or two after the commencement of the work of himself and his partner in Lafayette. I shall never forget the iron tone of that epistle, the second paragraph of which was substantially as follows: "We are in the Star City to take it. The old temperance men here are not very hopeful of success. Many of them tell us that the greatest workers and lecturers in the United States have tried Lafayette and have

failed. But we didn't come here to fail. We came to *succeed*, and we are going to do it, if it takes a lifetime; for we are doing the work of God, and we know He will stand by us. He has been with us every where else, and He will not desert us in this place. We will never leave Lafayette till we have put the Blue Ribbon on at least ten thousand people. Pray for us, Ed."

The results of the siege of Lafayette by Hughes and Ward more than verified this prediction.

In Washington, in Attica, in Lebanon, in Thorntown, in Colfax, and in every other place where Mr. Ward has worked, he has proven himself the very support that Mr. Hughes requires, and has invariably reaped the most glorious harvests. He is now only twenty-eight years old, and can show a record in temperance work which many a man of twice that age, and who has been in the field five times as long, would be proud to show.

Happily for him, his humility is equal to his success. Like his partner, he hides himself behind the cross and gives all the glory to God. But for his thorough imbue-ment with this spirit, his usefulness would have been seriously crippled long ago, by his unbounded popularity.





WORK OF HUGHES AND WARD.

WASHINGTON — ATTICA — LAFAYETTE — LEBANON —
THORNTOWN, ETC., ETC. — VICTORY ALL ALONG
THE LINE.

“*Πάντα ἰσχύω ἐν τῷ ἐνδυναμοῦντί με Ἰησοῦ*”—“I am able to do all things in Christ who empowereth me.”—PHIL. Chapter 4, verse 13.



S Hughes and Ward have for some time been inseparably united in the Blue Ribbon work, it seems better to record the results of their joint labors in a separate chapter than to attempt doing so in connection with their individual biographies.

They began their truly brilliant career in

WASHINGTON,

Daviess County, Indiana. This is a city of about five thousand souls, located on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, about thirty-five miles east of Vincennes. Its surroundings are rich in block-coal of the finest variety.

(144)

and the opening up, a few years ago, of this long-hidden wealth, greatly increased the trade and the population of the place. But, unfortunately, large numbers of those who were attracted to the town by the mines were persons with whom whisky was about as regular a beverage as coffee is with most people.

This circumstance by no means worked to the moral advantage of Washington, whose reputation for “strict temperance,” as Sir Walter Scott says of Sergeant Moore MacAlpin, was never one of the best.

When Hughes and Ward opened their campaign in this city, last Winter, it was one of the worst of the many bad places for drinking in Southern Indiana. They went to work in the M. E. Church, whose pastor, Rev. Mr. Friedly, showed himself a noble, Christian gentleman and an earnest, efficient worker in the cause of human sobriety from the beginning to the end of the meetings. At first the critics sneered at the great lack of scholarship in the speeches, and whisky-men scouted the idea of two “such boys” doing any thing that would affect their business. In the beginning the audiences were light, and quite a number of those who professed to be very pious stood back, apparently afraid that they might get into something that would compromise their “tone.” But every day “the boys” were in the field seeking for that which was lost and showing an earnest determination to save it, and every night they rode squarely over the conventionalities of stand-ard oratory right into the hearts of the people.

The fortresses of Satan began to crumble before the red-hot broadsides which the enthusiastic gunners

poured into them. Ministers, lawyers, physicians, artisans, common day-laborers, fell into the ranks. Newly-reformed men made clean breasts of what whisky had done for them and their suffering families. The people began to sign the pledge by hundreds. The tables were crowded every night, and it was difficult to supply the constantly increasing demand for blue ribbon. The meetings went the rounds of all the churches. Finally, the large opera house, owned by the Odd Fellows of Washington, was brought into requisition, and was packed night after night and Sunday after Sunday. Scores of the worst drunkards were redeemed from the ditch, and a number of respectable tipplers, who were given to periodical sprees, put on the badge of sobriety and went to work with all their might to help put it on others who needed it as badly as they did. Among the most distinguished men of this class was James W. Ogdon, of the law firm of Ogdon & Berry, a young man of the finest attainments, who stands, to-day, in the very front rank of his profession, and has before him a future of the richest promise. As soon as he signed the pledge he went into the field in the capacity of a missionary, and through the power of his eloquence and the self-sacrificing constancy of his personal efforts enrolled thousands of persons in the towns and villages of the surrounding country, bringing many who stood where he once did up to the solid rock of total abstinence.

Other young men of note and genius, and of good stock, whom whisky had almost ruined, might be mentioned, particularly Will. Vantrees, the son of Colonel

Vantrees, and an attorney named Arnold Padgett, both of whom rendered valuable service to the cause after their reformation.

Eventually the "upper crusts" were broken, and bankers, merchants, and politicians—many of whom had been toppers, swelled the ranks.

Among those who are deserving of special mention for the promptness with which they came to the support of Hughes and Ward in Washington are Dr. Jackson L. Moore, an eminent physician; Rev. Edward C. Trimble, one of the most talented Presbyterian preachers in the west; Mrs. Lydia G. Aikman, Mrs. Jane McMillen, Mrs. Mary Florence Hixon, Miss Helen Hyatt, the Misses Scudder, Miss Lydia Tatman, Miss May Smiley, the Misses Thomas, Miss Eliza Graham, Miss Ida McHolland, Miss Ella Wells, Millard Berry, Esq., of the law firm of Ogdon & Berry; Henry Hyatt, the auction merchant, who is also a good speaker; Hiram Hyatt, the banker; Malachi Crebbs, editor of the *Washington Gazette*; Mr. Rogers, Deputy County Sheriff, whose influence among the numerous Catholics of the city, is a power; Mr. Frany, a young attorney of great promise; Mr. Kerchival, an able lawyer, a popular leader among the people, a reformed man and a prominent Red Ribbon worker; Frank Wise, elder of the Christian Church; and the Misses Harris, of the Hyatt House.

It is proper here to specialize the fact that Mr. Frany is one of the men who gave up his cups during the labors of Hughes and Ward in Washington, and also that he was an able fellow-helper of Mr. Ogdon in the field and on the platform.

It is also proper to make honorable mention of the Daviess County *Democrat*, whose encouraging words were potent for good among the people of the town and vicinity. I have forgotten the editor's name.

Washington is one of the few places in which many of the officers of the city and the county were brave enough to don and wear the emblem of temperance. The Auditor of Daviess County, a strong Catholic, deserves especial praise for the bold stand he took in the very commencement of the movement, and the yeoman service he rendered, with Mr. Rogers, in bringing many of his religious brethren into the harness. About three thousand signed the pledge in Washington, of whom very few have fallen.

ATTICA,

A beautiful town of about two thousand people, on the Wabash River, in Fountain County, Indiana, was the next point visited. With regard to their work in that city, Mr. J. R. Latta, a prominent worker, writes:

Hughes and Ward commenced the Murphy movement here about the first of March, 1878. They were with us a little over two weeks. Their labors resulted in thirteen hundred signing the pledge. We have added over two hundred since they left us, and still the good work goes on. We have inaugurated the movement at Rob Roy and New Town, also at different villages in the county. The movement has developed some good talkers, who, while they have not exactly entered the lecture field, give the work most of their time and attention. We have a regularly organized association, called "The Attica Christian Temperance Union," with president, vice-president, secretary,

treasurer, an executive committee, composed of good, thorough business men, a visiting committee, an auditing committee, a committee on lectures, a committee on statistics, a committee on Reading Room and Library, a committee on music, and a committee on membership.

We hold meetings, which are well attended, twice a week — on Friday evening and on Sabbath afternoon. Our meetings are all in the Opera House. We have purchased an organ, and have a good choir. *The movement is a complete success with us. It survives with wonderful vitality.* We seldom fail to secure signers when the invitation is extended. We have fitted up and furnished two rooms in McDonald's Block for Reading Rooms. The ladies deserve all the credit for the last mentioned enterprise. The work has the support of our leading citizens, who say that it must never go down.

Many who were far gone on the road to ruin have been saved. Every one of the officers of our Union is a man of this class. *We have lost very few of the scores who have been reclaimed, numbers of whom were among the hardest drinkers in our city.* These are, almost without exception, standing firm, and are the best workers in the glorious cause.

Mr. Latta names the following among the numerous effective workers in Attica and Fountain County:— Mr. Samuel Clark, Dr. W. Cast, Mr. Geo. W. Jordon, Mr. S. D. Hays, Mr. M. L. Wilson, Mrs. A. C. Greenwood, Mrs. Dr. M. T. Case, Mrs. James Martin, Mrs. Anna Parker, Miss Ella Fields, Miss L. E. Reed, Miss Emma Wilson, Miss Jennie Wilson, Mrs. Kate Hays, Mrs. M. McCurdy, Mr. Robert E. Ray, Mr. J. C. Campbell, Mr. T. M. Powell, Mr. J. H. Sutton, Mr.

Samuel Martin, Mr. David Workinger, Mr. Ed. Jennings, Mr. Manford Browning, Mr. Charles Ships, Mr. Nelson Ford, Mr. Meat Lowen, Mr. J. Shideler, Mrs. Belle Wagoner, Miss Olive Bond, Miss Mary Hegler, Miss Anna Walker, Miss Lillian Bush, Miss Virginia Wilson, Mr. John T. Rice, Mr. Richard Poole, Mr. John J. Claypoole, Mr. Nelson Churchill, Mr. Edgar Redford, Mr. David Shields, Mr. Thomas Baxter, Mr. Marion Kirby, Mr. Mike Gallaher, Mr. Joseph Strader, Mr. Geo. H. Pixley, Mr. Peter Aleburg, Mr. Charles Panser, Mr. Fred. Lamme, Mr. Peter Pheeler, Mrs. A. M. Barker, Mr. R. E. Ray, Mr. John Stevenson, Mrs. Nelson Ford, Miss Ella VanDeventer, Miss Tina Grosvenor, Miss Kate Zimmerman, Miss Lizzie Keifer, Miss Alma Rank, Miss Georgia Whittier, Miss Carrie Hays, Miss Anna Reed, Miss Mollie Peacock, Prof. Shoebler, Miss Mellie Churchill, Mr. Frank McCurdy, Mrs. N. C. Porter, Mrs. James Libo, Mrs. Dr. Lyons, Mr. J. Allen Wilson, Mr. Henry McDermond, Orrie Clark, Mr. John Heckler, Mr. Frank Wright, Miss Dora Mason, Miss Sophia Smith, Miss Nettie McCurdy and Miss Belle Tullis.

Mr. Latta is, himself, the president of the Attica Union, and is a man of great earnestness, efficiency, and purity of motives.

The solidity of the foundation and the strength of the frame-work of the organization in that town are all that could be desired. The leaders there have wisely arranged matters so that *every body* has something to do. This is the secret of success in perpetuating the interest.

The next point at which Hughes and Ward attacked the rum fiend is

LAFAYETTE,

Containing a population of about twenty-two thousand, and one of the wealthiest, best built, and most beautifully situated cities, in the Northwest. They had now before them, by far, the greatest task they had ever attempted. On the first survey of the field they were aware of the extent and the complicated character of their undertaking. But, nothing doubting, they went to work in the strength of Him who never deserts the faithful. The first thing which most deeply impressed them was the remarkable power of the whisky interest in the city. There were scores of large wholesale liquor stores, hundreds of dram-shops, thousands of drunkards and tipplers. In local politics the rum influence was gigantic. In society, yea, even in the church, it was an intimidating monster, before whom too many time-serving Christians—if time-servers can be Christians—stood in trembling awe, not daring to lift a hand in behalf of a hell-smitten population. Brave hearts there were, to be sure, but they knew not what to do. The resident temperance people of the city were discouraged, dispirited, worn out—tired of trying to conquer an enemy whose allies were so numerous, whose resources were so varied, whose intrenchments were so strong.

Hughes and Ward, thoroughly armed with the very highest commendations, crowned with the laurels of a recent victory which had been won in a neighboring

town, introduced to all the citizens by the Lafayette *Courier* in a full column editorial, which narrated in glowing terms their grand achievements at every point they had formerly touched, went to various leading moralists, religionists and total-abstinence men, told them they had come to redeem the city from the curse of rum, and asked their hearty co-operation. They were informed that Lafayette was the Gibraltar of the liquor traffic in Hoosierdom; that it had been attacked time and again by the mightiest chieftains, at the head of the largest armies, and had, in every instance, come out more than conqueror. They failed to secure the free use of a single church in which to commence their meetings, and obtained very few promises of assistance.

But, as Ward laconically said in his letter to Ed. Shiel, they were "in the Star City to take it." They rented the Christian (Disciples') Church for one week, and engaged board at the Bramble House, the proprietor of which, Mr. Reuben Taylor, is one of the truest and most radical temperance men in Indiana. They then advertised their meetings and proceeded. The first night the audience was exceedingly light, there not being one hundred persons in the house. But of these there was a goodly number who signed the pledge. The next night there was a perceptible growth in the attendance, and a considerable increase of signers. From this time forward the crowds grew larger and larger, and a new interest of great warmth began to be manifested by all the friends of sobriety, and to reach certain classes who had never been reached

before. Local speakers and workers, many of whom were fresh recruits, came forward and buckled on the whole armor. The churches, quickened by the power of the Spirit, arose from the dead. The Rev. Robert McKinzie and the Rev. Mr. Gobin, two of the liveliest and best preachers in America, rejoicing at the thought that God had at last opened the way for effective warfare, showed themselves the most willing, the most untiring, and the most efficient captains of their valiant hosts. The former led the Presbyterians, the latter the Methodists, into battle. Other pastors and other flocks soon followed. In the course of a few days several of the hardest drinkers in the place were thoroughly reformed. These were immediately, not only put forward to tell their experience and plead for the cause on the platform, but were put to work on the streets among their old comrades in vice, to persuade them to forsake the devil and turn to righteousness.

The meetings assumed enormous proportions. The armory, and often Dr. McKinzie's church in addition, were brought into requisition during the week, while the large opera house was demanded for Sunday, on the evening of which day all religious congregations adjourned to attend the temperance services. Presently a ripple was made among the attorneys. Mr. F. W. Coombs, a lawyer of high standing in the Lafayette bar, but whose frequent carousals had greatly injured his business (put a mark here, young man), signed the pledge, put on the ribbon, and threw himself with amazing zeal and effectiveness into the movement. His speeches were telling, and his personal efforts among

those with whom he formerly worshiped at the shrine of Bacchus were fruitful of a vast amount of good. Mr. Groenendyke and George W. Ball—life-long temperance men—had been enlisted from the start, and, with James R. Carnahan, W. D. Wallace, A. A. Rice, and John L. Miller, had been doing grand service. Colonel Richard P. De Hart, one of the ablest of advocates, and one of the most distinguished criminal lawyers in the West, though he did not till the very last night of the revival sign the pledge, added much to the enthusiasm from time to time by his splendid readings. He had long been a regular drinker of the high-toned order, and his influence among the people was great. His favorite piece, and the one which, more than any thing else induced his own conversion, is presented further along in this chapter.

All the men named in the foregoing paragraph are ornaments to the legal profession, and were directly followed by nearly all their barresterial brethren.

The reformation of Colonel J. W. Conine, who had for years been an excessive drinker, together with the earnest, effective labor of the Superintendent of the Lafayette, Muncie & Bloomington Railroad, whose name I would be glad to give if I had it, aroused the masses of the railroad men, and led to the redemption of hundreds of them from the bondage of the bowl. Colonel Conine's speeches were among the best that were made during the siege.

The enlistment of I. S. Wade, Grand Worthy Chief Templar of Indiana, with that of John Gormly, Dr. Hardman, P. G. W. C. T. of Indiana, J. H. Wood,

Samuel Allen, Mr. Shockey, Mrs. Semple, and other influential Templars, wheeled the glorious old Temple of Honor into line and put it in full battle array. Never did that beautiful institution exhibit its superior merits to a better advantage than it did on this occasion.

Samuel Moore, Louis Falley, C. W. Kendle, and other leading merchants, with A. E. Pierce, Moses Fowler, John S. Miller, and other prominent bankers, brought up the rank and file of the business men.

The evening *Courier*, the morning *Journal*, the Sunday *Leader*, and Mr. Hoover's lively paper (*The Granger*) presented a solid front, and united the whole press of the city against the enemy of human sobriety. W. S. Lingle, of the *Courier*, deserves honorable mention as a fine speaker and an indefatigable worker. His son and co-editor, J. S. Lingle, is also entitled to special honor as a ceaseless and effective toiler.

Dr. Raymer Sale, and other eminent physicians, consolidated the medical profession, and made it an important factor in the good work.

Mrs. John D. Gouger and Mrs. Dr. Barnes—both excellent orators—with Miss Belle Freeman, Miss Jennie Vernon, Miss Herron, Miss Ella Kendle, Mrs. C. D. Jones, Mrs. Fred. Haigh, Mrs. Robert McKinzie, Mrs. Kipp, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Weaver, whose field labors were no less valuable than their vocal talents in the grand choir, admirably represented the heroic women of Lafayette.

P. B. Severson, leader of the orchestra, Miss Geiger, organist, Thomas Heron, chorister, and Prof. Weaver, leader of brass instruments, not only rendered inestima-

ble service in the splendid music with which they and their assistants supplemented the speeches every evening, but freely gave their time and energies to the general work every day.

The Rev. Mr. Dickerson, the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, the Rev. Mr. Claypool, and the pastor of the German Lutheran Church, following the lead of that splendid team of matched ponies—McKinzie and Gobin—put the entire Protestant clergy grandly on the record.

Among the numerous reformed men who broke the chains of their debasing slavery during this movement, and whose short, broken, but touching appeals accomplished so much in the salvation of that large class of drunkards, which is composed of mechanics and laborers, none played a more important part than Lewis Baker ("Uncle Lew,"), Nick. Neiberg, John Griffin, ("Jack") Mathew Ball, and Will. Demerlee.

Of those who were ready for all kinds of work, Fred. Geiger, John Cassel, and Mark Jones, are good representatives.

Purdue University, one of the best industrial colleges in the United States, was actively in the field in the person of its able and distinguished head, President E. E. White, a man of world-wide reputation as an author and an educator. Through his influence nearly all the students of that institution put on the ribbon and took part in the campaign.

Thus was every class of society, every department of city life, except the liquor traffic, hitched to the great car of temperance reform in Lafayette.

Every night, from the same platform, clergymen,

lawyers, merchants, bankers, newspaper men, railroad men, physicians, teachers, mechanics, laborers, reformed sporting men, addressed large concourses of people.

On and on the glorious movement swept, like an all-consuming fire. The extraordinary interest shown throughout the city, led Hughes and Ward to start meetings in the several wards. The idea proved to be an excellent one; for while the ward-assemblies were packed, the main crowd in the center of town was not one whit diminished. In a buggy provided for the occasion, either one or the other of the redoubtable generals visited every division of the grand army every night. The result was that at the end of a few weeks the "Bacchanalean Gibraltar" was captured, and ten thousand signatures were procured to the Murphy pledge. The work closed with an immense mass meeting at the Battle Ground, near the city, which was attended by people from all parts of the adjacent country.

What a triumph of pluck in a good cause was this! One of the most interesting features of the Lafayette revival was its remarkable fructification of every species of talent, both latent and developed. The following pretty and truthful acrostic, by F. W. Coombs, is an instance in point. I take it from the *Lafayette Courier*:

HUGHES AND WARD'S LABORS.

[*Respectfully dedicated to Hughes and Ward.*]

Helping brothers in their distress,
Unmindful of blame or praise;
Giving aid to those in trouble,
Helping fallen men to raise.

Earnestly working 'mid the sinking,
 Standing firmly by the true;
 And never faltering, never wavering,
 Nor ever seeking for naught to do.

Drinking in the tales of sorrow,
 Wheresover their fountains be;
 Awaiting not until to-morrow,
 Removing shackles to make men free.

Daring all that men may threaten,
 Spreading sunshine where was gloom,
 Laboring with love 'till eyes do glisten
 About many a drunkard's home,

Breathing peace and quiet 'round them,
 O'er the sorrowing bending low;
 Rejoicing with hearts released from thrall,
 Sure of "*signing*" where'er they go.

Mrs. James Havens is a poet of high rank and a woman in the noblest sense of the term. Indiana ought to be as proud of her as Iowa is of Kate Harrington. Her abilities are splendid and versatile; her heart is warm; her energies are exhaustless. She can write a magnificent poem; and, then, she can go before an audience and read it with telling effect. And both the writing and the reading she is always ready to do, when she thinks the interests of humanity can thereby be served. Not only so, but she is a willing, a practical, and a mighty worker among the fallen, without ambition, without desire for reward. God bless her. The production here presented is one of several

which she wrote and publicly read during the meetings of Hughes and Ward:

THE REFORMED DRUNKARD'S STORY.

[Written for the *Lafayette Morning Journal* but respectfully dedicated to Hughes and Ward and their co-laborers.]

BY MRS. JAMES HAVENS.

No pen can paint, no tongue describe,
 The fearful chasm, deep and wide,
 That marks the awful hell,
 To which, from plains of wildest bliss,
 That seemed too great for worlds like this,
 With gradual force I fell.

No golden harpstrings ever clang
 On heavenly shores where angels sang,
 With peals of deeper bliss.
 Wild rapture thrilled my every nerve,
 My brain responded, quick to serve,
 No function grand remiss.

I laved my soul in lethean streams,
 Indulged the maddest, wildest dreams
 Of everlasting bliss —
 I drank the nectar of the gods,
 Nor saw concealed th' envenomed rods,
 Nor heard the serpent's hiss.

Time passed — at length a cloud — a tiny cloud,
 Began with darkness to enshroud
 My bright Elysian gleams,
 Not larger than a speck or mote,
 BUT YET 'T WAS THERE — my heart was smote
 And girt with horrid dreams.

A feverish thirst, a wild desire —
 Scorched heart and brain like living fire,
 And scathed my maddened soul.
 With wild unrest that naught could quell,
 I deeper drained the draught of hell
 The accursed — the ACCURSED bowl.

Vanished the joys that charmed me long —
 Ended was now the syren's song
 That lured me to this woe —
 And now, instead, the demon laughed,
 And shook the bowl whene'er I quaffed —
 And pointed down below.

The scorpion stung me to the soul,
 Held all my powers in his control,
 And ruled with iron will —
 I groaned, and wildly prayed for peace,
 I struggled madly for release —
 HE LASHED ME FIERCER STILL.

Affrighted, all my raptures flown,
 Despair had marked me for his own;
 Delirium fired my brain,
 And all its untold horrors fell,
 Laving my soul with fires of hell,
 And curses of demon-slain,

Till, wild with fright, I fled for aid
 To him who ne'er a soul betrayed,
 And prayed for mercy there.
 He heard, and in my darkest hour
 Released my soul from demon power,
 Honored my frantic prayer.

So, weary of my slavery,
 I cried, "I must — I *can* — I WILL be free,
 By God's assisting grace!"
 But, all alone, had not the power
 To strike Apollyon's scepter lower —
 His influence efface.

But friendly hands were stretched to save
 And rescue from a drunkard's grave —
 A drunkard's fearful doom.
 Broken is now the syren's spell,
 Vanished the fear of drunkard's hell,
 And drunkard's shameful tomb —

And, hence, my soul thanks God and them.
 My heart with gladness filled to brim
 Is tuned to joyous praise.
 A glad thanksgiving, deep and pure,
 Eclipsed dread remorse of yore
 And glorifies my days.

Below will be found the recitation of Colonel Richard P. DeHart, to which I made a former allusion in this chapter as the one which did so much toward the reformation of the Colonel. It was read with dramatic power before an immense audience in the opera house at Lafayette. Its effect on the declaimer shows the influence which fine moral literature exerts upon appreciative minds:

I HAVE DRUNK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you — not any for me;
 My last chain is riven — henceforward I'm free!
 I will go to my home and my children to-night
 With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight;
 And, with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
 To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.
I have never refused you before? Let that pass,

For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
 With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face;
 Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand,
 And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
 See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,
 Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.
 Why, even the children will hoot as I pass; —
 But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,
 That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my brow —
 When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her
 pride, —
 Ere she laid down to rest by my dead father's side;
 But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
 Bidding *me* meet her *there*, and whispered, "Good-bye."
 And I'll do it, God helping; your smile I let pass,
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night — it was not very late,
 For I spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
 On a fellow, who's left every cent in their till,
 And has pawned his last bed their coffers to fill.
 Oh, the tortures I felt, and the pangs I endured!
 And I begged for one glass — just one would have cured, —
 But they kicked me out doors; I let that too pass,
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

At home, my pet Jessie, with her rich golden hair,
 I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;
 From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung
 down,
 While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant
 gown;
 And she prayed — prayed for *bread*, just a poor crust of
 bread;
 For *one* crust, on her knees my pet darling plead;
 And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one; alas!
 But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

For Jessie, my darling, my wee six year old,
 Though panting with hunger, and shivering with cold,
 There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless *me*!
 And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will; for you see,
 I *believe* what I ask for." Then sobered I crept
 Away from the house; and that night, when I slept,
 Next my heart lay the Pledge! You smile, let it pass,
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

My darling child saved me ! Her faith and her love
 Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above !
 I will make my words true, or I'll die in the race,
 And sober I'll go to my last resting place;
 And she shall kneel *there*, and weeping, thank God,
 No *drunkard* lies under the daisy strewn sod !
 Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

The crowning beauty of the work of Hughes and Ward wherever they go, is the grand missionary spirit with which it inspires all who participate in it. This feature shone with peculiar splendor in Lafayette — a city of which it is but just to say that it contains more great souls, more men and women of large minds and large hearts, than almost any other place of the same size on the continent.

No sooner was the movement well started in that city than scores of the citizens were ready to carry it into the surrounding country. Chief among these was Joseph Landry, route agent and correspondent of the Lafayette *Courier*. He is better known as Harry Burton, that being his newspaper name, and is a reformed man. He first met Hughes and Ward at Attica, while they were engaged there, and was the one who induced them to go to the Star City. During the progress of the Lafayette revival he visited and thoroughly worked nearly every village within a radius of thirty miles from the main center. He, also, responded to a great many calls to address the people of the rural districts, and was instrumental in cutting off a great deal of

the farming patronage on which the saloon keepers of his region of country largely depended.

In his day he had been a railroad man, in which capacity he had traveled all over the United States, and had consumed an immense quantity of whisky to the utter destruction of years of happiness. He proved himself to be a speaker of rare ability, and to the large audiences which he everywhere drew, told his experience in such eloquent terms that hundreds of drinking men were reclaimed by his efforts. Too much can not be said in his praise.

Meantime, I. S. Wade, Samuel Moore, Reuben Taylor, John Gormly, Conductor Rust, Geo. W. Ball, were, a great part of their time, with many others, busied in the same field, and did excellent service among the yeomanry.

Another characteristic of the Lafayette work, which deserves special attention, is its perpetuity. When Hughes and Ward left, it did not stop, but seemed to continue with constantly increasing vigor for weeks and months. In less than twenty days after the generals had opened battle on another field, the number of signers to the pledge was increased, in the city, to more than twelve thousand, while in neighboring communities the great enterprise was pushed with remarkable energy and with the grandest results.

In due time the Lafayette workers organized a Blue Ribbon Association for the city, and provided for "the boys" the finest club rooms in Indiana, except those at Seymour and Evansville. The liberality of such sterling business men as John S. Williams, Col. C. G.

Thompson, Moses. Fowler, Adams Earl, Samuel Moore, W. S. Lingle, T. B. Abernathy, Louis Falley, and many more whose names I have not received, in furnishing the means to fit up these rooms, can not be too highly commended.

I here present a statement of the Lafayette organization:

President, A. E. Pierce; *Vice-Presidents*, Colonel J. W. Conine, Albert Henderson, Joseph Landry, Mrs. Jno. Weaver, and Mrs. Dr. Barnes; *Corresponding Secretary*, Matthew Ball; *Recording Secretaries*, George W. Ball, John Griffin, and L. R. Sale; *Treasurer*, E. H. Andress; *Blue Ribbon Committee*, Mrs. C. D. Jones, Mrs. F. F. Haigh, Miss Belle Freeman, Miss Jennie Vernon, and Miss Ella Kendle; *Executive Committee*, Samuel Moore, Fred. S. Williams, John F. McHugh, J. H. Wood, I. S. Wade, C. W. Kendle, F. W. Coombs, Mark Jones, T. B. Abernathy, John Gormly, Colonel C. G. Thomson, Samuel Allen, Lewis Falley, Conductor Rust, E. M. Weaver, and Benjamin Ray; *Committee on Music*, P. B. Severson, John Weaver, and Thomas Herron; *Committee on Literary Exercises*, Col. R. P. DeHart, and J. M. Ewing; *Sergeant-at-Arms*, Nick Nieburg.

The very best citizens of Lafayette have taken hold of the temperance cause, and it will, therefore, never go down, any more than the splendid school system of that city, which is in the hands of the same noble men, has heretofore gone down.

LEBANON.

From Lafayette, Hughes and Ward went to Lebanon, a town having a population of about three thousand, located twenty-eight miles west of the Hoosier capital, on the Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette Railroad. Here, in a protracted effort of two weeks, they procured two thousand signers to the pledge. From the start they were warmly supported by the pastors of all the churches, and by all the Christian people of the place. They were also assisted by several of their Lafayette friends, who often visited them and made speeches for them. But the circumstance which here accomplished more in the furtherance of their labors than any thing else, was the death of a poor drunkard in a fit of delirium tremens. This tragedy occurred in Lebanon during the progress of the meetings, and the victim being well known to everybody in the entire community, the case, as used by Mr. Ward, who, with his partner, nursed the sufferer during his illness, was vastly more effective than would have been the tongues of a thousand orators.

As Lebanon is the theater of many an interesting scene in my boyhood, and as there are several of its citizens to whom I am largely indebted for whatever of usefulness I may have attained, nothing could give me more pleasure than to mention the names of the local workers who aided the glorious movement which swept the town like a deluge in June, 1878. But not having the data for such mention, I am compelled to omit it.

THORNTOWN AND OTHER POINTS.

From Lebanon, Hughes and Ward went to Thorn-town, and after spending several days there with the same success which crowned their labors in all the places they had previously visited, attacked and captured the village of Colfax. Both these places lie on the I., C. & L. road, between Lebanon and Lafayette, and, therefore, had been considerably leavened before they were worked.

I have given the work of Hughes and Ward thus fully, not with the intention of glorifying them, but to show how they glorify God—to give the reader some idea of the broad plans, the catholic methods, the unconquerable pluck, the self-sacrificing earnestness, the Christlike enthusiasm, which secure the sweeping victories they everywhere achieve.

As exponents of the spirit and the philosophy of the ribbon movements, they have no superiors.

I close this chapter with an acrostic, written by Mr. Ward, and first published in the *Temperance Monitor*, which is so characteristic that it may be very properly styled a spiritual portrait of the man:

AN ACROSTIC.

Ever shall the Murphies prosper,
Never shall their glory fade;
Though the clouds be dark and threat'ning,
Heaven's light is overhead.

Unfurl the glorious Murphy banner,
Sound her praises far and wide;

In every heart let hope be anchored,
All her friends are true and tried.

Shrink not, then, but ever earnest,
Try to be a Murphy true;
In all your work be ardent, zealous,
Cease to idle, learn to do.

8



LIFE OF M. ED. SHIEL.

CHAPTER I.

NATIONALITY—REARING AND SCHOOLING—HE LEARNS
THE TRADE OF A TANNER—POWER OF AN INBORN
THIRST—INDULGENCE OF THAT THIRST IN EARLY
LIFE.

“Ελεύθερος γὰρ ὢν ἐκ πάντων, πᾶσιν ἐμαυτὸν ἐδούλωσα, ἵνα τοὺς πλείονας κερδήσω.”—“For being free from all, I bound myself to all, that I might win the more.”—I. Cor. Chapter 9, verse 19.

THE Irish people are celebrated, the world over, for their wit and their originality. Indeed, the latter of these qualities is implied in the former, for no man can be truly witty unless he is original. But there are other things quite as marked, though less observed, in the Irish character as those here mentioned. It is universally stamped with extraordinary enthusiasm and great warmth of heart. What an Irishman does he does with all his might. He throws his whole soul

(170)

into any thing that he embraces or undertakes. In poetry he is renowned for fervor. In politics he is renowned for energy. In society he is renowned for conviviality. In war he is renowned for gallantry. In religion he is renowned for church-loyalty. In love he is renowned for the intensity of his passion. There are no half-way measures about him, and he hates a half-way person anywhere or in any thing.

M. Ed. Shiel is a typical Irishman. Though born and reared in the United States and clear of the brogue which distinguishes his blood, he exhibits in a high degree all the peculiarities of the Celtic disposition, while, in point of talent and capacity for general usefulness, he is far above the average of any nationality.

He was born in Madison, Indiana, on the third day of November, 1850, and is, therefore, now, about twenty-eight years old. His father, John J. Shiel, was a tanner and a man of great energy and thrift in his business. His mother, Mary A. Shiel, was a woman of rare tenderness of heart, and was a superior housewife. She studied her husband's interests and sought, in every thing, to work to them. In spirit and temperament John J. Shiel and his wife were admirably mated. Never did a couple live together more agreeably than they. The natural and necessary result of their union, blessed as they were with vigorous constitutions and the best of health, was success in life. John made money, and Mary helped him take care of it. They were alike industrious and economical. But they were far from being penurious. They were not among those who propose to accumulate wealth by denying them-

selves of all the good things of life. They believed that while the horse was working he should eat, and were always the best of livers. At the same time they were eminently hospitable, and, possessing the finest social qualities, counted their friends by the hundred.

It was a point with them to make visitors happy. No man ever left their house feeling that he had been slighted or that his return would not be gladly welcomed. Now, one of the essentials of good living and of hospitality in their estimation, and in the estimation of many of the most respectable western householders of twenty-five years ago, was an alcoholic beverage of some kind. John J. Shiel kept his side-board well supplied with whisky, wine, ale, brandy, and the like, quite as much for the use of his friends as for his own use. This custom he continued to observe for more than a quarter of a century.

During this period he was never a drunkard, but always a dram-drinker.

Of course, children brought up under such usages would not be expected to rigorously abstain from all intoxicating drinks, particularly where they have an inherent craving for such drinks.

Ed. Shiel says he thinks the appetite for liquor was born in him. He can not remember when he took the first drink. He does, however, remember that at the early age of six years he used to often climb up into a chair and steal whisky out of his father's bottle.

Full of wit and the love of fun, showing at all times an extraordinary exuberance of kind feeling and good

humor, he grew into favor with every body as he advanced towards manhood, and among those of his own years was always the most popular.

At the age of eighteen he quit school and entered upon an apprenticeship with his father to learn the trade of tanning and currying. He served out faithfully a term of three years, at the end of which he was pronounced an excellent workman. His parents were now living in the village of Ewing, Jackson County, Indiana, and were in fine circumstances.

Ed. was his own man, in a legal point of view, when he finished learning his trade. That is to say, he was twenty-one years old, and was fully vested with all the rights and privileges of an American citizen. It was on the morning of November third, 1871, that he realized that he was one of the sovereign people of the United States—entitled to participate in the work of making legislators and presidents.

With his rare intellectual endowments, his extraordinary energy and superior social traits, he might well have felt proud of the attainment of his majority if he had, in truth, been a *free man*. The dignity of the patrician of ancient Rome when he donned the toga was nothing to compare with the dignity of a son of Columbia when he is clothed with the power of a voter, provided he is prepared to wield that power in such a way as shall tend to secure the best interests of the Republic. But how can he be so prepared if he is a victim of debasing passions? How can he who is unable to rule himself contribute to the peaceful and virtuous rule of his country?

The sun whose early rays gilded the eastern slopes of the hills of Southern Indiana on the day of Ed. Shiel's maturity, did not shine on a single African bondman. The war of the rebellion was over, and the peace with which it concluded had totally abrogated all provincial institutions and made our country truly the land of the free and the home of the brave.

But Ed. Shiel was, in the face of this grandest of our national achievements, a slave — a base, miserable slave to the most cruel and relentless of all masters. During the whole of his past life he had been in the habit of drinking that which would intoxicate whenever he had a good chance; and on several occasions, when with convivial companions, had drunk to excess.

He was not led by any one else, but, as he expresses it, "appeared to push along the habit." He was never behind, but always ahead, of whatever crowd of drinkers he might happen to be with on a spree. His style was — "Come on boys and have something. It's my treat." Such an one could not but be popular with a certain class; and not a few of the worst of sponges were ever at hand to give him more than the encouragement he needed in any carousal which he might propose.

But with all his social conviviality there was not a shred of the loafer in his composition. He was naturally industrious and always energetic in business. It was said of him when he was but twenty years old that he "could do more work, drink more whisky, get around over more territory, and have more fun than a large majority of men." As to the fun, however, he says the people did not fully understand him; that while he

laughed a great deal and was always brim full of Irish jokes for the delectation of the crowd, there were times when, even in his youth, his heart was exceedingly heavy; that often the sunshine on his face mocked the gloom which reigned within. Are there not scores who could tell the same tale; who have realized that a bright exterior is not an unfrequent accompaniment of a dark, stormy interior? Of how much greater value is that even flow of joy which comes of a clear conscience and a well-ordered life than that explosive, spasmodic glee which is born of the excitement of the moment and has no solid resting place in the soul.

There had been a time when he came very nearly freeing himself. When he was twenty years old, his father sent him, with one William Kirten, to Arkansas to take charge of a leather store which he established in that State. Board being very high in the village in which Ed. and Mr. Kirten located, they kept bachelor's hall; and while they thus saved money they at the same time, in a large measure, avoided the meshes of bad associations. Here Ed. remained eighteen months, during which time his isolation so aided him that he drank very little, and became an almost perfectly sober man. But on his return home, the renewal of former intimacies fastened upon him again his fetters, which subsequent indulgence rendered more galling than they had ever before been.

In the bar-room, as in the social circle, he was very much such a man as John B. Gough was — generous to a fault, full of comic songs and amusing stories which he could render with the finest effect. The prince of

good fellows wherever he went, he drew around himself a demoralizing cordon whose strength common people know not how to estimate, and to cut which is far more difficult than they can suppose.

Before he was twenty-two years old his craving for drink had become so strong that he could rarely eat his breakfast till he had taken from two to five full drinks. He was now known as a regular toper, and as being given to occasional sprees of the worst kind.

From this time forward, for a number of years, he drifted rapidly down the turbid stream of intemperance, and was finally plucked from the current through the instrumentality of a Red Ribbon hero just as he reached the brink of the fatal falls.

One day a good friend came to him and told him in all kindness that he was drinking too much. The warning, instead of having the desired effect, threw him into a furious passion, and he promptly informed the one who gave it that he understood his business, and that when he needed him he would send for him. Here is a circumstance quite common to the lives of a certain class of sensitive spirits—one which shows the importance of some knowledge of human nature, and some tact in its manipulation in our efforts to save such people.

On Christmas day of 1872, to let him tell the tale in his own words, he "got on one of his worst drunks," with twelve others, in Brownstown, Ind. He had purchased some nubias to present to certain of his lady friends, and, staggering around town with these sweet souvenirs trailing the ground, was frequently

tripped up by them, and thrown full length (which is about six feet, two inches when the kinks are jerked out of him) upon the pavement several times. Meanwhile he lost a fine breast-pin, and had a new overcoat and a plug hat ruined. At five o'clock of the day following, he woke up in the bed of a friend, feeling as only one waking from a drunken slumber can feel. His head, he says, was "about as big as a flour barrel, while trains of cars, with bells ringing and whistles screaming, were running through it." His misery of soul and body was so great that he then and there made up his mind to drink no more. When he got up, his boon companions, seeing that he was ill at ease, said to him, "Take a little, Ed.; 'twill do you good." But he refused, remarking that "that drunk" was the best thing that had ever happened him, as it had taught him to let whisky alone, and thereby to save his money and his health. He kept this resolution about one week, during which he suffered greatly from the prostration which followed the unnatural strain to which he had so long subjected his nerves, and then broke it by taking a "pony" glass of beer, which instantly swept him back into his old channel.

A thing most unfavorable to his reformation at this period of his life was the fact that, being by nature a politician, he always took an active part in politics.

In August, 1872, his father made him a full partner in his business, hoping that the responsibilities thus placed upon him would straighten him up. But this hope was disappointed.

In January, 1873, the father took a trip to Texas,

with a view to the establishment of a branch leather store in Waco, and expecting to remain a good while. Before leaving, he had a long talk with "Eddie," as he called him, assuring him of his fine business qualities, and telling him that only sobriety was necessary to insure him a brilliant future. He drew up a pledge enjoining total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and, by signing it himself, induced Ed. to sign it. He started to the far west with a light heart, fully confident that his boy would keep his promise of strict sobriety. John J. Shiel could drink all the time in moderation, but Ed. could not. He was, therefore, not only willing, but glad, to sacrifice his pleasures and his personal liberty in order to save his son. He has since shown himself as willing to make the same sacrifice to save the sons of other men. In so doing he exhibits the spirit of a true Christian, and is a model whose imitation is commendable to all.

Ed.'s mother and sisters were now overjoyed; and, strange as it may seem, their expressions of delight annoyed him not a little — not that he blamed them for being happy, but that he could not endure the thought of their apparently presuming that he had been fool enough to let whisky almost completely master him.

His father had not been gone a week when, one day, being somewhat depressed in feeling, he concluded that a light drink of whisky would do him good. Straight to a saloon he went, and took this drink, using it as a remedial agent. But, as in all like instances, the remedy was worse than the disease. That dose of medicine at once created a demand for several other

doses of the same kind, to be taken at remarkably short intervals; and, not only one, but a series of drunks was the result.

Up to this time Ed. had been highly respected by every one who knew him, despite his bad habits. But, now, he noticed with feelings of deep chagrin that his brother, who was younger than himself, and his sisters were preferred in sociables and cotillion parties. The mortification produced by such slights, instead of leading to a better life, drove him farther into dissipation, and he drank more and more deeply, imagining that while he was drowning grief he was enjoying himself better than those who were giving him the cold shoulder.

His father, after an absence of four months, returned from Texas and found his business going on all right, but soon discovered, to his great sorrow, that "Eddie" had returned to the quagmire of intemperance. He had, at this time in his employ a man named William Geary, who drank excessively, and of whom "Eddie" thought a great deal. Geary was a good workman, and John Shiel did not like to give him up. Moreover, he was a noble-hearted man, and his salvation was a thing devoutly to be desired. John conceived the idea of reforming this man and of reaching "Eddie" through him at the same time. So he wrote out a strong total-abstinence pledge, and having induced Geary to sign it, persuaded "Eddie" that it would be a commendable act of humanity for him to put his name on it to support Geary in his efforts to turn a new leaf. "Eddie"

cheerfully added his name to the document, mentally reserving to himself the right to violate its requirements, but warmly sincere in his purpose to strengthen the resolution of the poor mechanic. Of course he did not long honor this obligation. But Geary kept it.

The earnest father, still intent on saving his boy, was greatly troubled to know what next to do. He was casting about in every direction for a new method, when to his delight and relief the Rev. Father Schnell, of Columbus, Ind., paid the Shiel family a visit. The Shiels were all good Catholics, and Father Schnell being, not only a reputable priest, but a very tender hearted man and a strong temperance advocate of the Father Mathew school, John Shiel hoped to render him serviceable in reclaiming "Eddie." This good minister talked to Ed. in a kind, gentlemanly manner, and succeeded in deeply convicting him of the fact that his appetite was rapidly acquiring a control of his better nature, which would drag him to perdition. Ed's loyalty to the Catholic faith and his love of Father Schnell worked conjointly in bringing him to the acknowledgment of his duty to himself, and he took from the priest a pledge not to drink any more for one year, Father Schnell's idea being that if the boy could be induced to keep sober that length of time, on the start, there would be no difficulty in getting him to abstain from drink the rest of his life. But, O, shame! in less than twenty-four hours that obligation was broken, and Ed's parents, sisters and brother, were almost totally disheartened, while his self-confi-

dence lay a pitiful wreck in the bitter dregs of the bowl. So intense was the agony of the humiliating consciousness that he had violated this solemn promise that he gave himself up to greater excesses than any which had disgraced his former life.





CHAPTER II.

ONE OF ED'S JOKES — THE STORY OF A DEMIJOHN — TRIALS OF 1873 — LIFE ON THE ROAD — BATTLES AND DEFEATS — EXPENSIVE FUN IN HOLTON — "M. E. SHIEL, M.D." — VISIT TO AN ILLINOIS AUNT — A VILLAGE GROCERY-KEEPER — SOCIAL PARTY IN WAUKEGAN — HOME AGAIN — DISCOURAGED — RESULTS OF THE USE OF SUBSTITUTES — RECIPE FOR AN IRISH WHISKY PUNCH.

SOME days after Ed. Shiel had broken the pledge which he took from Father Schnell, he was visited by a couple of young "chums" who were kindred in disposition and habits. During their stay his father was called away from home. Shortly after the departure of the latter some Kentucky friend shipped him a three-gallon demijohn sealed with wax. The seal was stamped with the letter "K," and a card was attached to the vessel which read as follows :

Presented by — to John J. Shiel, three gallons best Hand-Made Sour Mash Kentucky Whisky.

Ed. being, in the absence of his father, the sole representative, at home, of the firm of John J.

(182)

Shiel & Son, had the demijohn to receive; and that highly descriptive card showed an opportunity for a practical joke and a good time, which it was not in his composition to slight. He summoned the two young men who were sojourning with him, opened the demijohn, called in a score of his Seymour cronies and had a free, impromptu banquet which would have honored the ancient Corinthian devotees of Bacchus. The disappearance of that "best hand-made sour mash" was amazingly rapid. When it was all gone, Ed. supplied its place with the cheapest kind of "shot-gun" whisky, re-sealed the demijohn, with a counterfeit "K" stamped the seal, placed the vessel in a snug corner, and left it, to all appearance, just as it was when it came to the express office.

A few days brought the return of his father who, although he no longer used intoxicants himself, continued to treat such of his friends and patrons as he knew to be in the habit of drinking. This was and is yet in many places, a thing not at all uncommon among business men and politicians.

The father was not a little delighted with the demijohn. It would "be a splendid soliciting card." He put it in a retired room, and privately treated the bogus contents away with great gusto to his numerous convivial customers, to all of whom he proudly read the tickling words, "best hand-made Kentucky sour mash;" and not one in two hundred of the most experienced drinkers among them was not fully satisfied that it was the best whisky he had ever tasted in his life.

Throughout the year 1873, Ed. Shiel's appetite, being liberally fed, constantly grew in strength. The temptations were varied, powerful and innumerable, while the checks were few and feeble. He was put on the road to solicit trade, and those who know any thing about the life of a mercantile traveler, are not ignorant of the dangers and irregularities with which it is beset. It was but a short time till he was acquainted, not only with every leather dealer in Southern Indiana, but with every saloon at which those merchants were accustomed to be treated by the scores of "drummers" who daily fished for their orders. Ed. Shiel, whose enterprise was discounted by that of none of his competitors, and whose generosity was proverbial, was not the man to be behind any body in a show of liberality. His money went with a princely freedom, and his soul, goaded by an inborn fiend which, perched upon the strong battlements of its newly acquired fortresses, laughed exultingly at its helpless victim, was literally driven with ever-increasing velocity toward the pit of eternal despair.

O, ye blinded business men of America, pause a moment, tear the scales of selfishness from your eyes, and behold in this ambitious, but rum-cursed boy, a touching portrait of the social ruin to which your insane greed is rapidly bringing the nation of whose superiority you so extravagantly boast! How long, think you, can our government survive that complete moral rottenness of the body politic to which you are hourly contributing your energies and your capital? Do you not already see the gathering clouds which,

unless you speedily and radically reform your tactics, will, before the passing away of the present generation, burst upon the country with destructive fury, and blight forever the faith of mankind in the durability of Republican institutions? Montieth told a truth which the world's history verifies, when he said that a Republic is based upon the virtue and intelligence of its people. What chance has intelligence, what encouragement has virtue, in the presence of a gigantic, all-devouring monster, whose outstretched and ever-growing wings are enshrouding the land in a darkness compared with which that of the most pitchy midnight is luminous, and whose very existence is chiefly due to your hell-controlled acquisitiveness. May God help you to think in time to save yourselves and save Columbia.

From 1873 to the Summer of 1877, Ed. Shiel was a faithful devotee of the god of wine. There were, to be sure, a few intervals of reflection, and a few attempts to reform, but they seemed to amount to nothing. In fact, his failures appeared to more completely demoralize him. He joined the Good Templars in Seymour, and broke his pledge in ten days. He obligated himself to Father Schenck, an excellent Catholic minister, for one year, and was drinking before sundown of the day on which he took the obligation.

It now looked as though no power in the universe could save him. Over the death of a crony named William Owens, who died from excessive drinking, he drank himself drunk, all the time declaring that whisky killed Owens, and would kill any man who could not control himself.

On one occasion he visited a relative in Ripley County, Ind. A fellow named Sandy went with him. The twain arrived at Holton, their destination, and paying little attention to Ed.'s kinsman, hired a buggy, put into it, and in front of themselves, a full keg of beer, which they had brought with them, hung a pint tin cup on the faucet, hitched a fast horse to the vehicle, and started out on a "tare" in which they proposed to exhibit a stunning originality. Before leaving Holton they bethought themselves that the spree would be unsavory without a little whisky to mix with the malt-poison. How to get it was the question. It was Sunday, and the saloons were all closed. There was, however, a drug store — one of those highly respectable butcheries of which the West has so many — and it was open. But that virtuous establishment would vend intoxicants only upon the prescriptions of recognized physicians. Ed.'s genius was equal to the occasion. He was not known in that community. Taking a piece of blank paper and a pencil, he wrote:

"Mr. ——. Let the bearer, John Sandy, have one quart of good whisky for medical purposes.

"M. E. SHIEL, M.D."

This note accomplished its end with wonderful readiness, and, now supplied with the variety they wanted, "Dr. Shiel and Mr. Sandy," sandwiching copious drinks of corn juice between numerous pints of beer, drove about the village with a maudlin dignity which was amusing to behold, treating every one they met, who was willing to share their fun.

But, meantime, several of the villagers who were temperance men, and who were disposed to know something about these new dignitaries, gathered around the buggy, while it was standing on a certain corner, and made inquiries.

"Is he a doctor?" asked one Holtonite of another, looking suspiciously at Ed. "A mighty young lookin' one, ain't he?"

Finally one man, representing the crowd, made so bold as to ask Ed. squarely, "Are you a physician?"

"No, sir. I am not a physician."

"Then how comes it, sir, that you attached 'M.D.' to your name, in that order for whisky, which you sent to the drug store?"

"Why?" replied Ed., "don't you know what 'M.D.' means in this country? It means, 'Mighty Dry.'"

And Sandy gathered up the lines and drove rapidly out of town, leaving the crowd to laugh at the man whom poor Ed.'s wit had so completely nonplussed.

"Dr. Shiel and Mr. Sandy" put in the rest of that Sunday driving through the rural surroundings of Holton, astounding church-goers with their ever-prominent beer-keg, to which hung the shining tin-cup, and with their coarse songs and horrible yells.

Returning home, after several days of incessant drunkenness, during which he spent but little time with his relative, Ed. was persuaded by his father to visit his aunt, who lived near Waukegan, Illinois. It was hoped that by removing him beyond the reach of his old associates and putting him under the influence of this good aunt, something might be done toward

reclaiming him. So the afflicted parents furnished him with plenty of money, in addition to every proper comfort and luxury to make the trip enjoyable, and sent him to the shore of Lake Michigan, receiving his solemn promise before he started that he would drink no more, and following him with their earnest prayers.

But the plan proved a failure. He got drunk twice *en route* to his aunt's — once at Indianapolis and once at Chicago. Arrived at his destination, he assured his aunt, who loved him with almost a mother's tenderness, that he was going to be a free man, and taking from his side pocket a pint flask full of whisky, he walked to the door, on the night after his arrival, and threw it as far as he could send it, exclaiming as he did so, "I *will* be your master yet!" But in less than an hour his gnawing appetite drove him out into the dark in search of that flask. Feeling round in the grass he found it, and being rejoiced beyond measure on discovering that the cork had not come out, he drank every drop of that liquor at one gulp.

For a few days after this he kept sober, not knowing where to conveniently get whisky. But soon he found a village where there was a little grocery store. He went into that establishment and bought a cigar. The man who sold it to him asked him if he "ever took anything strong." The word "strong" was enough to arouse the fury of the sleepless demon within. Ed. followed the grocery-keeper down stairs into a cellar and was treated. He then bought enough of the "strong" stuff to make him very drunk. This put him under full headway. Sobering up a little, he

responded to an invitation to a "social party" (?) in Waukegan. There he was eddied into a "social" (?) debauch which lasted several days, and out of which he went back to Seymour perceptibly intoxicated, to utterly discourage his father and tear afresh the partially hope-healed wounds of his dear mother's heart.

O, ye fond parents, where is the place in this land of licensed human butchers where your darling boys are safe? Where is the secluded spot in which you can hide your precious sons from the subtle machinations of legalized murderers?

Ed. Shiel was now convinced that his appetite had a death-grip upon him, and was during this visit to his Illinois aunt, intensely anxious to break its hold upon him. He was in profound earnest when he threw that bottle away and declared that he was going to be master. Had his isolation from whisky influence been complete, he would have succeeded. But it was not, and he failed; and so disheartening was the effect of his defeat that he ceased to care whether he quit drink, and gave himself up to it more fully than he had ever before done. In this melancholy condition he remained for months. These were months of suffering which no tongue can tell.

Occasionally he made, as in former times, weak efforts to achieve his freedom, but failed utterly, pitifully in every instance. Once he had recourse to cider as a substitute for whisky, thinking that the adoption of the theory of displacing the use of the stronger with that of the weaker drinks, might prove successful in his case. But he knocked the bottom out of that mis-

erable sophism and shivered it all to pieces by mixing so much raw Bourbon with his apple juice on the third day of the experiment, that he was the drunkest he ever was in his life.

Notwithstanding his constant gloominess of spirit during this period, he always presented a bright exterior. The following recipe for an Irish whisky punch which he frequently gave to bar-room crowds, exemplifies the false plays of jollity he made upon the world:

"Now, d'ye see, ye take two glashes an' a pitcher o' wather an' a boul o' shooger. Ye poot some shooger in one glash an' about an inch o' wishky in 'tother. Thin ye poot some wather in the shoogered glash an' some moore wishky in the wishkied glash. Thin ye fill the shoogered glash till about half an inch o' the top wid wather, and fill the wishkied glash chook full o' wishky. Thin throw the wather out o' the windie, and dthrink the wishky."

With this and many similar Irish jokes, which Ed. could personate to perfection, he would keep his "chums" roaring with laughter, while he himself was weighed down with the black despair of the conviction that he was a help'ess victim of the alcoholic fiend.



CHAPTER III.

THE AFFLICTING HAND OF PROVIDENCE — A TRIP TO BUFFALO — SAD RETURN — DELIRIUM TREMENS — SAVED FROM SELF-DESTRUCTION — SIX DAYS' DEBAUCH ON THE ROAD — TEMPTED AGAIN TO KILL HIMSELF — THE PLEDGE SIGNED AND BROKEN — FINAL REFORMATION — COMPLETE TRIUMPH OVER THE DEMON — IDENTIFICATION WITH THE RED-RIBBON WORK — THE TEMPERANCE MONITOR — ED. SHIEL A MIGHTY POWER FOR GOOD — ONE OF THE GRANDEST WORKERS IN THE FIELD.

IN 1875, a series of thrilling and painful events, showing the awful consequences of that abject slavery which is, sooner or later, the doom of every drinking man, occurred in the life of Ed. Shiel.

The Shiel family was now living in Seymour, and Ed. and his father were, as they are yet, driving a very heavy trade in that city.

One night in November of that year, the hand of Providence fell heavily upon his business interests, and in so doing injured others whom he loved as he did his own soul. A fearful night it was — one whose history

is inscribed as with a pen of red-hot iron upon the tablets of his memory.

Ed. had been drinking unusually hard all day, and was aroused from a drunken sleep by the cry of fire! He opened his bleared and swollen eyes upon a hungry blaze which was devouring the large leather store owned by himself and his father. It was past midnight, and he was sleeping in the second story of the Shiel residence. He was thrown into the wildest confusion. Without any definite conception of the requirements of the emergency, and moved by the single impulse of a desire to save all that could be saved, he rushed down stairs, barefooted and less than half-clad, right into the burning building. He succeeded in bringing out several hundred dollars worth of goods, but just how he did it neither he nor any one else could tell. In so doing, he stepped on a rusty nail, piercing his foot through and through with that most horrible of all instruments of torture. His body being soaked with whisky only made the matter worse. He was by this time coming fully to his senses, and a painful despondency of mind added not a little to the severe affliction of his body.

In a few days after this his father sent him to Buffalo, New York, on business, making him promise, before he started, that he would not drink a drop during the trip. When he reached Cincinnati, *en route*, he thought just one glass of liquor would not hurt him. He took it at the first saloon to which he came. But, as he tells it, that glass called for a dozen more at once, being unwilling to be without company

for even one moment. The result was a spree that cost him several dollars before he got out of it.

When he had partially straightened up, he went on to Buffalo, transacted his business, drinking freely all the time—and returned home drunk. On the evening of the day of his arrival, he went to bed in a pitiful condition. His foot was painning him worse than at any other time since it had been hurt, while his mind was undergoing the rack of the first stage of delirium tremens—that which is quite commonly called the “jim-jams.” He had a fearful vision, in which he saw a team of mules hitched to his wounded foot and made to do its best in trying to pull off his leg. For several hours he suffered all the agony of torn muscles and parting joints. He could even hear the tendons snap and feel the ligatures give way. All at once the thought seized him that the only way to cheat the mules out of their cruel sport was to kill himself. His revolver lay on a table near his bed. How easy it would be to end his unendurable sufferings with one ball from that weapon. Notwithstanding his delirious state of mind and the excruciating phantasm which possessed him, he had some streaks of reflection. He felt that he was bringing disgrace on those who most dearly loved him; that whisky would slay him sooner or later, and that he might just as well die now as at any other time. Then he thought of his good, kind, self-sacrificing mother, and of how happy it would make him to be a man for her sake. But to be any thing more than he was—a poor, wretched slave to a depraved and destroying appetite—seemed

wholly out of the question. He leaped from his couch, prostrated himself, made a short, incoherent prayer, picked up the revolver, cocked it, and wildly exclaiming, "Thus ends a miserable life!" pressed the muzzle to his right temple. But, at this critical moment something—he knows not what—gently but quickly grasped and lowered his arm. A feeling of fear came over him. A faint ray of sobriety penetrated the hurricane-cloud which was sweeping his crazed mind with almost lightning velocity to destruction, and enabled him to realize the situation. He laid the pistol down, clasped his hands and prayed most fervently, "O, God forgive me!" while tears of inexpressible grief coursed his cheeks and fell upon the floor. Will any one say that there was not here a providential interposition? Surely it will not be denied that a power superior to that of man is manifest in this wonderful salvation. We shall presently see that it is not at all unreasonable to believe that this rescue was the fruit of a special design.

Soon the alcoholic smoke cleared away from Ed.'s brain, and he was for once in a long time persuaded that there were yet a few sparks of manhood in him, and was nerved by this persuasion to try again to break his chains. For one week he hammered them with all his might, but without budging a link, and then gave up the task in hopeless despair. He now made a trip to Washington, Ind., and Vincennes, on business, and during the six days which were thus occupied drank to unusual excess. Returning home, he had another attack of delirium tremens, in which he saw thousands

of bugs of every description crawling over him, and was severely stung from head to foot by a cloud of bumble-bees that filled his room from floor to ceiling. As in his former fit, he was again tempted to shoot himself, yielded to that temptation to the same extent, and was saved in the same remarkable manner.

On the morning of the day following this event he resolved to make another desperate effort to reform, and signed a family pledge, which he broke before the going down of the sun. Thus he continued to rise and fall during the year 1876 and a great part of the year following, like a leaf on a rolling current.

In June, 1877, Captain J. C. Bonticue, whom Ed. will love with all the ardor of his soul while life shall last, visited Seymour at the instance of Dr. J. W. F. Gerrish, and started the Red Ribbon work.

Captain Bonticue was a reformed man and one of the most successful ribbon workers in the Western States. He was endowed with very fine abilities as a speaker, and with a fund of sympathy which, coupled with a large experience as a drinking man, enabled him to effectually reach the hearts of drunkards, and to rescue thousands of those who are regarded as the worst cases. He soon heard of Ed. Shiel as being a young man of great nobleness of character, whose unfortunate love of the cup had reduced him to a pitiful wreck, and whose salvation would not only illumine his parental home with the sunlight of unspeakable joy, but would exert a most salutary influence upon scores of the best young men in the community, among whom Ed. was a favorite and a

recognized leader. His warm, tender heart immediately went out after the Irish boy, and he lost no time in finding him. He directly procured a promise from him to attend the meetings which he was nightly holding in the Opera House. Ed., however, did not fulfill this promise for half a week, being ashamed when evening would come to be seen in a temperance gathering, on account of the whisky he had drunk during the day.

But on the morning of the fifth of June he told his friends that before he again closed his eyes in sleep he was going to put on the red ribbon, and, come what might — misfortune, poverty, or even death itself — he would, “by the help of Almighty God,” honor that emblem of freedom till his dying day.

When night came, the Opera House was crowded to its utmost capacity. Ed. Shiel, full of whisky, which he had taken to nerve himself for the bold advance he had decided to make, entered that building. On looking round over the vast assemblage of sober people, many of whom he knew to be earnest, praying Christians, his heart fluttered from a crushing sense of his degradation, and, with downcast eyes, he took a back seat, so thoroughly cowed that he gave up all thought of signing the pledge on that occasion. So completely was his spirit broken down that he felt as though he could never move from the place into which he had sunk, limp as a rag. For some moments he experienced a gloom such as he had never before realized in his life. At this juncture he would have freely given what he was worth if he had stayed away from the meeting.

All faces were turned toward him, and he felt that every person in the house saw that he was partially intoxicated. He was scorched through and through with a shame which sickened him. His misery was intolerable. He took his hat and rose to go out; but something pulled him down, and whispered in his ear, “You must not, you can not leave this place till you have done your duty!” He now resolved to remain through the exercises, but not to move from his place till the time to go home.

Presently a cheering song by the choir came to his relief. This was followed by a prayer which greatly stimulated him. Then Captain Bonticue arose and in a simple, earnest manner told how he had struggled to conquer his appetite — how, after a long succession of alternating triumphs and defeats, he finally gained a complete victory over his powerful enemy. Every word was exactly fitted to Ed.’s case. Every utterance went directly to his heart, and did much toward repairing his shattered purposes. The irresistible appeal with which the orator closed his speech roused Ed. to a high point of enthusiasm, and when the singers, joined by the whole audience, struck up the song, “Dare to do Right,” he sprang unconsciously to his feet, and, three-fourths drunk, hat in hand, with bloated face and blood-shot eyes, he bit his lip, clenched his right fist, strode down the aisle with a firm tread and a look of true determination, literally thundering as he went, “*I will*, God being my helper, DARE TO DO RIGHT!” Up to the pledge-table he marched, as grand a specimen of human heroism as ever was seen on earth, and put

his name to the Reynolds card, while round after round of deafening applause shook the Opera House from dome to foundation.

Miss Fannie Kennedy pinned the red ribbon to his coat, shook his hand warmly, and said, with a tender fervor that thrilled his every nerve, "O, Mr. Shiel, keep your pledge!" It was the first time she had ever called him Mr. "Keep my pledge, Miss Fannie?" replied Ed. "*I'll die before I will break it.* It is no child's play with me this time." And, although for some days after this he suffered indescribable agonies in his fierce battles with his appetite, he did keep it, and to this day continues to keep it, being now inexpressibly happy in a perfect sobriety, having entirely overcome and banished his tyrannical master.

On the sixth day of June, 1877, the Red-Ribbon Reform Club of Seymour, Ind., was organized. Ed. Shiel was elected Financial Secretary of that club by acclamation, and immediately commenced working for the advancement of the temperance cause with all the energy and efficiency for which he is distinguished. Not only at home, but wherever he went abroad, he wore his red ribbon so that everybody could see it, and labored incessantly among his unreclaimed acquaintances to induce them to put it on and honor it. Soon, he was invited to various places to address public assemblies, and proved himself one of the most effective speakers in Southern Indiana. He took the field with surprising readiness, and in a few months was able to say that he had been the means of redeeming thousands from the thralldom of the drinking habit.

On the first day of September, 1877, he commenced, in Seymour, the publication of the *Temperance Monitor*, a monthly paper which is now firmly established, and which is one of the most popular and powerful advocates of total abstinence in the West, being unusually fresh and vigorous in its editorials, varied and spicy in its correspondence, while its circulation extends over more than a score of States.

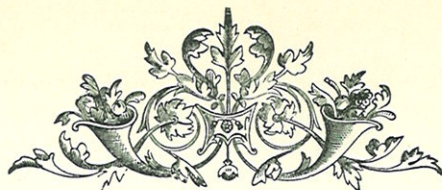
From the date of the institution of his paper up to the present time, Ed. Shiel has been constantly and industriously engaged in temperance work with both pen and tongue. Day and night he has traveled, addressing multitudes, organizing clubs, and putting forward the good cause in every possible way and by all available means.

For one thing he deserves especial credit. He cares not one cent what ribbon or what man is instrumental in saving men, just so they are saved. He is utterly clear of the least figment of jealousy. He works with equal earnestness for all organizations, and sinks Reynolds, Murphy, and every other leader, out of sight behind God and humanity.

He is a great power among the Irish Catholics, hundreds of whom he has persuaded to quit drinking.

His case is a clear proof of the importance of giving an active young man something good to do, if you would establish him after you have saved him.





LIFE OF JACK WARBURTON.

CHAPTER I.

A PURE ENGLISHMAN, BUT A TRUE COSMOPOLITE —
HOW HE WAS KEPT ALMOST CONSTANTLY DRUNK
IN HIS INFANCY—HE RECEIVES HIS ONLY EDU-
CATION IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL—HE LEARNS THE
HATTER'S TRADE.

“Τοῖς πᾶσι γέγονα τα πάντα ἵνα πάντως τινὰς σώσω.”—“I have become all things to all, that I might by all means save some.”—I COR., Chapter 8, verse 22.

JOHN WARBURTON, everywhere known as Jack Warburton, is a thorough cosmopolite. Of a truth he can say, with Diogenes, that he is “a citizen of the world.” An Englishman of the most genuine type in blood, energy, and strength of purpose, he is utterly clear of any of the biasing, narrowing proclivities of nationality, being in spirit identified with all mankind. I have rarely seen one who begins to equal him in catholicity of views, methods, and feelings. To what many people regard

(200)

as patriotism he is an utter stranger. He looks upon the habitable globe as one great neighborhood; regards all provincial boundaries and national institutions as merely subserving local and temporal ends, and can not brook the idea of these things interfering with the free intercourse of that universal brotherhood of earthly children over which the Father of all presides. This broad, humanitarian conception of the race he has not obtained from books, but from travel, the very best of educators to an observing, thinking mind like his.

He was born in England, County Lancashire, in Rochdale on the River Roch, on the fourth day of September, 1831. Never was doting mother prouder of a baby than Rachel Warburton was of little Jack; and to say that he was the joy of his father does not express it. He was a household deity at whose shrine Jonathan Warburton (the male parent) worshiped with the most fervid devotion. In form and features he was an infant Apollo, and at the end of a few weeks displayed an acuteness and sprightliness of mind which greatly added to his attractiveness. Such a child could not but be the chief delight of the family and the praise of the whole neighborhood.

But there was, in those days, and may be yet, in that part of merry England in which Jack first opened his eyes, a custom most admirably calculated to transform an infant Apollo into an infant Bacchus. I refer to the regular and daily use of beer by nursing mothers. Rachel Warburton received this custom by inheritance, and having never heard its presumed advantages called in question by any person, she, of course, adhered to it

as conscientiously as thousands of our American mothers adhere to the use of paregoric, Godfrey's cordial, and Madam Winslow's soothing syrup. She drank beer, not to excess, but in moderate quantities, at stated intervals, strictly with a view to the improvement of her babe's nutriment; and thus from the hour in which he first saw the light till he was weaned, Jack's mammary food was poisoned with alcohol, and the appetite for strong drink was planted in the soil of his earliest infancy. A potent auxiliary to the growth of that appetite was this practice: When his little stomach, irritated by the beer which was mixed with his milk, pained him and caused him to fret and cry after the family had gone to bed, his good father, to put him to sleep, would get up and dose him with gin toddy and send him drunk to dreamland. In so doing, Jonathan Warburton, who was himself a drinking man till near the close of his life and honestly believed that "a little was good to take," regarded himself as doing no more than simply his duty.

But, to the present moment, Jack Warburton can justly trace forty years of the most wretched debauchery directly back to his father's soothing "todds" and the malt liquor which he drew from his mother's breast.

From the time he was able to lisp a word of his mother tongue, his pious mother, who was a devoted member of the Methodist church, kept him in Sunday-school and took him regularly to church. She had him sprinkled and dedicated to the Lord a few days after his birth.

It was in the Sunday-school that Jack received all

the knowledge of books he ever acquired. There he learned to read and spell and to write his name, the Sabbath-schools in England being more practical than they are in this country.

Very early in his boyhood he was put to the hatting trade by his father, and from the start showed the most remarkable aptness in the vocation selected for him. Long before his majority he was a full journeyman, capable of doing in a superior manner any work in the shop, and commanding the best wages paid in England. But, O, lamentable to say! he was a juvenile sot. Excessive drinking was the great affliction of hatter-shops. All the journeymen of the place where Jack learned his trade were drunkards. Every week they had their spree, and Jack was never counted out.

What a sad case we have here — a boy, not yet into his teens, habitually carousing with men, imbibing as much and holding out as long as the stoutest of them.

The old knights of the block, so far from being grieved, were delighted with his precocity of appetite, regarding it as an evidence of extraordinary manliness. To feed and pamper it appeared to be their greatest pleasure. Much as he was their inferior in age, he excelled them all in wit and talent. He was especially gifted with the faculty to amuse and entertain a crowd. As a singer and a story-teller he was a trump. Such a boy could not but be a favorite, yea, even an idol, among his senior shop-mates.

These men worshiped Jack, and the offering with which they did it was the one most acceptable — rum.

Now, all this time Jack was a faithful attendant at Sunday-school, and was considered a very worthy lad. So low is the standard of morality in any locality where the bowl is not branded by public sentiment with the infamy it deserves. There are certain parts of the United States in which the same laxness prevails.

When he was fifteen years old he was appointed a teacher in his Sunday-school, not, as he states it, because he was properly qualified to fill the position, but because he was old enough to take charge of little ones. It was not thought at all out of keeping with this high calling for him to be drunk all week, just so he was sober enough on the Lord's day to be in his place and put his class through the ordinary routine. Such a fact may seem very remarkable to many people in America, but when they are informed that there are cities in several States of our Union which not only tolerate, but respect their clergy in open and daily dram-drinking, their surprise may be slightly modified. If it be disgraceful for a young Sunday-school teacher to indulge in the cup, what is it for a full-grown, classically graduated ministry to do the same thing?

He held his post for three years, and quit it under the following circumstances: One Saturday afternoon eighteen men, who lived at Macclesfield, County Cheshire, and who had for some time been engaged in manufacturing plush for silk hats for Bright & Briggs in Rochdale, invited Jack to accompany them to Middleton, to see them off on the stage, which was to carry them home from that point. He accepted

the invitation, and at the end of his journey took so many parting drinks with his friends, that he was very drunk. After they, who were as badly intoxicated as himself, had left him, he turned his face homeward. But the driver of the coach on which he sought passage, refused to take him on account of his inebriated condition. His only chance, now, was to walk, in order to prepare for which he stepped into a public house (it would be called a tavern in this country), and took an extra drink. While he was standing there in came an Italian and wife with a magic lantern, and asked the privilege of showing. Their request was granted. They turned the lights out in the bar-room and threw the shadows they proposed to exhibit on the wall. While the show was going on, Jack approached the lantern and picked up a picture out of mere curiosity. The plate represented the House of Parliament on fire. The woman said to him, "Now, don't steal that; it will do you no good." At this Jack was greatly exasperated, being a highly respectable Sunday-school teacher. He walked to the door of the tavern and threw the picture as far as he could. It fell in an opposite church yard. He then left the house of entertainment in disgust. On the street he met a policeman who was off duty, and with whom he was acquainted. With him he took another drink, after which he walked home. The guardian of the city's peace went to his station, where he found the proprietors of the magic lantern enterprise, giving information against the young hatter, and desiring the immediate arrest of the latter. The relieved officer

told the chief of police that he knew Jack; that the lad lived in Rochdale and could be had at any time without trouble. On the morning of the day following Jack rose, tidied himself, and went to Sunday-school to teach his class, with as little thought of the previous night's spree as if it had been nothing more than a pleasure walk. Imagine his feelings when, in the midst of his pious labors, a couple of policemen entered the church and demanded his person. He was arrested on the spot on a charge of theft. A thorough search of his father's premises having failed to reveal the picture, he was taken to Middleton, where, in a few minutes, he found and restored in good order the lost gem. But this did not clear him of the charge which rested upon him. So he was taken back to Rochdale and thrust into jail to await his trial, which was set for Monday morning. His father, however, bailed him out.

A restless, sleepless Sunday night to poor Jack was that which succeeded his arrest. To be accused of larceny was a new thing in his experience; and, unable to forecast the results of this accusation, and being unusually sensitive, his bed was one of thistles, while the sunless hours were crowded with black forebodings before which Morpheus retired, leaving the boy to endure the most cruel torments.

The dawn that heralded the first work-day of the week brought no relief to the youthful sufferer, but only intensified his gloom, and sharpened the painful solicitude which a highly fevered imagination had expanded into monstrous proportions. Breakfast had

no relish, the family circle no charm, the prospect no promise.

The hour of trial came, and with it Rachel Warburton, who, having employed a good lawyer to defend her son, fetched him promptly to the rescue. The Police Magistrate called the case. The charge was read. The accused responded, "Not guilty." Immediately, to the astonishment of Jack and his friends, the Captain of Police arose and precluded the work of the attorney employed in the defense, by informing the court, that the allegation was manifestly false on its face. He stated that the youth in custody was eminently respectable; that his honesty and industry were well known in the community; that instead of being a thief or a common loafer, he was a useful citizen and a recognized pattern of morality; that the very fact that he was arrested in a Sunday-school was a sufficient guarantee of his respectability, and that the whole affair relating to the picture was nothing but a practical joke.

Upon hearing this statement His Honor tumbled the case out of court and discharged the prisoner. But the costs of the trial amounted to ten pounds, which were promptly paid by Jack's mother, who rejoiced at the privilege of making the sacrifice, and who only asked in return for it that Jack should go home with her. But he, being over-joyed with his unexpected flood of good luck, preferred going with his shop-mates, all of whom were warmly interested spectators, to the nearest groggery, at which he and they drank till all

were hilariously drunk. He spent the whole day in revelry, and wound it up by getting into a fight with some butchers late in the evening. He came out of the unsightly contest a victor, and started home by the nearest route, which took him through a field and across a narrow stream. Coming to the little brook, he found neither bridge nor foot-way, and being disinclined to wade, he stepped back a few paces, took a short run, and tried to jump it. In doing this he lit in the middle of the branch, which was about four feet deep at the point where he fell, and would have drowned, but for the timely aid of James Wallace, a neighbor, who hearing the splash and Jack's cries, ran and helped him out.

On seeing him brought home, internally soaked with rum and externally soaked with water, a pitiful impersonation of the unmanning effects of drink, his good mother was convinced that he was a confirmed sot. She now felt that something should be immediately done to change his course of life, and to her mind marriage was the thing. So, after investing him with a suit of dry clothes, she said, in the dialect of her shire:

"Now, Jack, thou 'as a good trade an' gets good wages, an' the best thing thou can do is to marry an' settle down."

"Mother," replied Jack, "don't thou know me?"

"Yes, Jack, I know thee."

"Suppose, mother, I was somebody else's son, 'ow would thou like for me to come an' hask thee for 'er Mary Ann? What would 'er say?"

"I should say, 'No, Jack, we 'ave enough like thee 'tready in our family?' "

"Then why should 'er want me to go an' hask for somebody else's daughter?"

This silenced the noble-hearted little woman, and she had no more to say on the subject of wedlock.

On the morning of the day after his trial, Jack Warburton packed his kit and tramped. It was not for want of a job that he did this. He had all he could do in Rochdale, and the assurance of a life-time employment if he desired it. It was because he wished to see more of mankind and to get away from his old associates that he left home. He was only eighteen years old when he made this break, and, as would be expected, his mother was strongly opposed to it. But neither she nor her husband thought it best to use the parental authority in restraining his purpose.

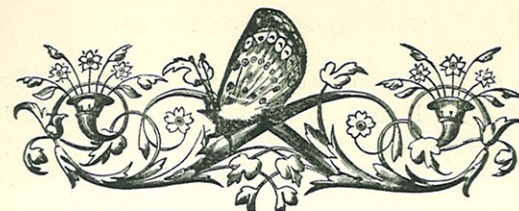
When, with his budget on his back, he stepped out of the humble dwelling in which he had lived all his life to try the cold realities of a selfish world, the faithful, tender-hearted woman who gave him birth said to him, "Go ahead, my boy, sow 'is wild oats, but I will make thy road to 'ell as rough as I can with my prayers."

Had this excellent, but unfortunately educated matron only known when that boy was an infant that spirituous liquors will, sooner or later, bring upon the body a disease which can not be cured by prayer alone, she would, doubtless, have been saved the anxiety which now oppressed her soul.

Jack's heart throbbed with sorrow for his parents, while hot tears gathered in his eyes and trickled down

his cheeks, as he strode away on his long tramp; but he had little thought of the necessity of any one praying for him, his mind being fully bent on a thorough reform, to insure which he was going to seek new associations at the sacrifice of all that he held dear on the earth.

Little did he know of the stormy future which lay before him — of the severe discipline through which he was ultimately to be brought to himself and his God.



CHAPTER II.

THE EUROPEAN CROP OF WILD OATS — THE MOTHER'S PAINFUL SURPRISE — JACK BECOMES A BRITISH SOLDIER — DESERTS — TRAMPS AGAIN — COMES TO AMERICA — MARRIES — THE NEW LEAF BLACKER THAN THE OLD ONE — LIFE IN MILWAUKEE — REFORMATION.

FOR eleven consecutive months, Jack Warburton strolled over England, Ireland, and Scotland, rarely remaining more than a few days in one place. He had gone out to acquire a practical knowledge of the people of the United Kingdom, and he was determined to do it. Being a close observer, and an apt student of human nature, he succeeded to his entire satisfaction in this matter. But the change of habits which he also had in view when he left home, he did not effect. The new associations into which he drifted in going from shop to shop, proved no better than the old ones that he had left in Rochdale, while the sadness that often came over his soul at the thought of the sweet ties he

had severed, frequently drove him to the fatal solace of the bowl. It mattered not where he went, he could neither escape rum nor find sober shop-mates. He drank to an excess unknown to any of the years of his former life, and finally, poor prodigal that he was, found himself reduced to utter vagabondage. Completely humbled, impoverished, and disheartened, he returned to his native village. Dirty, ragged, shoeless, he was so shame-stricken when he entered that place, that he decided to pass on without stopping. Then the thought of mother took hold of his affections, and the decision was reversed. "I must see her," he whispered to himself, "but I will not let her know who I am."

So, drawing his hat over his eyes and changing his voice, he entered the parental cottage in the guise of a beggar, and asked his mother for something to eat. It was after twilight, and Jack's assumed character being successful, the good woman said:

"We don't relieve people after night-fall. If you want anything 'ere, come before dark."

"Mother, I want something to eat."

Startled as she never before had been, by the natural voice of her favorite child, Rachel Warburton tremblingly rose from her seat, walked with faltering step up to the miserable figure that confronted her, raised the slouched head-covering from the bloated face, and screaming "Jack!" fell fainting to the floor. The family, which was upstairs, hearing the noise, came down, and a scene that beggars description followed.

Mrs. Warburton, being soon restored, threw her

arms around Jack's neck, laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed:

"Is this the child whom I dedicated to God in 'is babyhood? Is this the darlin' of whom I used to say that 'e was the prettiest boy in all England? If 'is father should die before I do, he will be my strong support. If I live, I will make a missionary of 'im. O, what a mistake I made!"

What an age of sorrow was condensed in the first few moments which followed Jack's recognition by his mother!

It was on Saturday evening that Jack rejoined his family relatives. The next morning, Mrs. Warburton dressed him up in his brother's clothes and took him to Sunday-school, where he enjoyed a few hours of the sunshine of real happiness in the renewal of old recollections and hallowed friendships.

But, with the sunrise of Monday, and in the brother's suit with which his mother had furnished him, he left home never to return.

Sick of a hatter's life, and resolved to see if some other occupation would not enable him to crush the head of the serpent that was destroying his manhood, he went to Burry and enlisted in the British army as a private soldier. But his military surroundings proved no better than his former ones. He was immediately beset by companions with whom he went to greater extremes in debauchery than he had ever known in a hat shop, and was often in the guard-house on account of drunkenness.

He served three years, being the whole of that time engaged in ordinary drill and in guard duty.

In 1855, his regiment was ordered to India to assist in the suppression of the Sepoys. Jack, having no taste for the climate of that country, deserted the English service and went to Ireland. Here, in the city of Dublin, he obtained work at his trade. He stayed in that city a short time, after which he tramped nearly all over the Green Isle, traveling from town to town, vainly attempting again and again to quit drinking, and being almost constantly haunted by visions of his heart-stricken mother. He used to frequently go into the rural districts and spend weeks among the Irish peasantry, enjoying with a keen relish the hearty hospitality of their mud huts and their potato kettles, thinking thereby to overcome his relentless thirst for rum. But in every such instance he was sadly disappointed.

In the Spring of 1869, Jack, in the intensity of his desire to be a free man, made up his mind to leave Europe and come to the United States. Going to Liverpool to take ship, he met an old shop-mate named Jim Wiley, a good-natured Scotchman with whom he had taken many a spree in other parts of the Kingdom. The parting drinks suggested by this meeting, resulted in a somewhat protracted debauch, during which, through the advice of Jim, who had been to America, Jack bought a second-hand tin trunk—though he had nothing to put in it—in order to secure a week's board, without paying in advance, on his arrival in this country. He also procured, upon Jim's prescription,

four bottles of East India rum, to provide against seasickness, of which he had a great horror.

On the nineteenth of May he took passage in the steamer *Manhattan*, and arrived at New York on the third of the following June. During the voyage he soon exhausted the supply of rum he had purchased in Liverpool, and being exceedingly fond of the "medicine," had recourse to gambling to furnish himself with more, his money being reduced to a very small sum.

On landing in the Empire City, he was surprised to encounter three English acquaintances, who had been in America about two months. With these men he sought a boarding house and secured lodgings, making his empty tin trunk secure his first week's board. Then he took what money he had, and, accompanied by his friends, celebrated his arrival in the "Land of the Free" by getting very drunk, and remaining so for several days.

At the close of this revel Jack found himself without a cent. His cronies being no better off than himself, the four went in search of employment. They were all hatters, but, failing to get a job at their trade, they engaged to work on a farm at Geneva. Here one of them, William H. Smith, Jack's bed-fellow, took sick and died. After his burial, Jack left his two remaining comrades and went to Seneca Falls, N. Y., having worked two weeks on the Geneva farm. Unable to find any thing to do in a hat shop in his new location, he entered a foundry as a laborer, and served in that capacity a few months. He honored the nation's birth-day in Seneca Falls, as thousands of Americans do, by a beastly

drunk, in the midst of which he was arrested for disorderly conduct and taken before the Mayor. This was the second and the last time that he was ever in limbo. Being a green Englishman, he got off on very easy terms.

Subsequently, while reflecting upon the sudden death of his friend Smith, he decided to sober up, marry, and settle down to a better life. Having made the acquaintance of an excellent young lady named Nettie Groom, he sought and obtained her hand in wedlock. He then moved to New York city, where he and his wife resided from the Fall of 1869 till the Spring of 1870. Here he soon obtained work at his trade, and seemed in a fair way to prosper. But he was scarcely settled in his business when the drink-demon re-captured him. That fiend held complete possession of him during the whole period of his residence in the Atlantic metropolis. His wife, upon whom this misfortune burst like an unexpected thunder storm, suffered more than a thousand deaths on account of it, and did everything in her power to cast the devil out of her husband, but all to no avail. His sufferings were now increased far beyond those of any previous time in his existence; for the consciousness of his own shame was nothing to compare with that of the torture and disgrace he was inflicting upon his Nettie. Many a time did he pray God most earnestly to take him out of the world; many a time did he solemnly vow that he would quit drink. But he was no more able to keep his vows than he was to obtain an answer to his prayers. Finally, he gave up all hope and plunged into a boundless, bottomless sea of dissipa-

tion. O, what a tyrant is appetite! Only those who have felt its tyrannical power know any thing about it.

On the eighteenth of August, 1870, he moved from New York to Milwaukee, having been employed by the hatting firm of Pankie & LaBean to work in the latter city. Arriving at his destination after a ride of two days, he settled himself and wife in a comfortable tenement, and went to making hats for his employers at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. The change of scene, the charming amplitude of the West, and the inspiring hopes to which the situation gave rise, filled him for a season with new life, and, had his associations in the Belle of Wisconsin been what he needed, there is little doubt that he would now have turned the "new leaf" for which he had so long vainly prayed and labored. But in less than a week he fell in with pot-house companions, with whom for more than three years he traveled the rough, precipitous road of damnation, spending all he made and going in debt, besides, at the rum-shops.

In 1871, he left Pankie & LaBean, and took a berth in the shop of Henry Tillman at a salary of fifty dollars per week. On such wages he might soon have laid the foundation of a respectable fortune if he could have left off drinking. But what with treating his "chums," his losses in sporting, and his personal consumption of liquor, his weekly expenditures greatly exceeded his pay, even when he lost no time from his business, and confined his dissipation to nights and Sundays. It is deeply affecting to hear him tell, as he often does in his rousing speeches, how terribly his conscience often

tortured him when he used to spend the Lord's day, and more than all his money, in pigeon-shooting and card-playing with besotted comrades.

One night, during this period, going home drunk, he stumbled and fell on the pavement in front of a Methodist Episcopal church. Being unable to rise, and yielding to a heavy stupor, he dozed off into a sleep, after awaking from which and finding where he was, he looked up and gasped out, "My God! This place belongs to the people with whose brethren in England my mother once worshiped. O, what have I come to!" And he gave vent to a misery which no pen can paint, in a deluge of scalding tears.

One morning at two o'clock he went home, after a long debauch, feeling that the best thing he could do for himself and the world would be to put an end to his life. His wife met him at the door, and clapping her hands in an ecstasy of relief at the thought that he was yet alive, exclaimed:

"O, Jack! I am so glad to see you. But if you want to bury me keep on drinking. If you don't want to bury me stop drinking."

Jack's eyes met those of the woman he loved. He saw that the latter were bubbling over with tears, and that there was in them a mingled expression of prophesy and of impending death. Something like a shaft of ice transfixed his heart. A strange, unearthly sensation thrilled every nerve in his body. He bowed his head and groaned. Then, by an almost superhuman effort, he straightened himself up, and, glancing tenderly at his wife, he said:

"Net, you've (hic) been cryin'."

"Yes, Jack, I've been crying."

"Did'n 'er (hic) nev'r cry b'fore?"

"Yes, I've cried before, but it's been on your account."

Drunk as he was, a new and mighty spirit seemed to take possession of him. In a moment his form was erect; his temporal veins corded; his bloated features assumed a grand expression; his blood-shot eyes flashed with the fire of invincible heroism, and with both hands raised heavenward, he cried,

"Net, I'll never drink another drop of liquor again as long as I live!"

He did not formally call on God to help him, but in his strangely cleared utterance, in the unusual ring of his tones, in the God-like radiance of his visage, Nettie saw enough to justify her in believing that the Heavenly Father, taking his whole-souled earnestness for a true prayer, had thrown around him the Almighty arm, and would aid him to the uttermost. And, surely, time has confirmed her faith. From that moment till now, a period of four full years, that obligation has stood the test without suffering the slightest flaw, and it will undoubtedly continue so to stand till Jack Warburton and his family shall ratify it in Heaven with Jesus and the angels.

Next forenoon Jack woke up with a terrible headache, and commenced cursing himself most bitterly. His wife, who was standing by his bed, put her hand on his mouth, and plead with him to make his soul "no blacker." She then asked him if he remembered

the pledge he had made to her. He answered, "Yes! and I'm going to keep it." With a heart lighter than it had been for years, and with a bounding step the dear woman proceeded to cure his aching head and to prepare for him a nourishing breakfast, from which he rose absolutely free from an all-destroying appetite to whose bond-service he had given forty years.



CHAPTER III.

COMING OUT OF THE KINKS — FRUITLESS EFFORTS TO SAVE HIS FAVORITE CRONY — DEATH OF BILL SLATER — JACK BECOMES A CHRISTIAN — HE ENTERS THE TEMPERANCE FIELD AS A PUBLIC WORKER — HIS CHEERING SUCCESS — HE VISITS THE WISCONSIN STATE PRISON — TOUCHING INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT — IS COMMISSIONED A DEPUTY GRAND WORTHY TEMPLAR — BECOMES A RIBBON CHIEF AND DOES A GRAND WORK — CHEERING TESTIMONIALS FROM THE REDEEMED AND THEIR FRIENDS.

JACK WARBURTON, on the day following his reformation, visited every saloon in Milwaukee, to ascertain his indebtedness for rum. He found that he owed, in all, \$675.40 on that score. Drink having prevented him from saving a cent of his hard earnings up to this time, he arranged with his whisky creditors to pay them upon the installment principle, agreeing to give each of them a certain per cent. of his wages every month till the whole amount should be cleared up.

Having thus prepared to settle his last liquor bills,

he called upon his favorite crony, William Slater, an Englishman. Finding him in his place of business, Jack said to him, "Bill, I've quit drinkin', never again to commence. Will thou join me?"

"Go to 'ell," replied Bill. "Get out of my shop. Thou'rt a damned fool. Why don't thou taper off? Drinkin' so much as thou 'as been in the 'abit of, it'll kill thee to stop all at once. Before thou's been temperance two years thou'll be a dead mon."

Jack bade Bill, who was so vexed that he declined the offered hand of his old friend, a kind good-bye, and left him, inexpressibly mortified at the failure of his attempt to save him.

Two years and eight months rolled into eternity, and poor Bill Slater died of delirium tremens, leaving to the world a drunkard's widow with seven helpless children, for whose maintenance there was no provision, while Jack, with greatly improved health and a new lease of life, was thundering the wholesome doctrines of total abstinence from hundreds of platforms throughout the Western States.

After being a teetotaler on his own pledge about six months, Jack Warburton joined the Good Templars, and became an active worker in that organization. He now prospered in every relation of life, and his Nettie, to whom he was largely indebted for his prosperity, thought she was the happiest woman in the world, having acquired a new store of health, and being amply furnished with every desired comfort.

In January, 1874, he received satisfactory evidence of his acceptance with God, and joined the Methodist

Episcopal Church at Milwaukee. In the experience meetings, which he subsequently attended, he displayed, in a rare degree, the natural gifts of an effective orator, upon which the ladies of that most noble institution, the Womans' Christian Temperance Union, gathered around him, and brought him forward as an evangelist. By their society in Waupun, Wisconsin, he was called to deliver a series of addresses in that place, and was so successful that in the following June he was invited by the Waupun Temple of Honor to deliver an oration for that body at a picnic. At the close of this effort he told the audience that he could get seventy-five persons, then present, to sign the pledge and join the Temple, if he could raise the money to pay their initiation fee. Immediately Luther Butts, a retired farmer, handed up \$225, and Mr. Alt-house, a pump manufacturer, followed him with \$75. At this juncture there was a notable stir among the women, and in a few moments Mrs. Hooker ran forward from a crowd of ladies, shouting, "Jack! the Womans' Union will give \$150 more." In the space of fifteen minutes, over forty men, who had been hard drinkers, were signing applications for membership in the Temple, and before nine o'clock of the next day two hundred and forty of that class were added to the grand old Conclave.

What a glorious start was this in Jack's new career.

Remaining a few days in Waupun, after the delivery of his oration, Jack responded to an invitation from the Warden of the Wisconsin State Prison, which is at that point, to address the convicts.

In his remarks to the prisoners he related his experience with Bill Slater, and told them how Bill died. While narrating, in tones of melting tenderness, the particulars of this matter, he observed in the midst of his audience, a stout, middle-aged man, who bowed his head in his hands and wept. When Jack closed his speech, he went to the warden and asked, "What was the trouble with that man who seemed so grieved while I was talking about my old Milwaukee 'chum' to-day?" The warden replied,

"Don't let on that I told you, but that was Bill Slater's brother."

Next day Jack went through the penitentiary unattended, shaking hands with the convicts, and speaking kind words to them — asking them what was the cause of their being there; if they had ever attended Sunday-school, and if they had praying parents. He found that over sixty per cent. of them had praying *mothers*, and had enjoyed the advantages of religious training; *that ninety per cent. of them had been brought to that place through the influence of whisky*, HAVING COMMITTED THE CRIMES OF WHICH THEY WERE CONVICTED WHILE INTOXICATED.

I hope the reader will study the words which I have here italicised and capitalized.

On his arrival in the paint-shop of the prison, he stepped up to a man who was painting chairs, and who, the moment he saw him, commenced weeping. Jack took hold of his hand and asked him his name. But the poor fellow was so choked with anguish that for some moments he could not speak.

Finally, with a great effort, he sobbed out, "Jack, I'm Bill Slater's brother."

"What are you doing here?" asked Jack.

"I was on a drunk," answered the prisoner. "My money was gone, and, to carry on my spree, I forged a note for \$17.50. If I could have borrowed \$15 next morning after that job of forgery, I could have kept out of this. I have a wife and children waitin' my return, and I have two years to stay here yet. O, Jack, what would father and mother, in England, say if they knew what had become of their sons through whisky? Wouldn't the knowledge of our fate bring down their gray hairs in sorrow to the tomb? While my brother fills a drunkard's grave, I am filling a felon's cell. At the very time when Bill was bein' carried to the cemetery, I was bein' brought to this prison — *and all from drink.*"

Jack went home from Waupun grieving over the sad fate of the Slater brothers — but rejoicing that he had been so fortunate as to turn before it was too late.

In the Summer of 1876, Jack Warburton, having joined the Temple of Honor, and having been made a Deputy Grand Worthy Templar by that body, gave himself wholly to the temperance work, and has continued so to do up to the present. He has traveled over Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan, making speeches at nearly all the principal towns and cities in those States, organizing temples and reforming drunkards.

At an early period he identified himself with the

Blue Ribbon movement, and since that time, combining the work of a Murphy evangelist with that of his Temple-office, has been one of the most active and successful Ribbon workers in the United States.

He is a speaker of extraordinary ability. His descriptive powers are almost equal to those of John B. Gough—to whom in some points he bears a striking resemblance—while his power of appeal is unexcelled by any man in the world. In all the grand host of Ribbon heroes there is not one who can point to a greater number of men thoroughly redeemed from the gutter through his efforts than can the indefatigable and justly renowned Jack Warburton. Nor is there one whose earnestness and self-sacrificing zeal in the cause of humanity exceed his. Nor yet, is there one whose humility is more marked, or whose jealousy is less obvious.

Through his instrumentality five thousand men in Wisconsin, eight thousand in Illinois, and eight thousand in Indiana, have signed the pledge. In this estimate he does not include the multitudes of women and children, whose names have been added to his rolls.

By far the greater number of signers he has secured is composed of persons who were formerly victims of the alcoholic appetite.

He proposes to give the remainder of his life to the great mission to which he has been called, depending entirely upon Providence for his support.

The reward for which he labors is the salvation of souls, and the trophies, in whose exhibition he most delights, are the numerous testimonials of grati-

tude which he receives from men whom he has lifted out of the ditch, and from mothers and fathers, the blighted flowers of whose hopes he has revived to a new and glorious life.

The following are a few of those precious keep-sakes:

FROM THE GRATEFUL PARENTS OF A
SAVED SON.

FAYETTE, ILL., August 20, 1876.

MR. WARBURTON, *Dear Sir*: We were surprised to receive a letter from you, an entire stranger. But strangers are made nigh by the blood of Christ. You have our warmest thanks for the interest you have taken in our erring child. Truly, he is the subject of many prayers; but our courage was failing, and we almost despaired of his reforming. But still we cried, "Lord, save him," and tried to believe He would do it. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." If you are the honored instrument in the hands of God of saving our son from a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell, it will be a star in the crown of your rejoicing through all eternity; and if you should never do any more good, the salvation of one poor soul is worth a lifetime of labor in the temperance cause.

But, one thing I am sure of—unless God changes our boy's heart, and makes him a Christian, he never will succeed in reforming. He has tried it in his own strength too many times. His enemy is too strong for him, unless he puts his trust in God, the sinner's friend. Point him to the Rock that is higher than he, and do all in your power to save him to the uttermost.

You have our thanks, and shall ever have our prayers and good wishes.

Please write again, and tell us what situation you found him in; and whether he is destitute, or likely to be sick long.

Yours, in the bonds of Christian love,

E. AND D. NICHOLSON.

On the same day on which the mother and father wrote the foregoing letter to Mr. Warburton, the mother, alone, addressed the following to the boy. What a superb piece of literature it is:

FAYETTE, ILL., *August 20, 1876.*

DEAR SON: This leaves all usually well. Nothing of note has transpired since you left home. We were wondering where you was; and every day and every night your father would say, "I wish I knew where the poor, foolish boy is—whether he is suffering or comfortable." I said, "I never want to hear from him till I hear he is pursuing a different course."

And surely I was taken at my word. The first we heard of you after you left, was through Bro. Jack Warburton, who informs us that you are changing your course of conduct. I wish you could have peeped in when we were reading Bro. Warburton's letter. Maggie broke the seal and tried to read it, but failed. She handed it to me. I read about half of it and broke down; while your father shed tears of joy at the thought of his long-lost son's returning to temperance and respectability.

And now David, you know how many times you have promised to reform; and I know you was sincere. You meant it, but you failed. The reason is, you have trusted in David, and he is a poor, weak child, liable to be led astray by his enemy at every step. This time call on God

for help. Ask Him to change your heart and make you hate the things you love. He has promised that He will turn none away empty. Though your sins are like crimson, He can make you white as snow. Never despair, nor distrust God's power and mercy. If you are sick, get your friend to write for you till you get better, for we are anxious to hear from you.

And when you start from where you are, don't look toward a saloon, nor go in the way of temptation; and pray the Lord at every step you take, and you will succeed.

FROM YOUR MOTHER.

The two letters which are next presented are from reformed men who are both actively and successfully engaged in pulling others out of the same pit from which Jack drew them, grandly illustrating the reproductive power of the gospel of temperance in the hands of "THE BOYS."

The life-long temperance man who is jealous of the proud achievements of such "Boys," is an object alike of pity and of contempt. May God have mercy on him.

BROADHEAD, WIS., *December 23, 1877.*

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: As it is near the anniversary of two great events—your visit to Broadhead, and my friendly leave-taking of King Alcohol—I propose to write you.

First, I am sober, and have been since last Christmas night, which was nearly one year ago.

Second, my family is well clothed, contented, and, I may add, happy.

Third, my house is completely furnished. My cellar,

my larder, my woodshed, my coal-bin, etc., are all well filled.

Fourth, the business men of Broadhead have entire confidence in my integrity, and my ability to accomplish all that I promise.

Fifth, when I come home tired from a hard day's work, I find smiles and good cheer in place of a scant supply of coarse food, a weeping wife and a downcast daughter.

Sixth, I have not been laughed at for taking both sides of the street at once; and, in the course of my walk, shaking hands cordially with the hitching-post, besides a great many other unpleasant things, which I have not suffered since last Christmas.

The change in me for one short year is truly wonderful, and that change was effected principally through your calling to my mind so forcibly the events of my own miserable career of fourteen years' drinking and carousing.

Truly, your brother,

G. F. COWAN.

VALPARAISO, INDIANA, *July 10, 1878.*

BROTHER JACK : The enclosed postals came this forenoon, and you will perceive by them that your post office order has gone to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. So perhaps you may be induced to visit that city before Nettie gets home.

We are all well and in good spirits (not alcoholic) and look forward, with a great degree of pleasure, to your return to this place.

Jack, I can not express to you my gratitude for the wholesome influence you have exerted over me. My course of life is radically, and, I trust, permanently changed. God bless you, Jack.

I feel that you are far more a brother than an acquaint-

ance. And, Jack, just as long as Foster has one crust of bread left you can have the lion's share.

Let me hear from you frequently, and believe me ever

Your Brother,

A. P. FOSTER.

Such epistles as these are worth infinitely more than all the diplomas, commissions, and official commendations, in the world. They remind us of that thrilling expression of Paul to the Corinthians: "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men." And when, in the Great Day, Jack, in his humility, shall say to the Master, "When saw I thee sick and in prison and visited thee," the redeemed spirits who, while in the clay, penned these heart-felt expressions of thankfulness, shall step forth in their shining robes, and the starry concave of the heaven of heavens shall ring with the echo of the voice of Judah's Lion, "IN AS MUCH AS YOU DID IT UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE YOU DID IT UNTO ME!"





LIFE OF LUTHER BENSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE BENSON FAMILY—LUTHER'S ANTECEDENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES—A FATAL INHERITANCE—DIRE EFFECTS OF THE SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF THE OLDEN TIME—IGNORANCE IS NOT ALWAYS BLISS.

“Λοιδορούμενοι, εὐλογοῦμεν διωκόμενοι, ἀνεχόμεθα. Βλασφημοῦμεν, οἱ παρακαλοῦμεν.”—“Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat.”—I. COR., Chapter 4, verses 12 and 13.

LUTHER BENSON was born in Rush County, Indiana, on the ninth day of September, 1847. He is the last but one of a family of nine children, seven of whom were boys, and all of whom, excepting one brother, are now living. Both his brothers and his sisters are, without a single exception, sober, honest, industrious, and eminently respectable.

Luther's father was a well-to-do farmer, owning and tilling one of the best of the many fertile plantations for which Rush County is distinguished. His mother was a

(232)

noble-hearted Christian woman, of moderate book culture, but of unusually great intellectuality. It is chiefly from her that Luther derives that brilliant oratorical genius which, in two brief years, gave him a national reputation as a temperance lecturer scarcely second to that of John B. Gough. Indeed, he has been pronounced by many of the best critics of Boston, Pittsburgh, and other Eastern cities, “the superior of Gough.” The words quoted are literally those of the *Boston Post*.

Whether or not it be just to rank him above the great Washingtonian luminary, it is certainly true that in originality, in magnetic power over an audience of any size or of any kind, in an eloquence which thrills the heart, binds the soul, and annihilates the passage of time, he is not the inferior of any man on earth. I have seen him hold the most restless crowds which packed the largest opera houses in the West, and which comprised all grades of mentality, all degrees of culture, and all varieties of taste, for two hours and a half, during the whole of which time not a single eye nor a single ear was diverted from the speaker, and at the close of which not one of the entire assemblage supposed that the speech had occupied thirty minutes. No matter how long he talks, he invariably leaves his hearers hungering and thirsting for more.

Luther's father was one of the old-time Hoosiers in his manner of life. He worked hard, earned a plenty, and went upon the principle of “living while you do live.”

In regard to whisky he held the prevailing notions

of the Western ruralists of thirty years ago. That is to say, he believed that a "little is good for the stomach's sake," and that that little ought to be taken about three times a day, except on special occasions—and then much oftener. He, with his neighbors, also, held that a house-raising required the use of bourbon, and that a wheat harvest or a corn husking without that essential was an outrage upon the hands employed and a disgrace to the persons interested.

He kept at all times a full family supply of what we frequently hear called "good liquors" about his house. He was never known to be drunk, himself, but he took regularly his morning appetizer, his "noon tonic" and his evening "night-cap." He "treated" his friends when they came to see him, and gave a liberal supply of "bitters" to his hired help.

Fortunately, eight of his nine children were never personally injured by the devil to whom he innocently assigned domestic quarters. But most unfortunately, one of that nine, and by far the brightest one at that, was so deeply stung, so thoroughly poisoned by the adder that lurks in the cup, that from his childhood till 1877, his mind did not know a moment's peace, his heart a single joyous throb. Hear him tell in his own inimitable style the tale of his incomparable woes, and know while hearing that the narration he gives is every word the truth. I quote from his autobiography, entitled "Fifteen Years in Hell"—a book written by him while he was in the Indiana Hospital for the Insane, in which he was placed at his own request, long after his maturity, to be healed of that terrible disease of

soul and body of which he had for years vainly tried to heal himself:

I have all my life stood without and gazed longingly through gateways which relentlessly barred me from the light and warmth and glory, which, though never for me, were shining beyond. From the day that consciousness came to me in this world I have been miserable. In early childhood I swam in a dark sea of sorrow whose sad waves forever beat over me with a prophetic wail of desolations and storms to come. During the years of boyhood, when others were thoughtless and full of joy, the sun's rays were hidden from my sight and I groped hopelessly forward, praying in vain for an end of misery. Out of such a boyhood there came—as what else could come?—a manhood all imperfect, clothed with gloom, haunted by horror, and familiar with indefinable terrors which have weighed upon my heart until I have cried to myself that it would break—until I have almost prayed that it would break and thereby free me from the bondage of my pitiless master, Woe! To-day walled within a prison for madmen, looking from a window whose grating is iron, the sole occupant of a room as blank as the leaf of happiness is to me, I abandon every hope. On this side the silence which we call death—that silence which inhabits the dismal grave—there is for me only sorrow and agony keener than has ever before made gray and old before its time the heart of man. Thirty years! and what are they?—what have they been? Thirty years! and I feel that the weight of a world's wretchedness has lain upon me for thrice their number of terrible days! Every effort of my life has been a failure. Surely and steadily the hand of misfortune has crushed me until I have looked forward to my bier as a blessed bed

of repose — rest from weariness — forgetfulness of remorse — escape from misery. At the dawn of life, ay, in its very beginning, there came to me a bitter, deadly, unmerciful enemy, accompanied in those days by song and laughter — an enemy that was swift in getting me in his power, and who, when I was once securely his victim, turned all laughter into wailing, and all songs into sobbing, and pressed to my bloated lips his poisonous chalice which I have ever found full of the stinging adders of hell and death. Too well do I know what it is to feel the burning and jagged links of the devil's chain cutting through my quivering flesh to the shrinking bone — to feel my nerves tremble with agony, and my brain burn in liquid fire — too well, I say, do I know what these things are, for I have felt them intensified again and again a thousand times. Only the infinite God knows the deep abyss of my sorrow; and help, if help be possible, can come from him alone.

My father is living still, and I verily believe there is not a son on earth who more truly and devotedly honors and loves his father than I mine. But I desire to show that I am not wholly responsible for my present unhappy condition. It is natural for every man to wish to excuse, or at least try to soften the lines of his mistakes with palliating reasons, and this I think right so long as the truth is adhered to, and injustice is not done any one. I hope no one will think that I have willfully trod the road to ruin, or sunk myself so low, when I have desired the opposite with my whole heart. I was a victim of the fell spirit of alcohol before I realized it. I was raised in a place where opportunities to drink were numerous, as everybody in those days kept liquor, and to drink was not the dangerous and disgraceful thing it is now considered to be. For a radius of ten miles from our house more people kept whisky in

their cupboards or cellars than were without it. I never heard a temperance lecturer until I was twenty years of age, and but seldom heard of one. The people were asleep while a great danger was gathering in the land — a danger which is now known and seen, and which is so vast in its magnitude that the combined strength of all who love peace, order, sobriety, and happiness, is scarcely sufficient to meet it in victorious combat.

It would certainly be worse than superfluous to attempt to add any thing to this vivid portrait of the sorrows that flow from an early familiarity with intoxicating beverages. I will say, however, that it was written in a lunatic's cell, on Mr. Benson's return from his third lecturing tour, during which tour he had literally wrapped the great cities of the New England States in the blazing effulgence of his genius.

Luther's early education was acquired in one of the primitive log school-houses of Hoosierdom, but at the age of sixteen he was placed in a sort of high school at Fairview, a little village in his native county. Notwithstanding his almost constant drunkenness, while a boy, he made great proficiency in study, and lacked only sobriety of being the star of the institutions he attended.

It was noticed by his father and his teachers that he was decidedly inclined to the law, and that he possessed in a rare degree the talents requisite to its practice. It was thought well to direct his ambition toward that noble profession. His parents, who were all anxiety in relation to his release from the manacles which they had unwittingly assisted in fastening upon

him, hoped that a removal from the associations of his boyhood, and an absorbance in the special line of thought for which he showed so strong a predilection, might be the means of saving him.

So when he was about twenty-two years old he was persuaded to go to Cincinnati and enter a law-college. But the remedy thus sought was not found. Again I permit him to tell his own story, as only he can tell it:

Here the opportunities to gratify my hereditary appetite, made keen and sharp, and ever keener and sharper, by indulgence, were all about me. My companions were older and further advanced on the road to ruin than I. My steps were more swift than ever before to tread the path which leads surely to the everlasting bonfire. I could not fail to notice, while at college, that the most brilliant and intellectual — those whose future prospects were most pleasing and bright — were the very ones who most frequently drowned their hopes, and sapped their strength and energy in alcoholic stimulants. O, vividly do I recall to mind examples of heaven-bestowed genius, talent, health, and abilities, sacrificed on the worse than bloody teocalli of this hideous and slimy devil, Intemperance! How many master minds, instead of progressing sublimely through the broad, deep, and august channels of thought, became impeded by the meshes and clogs of intoxication, and were thus worse than prevented from exploring the regions of immortal truth! How many dallied with the sirens of the wine cup, until all power to grapple with great subjects was lost irrevocably! How many are the instances in the world's history of great minds debased and ruined by alcohol! Look back and around you at the lives of the brightest literary geniuses and see how many are under the spell

of this Circe's baleful power! Think of the rich intelligences whose brightness has prematurely faded and died away in the darkness of alcoholic night! What hopes has alcohol destroyed! What resolves it has broken! What promises it has blighted! Think of any or of all these things, and hasten to say with Dr. Johnson that this vice of drink, if long indulged, will render knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Luther obtained some knowledge of law in Cincinnati — enough to make him, in after years, a very successful practitioner — but far more of the infernal vice which has been the bane of his life.





CHAPTER II.

LUTHER QUILTS LAW SCHOOL—THE SAD THINGS THAT FOLLOW—REFORMATION—UPS AND DOWNS—THE STRONG SHOULD SUPPORT THE WEAK.

IN the Spring of 1866, Luther Benson quit law school. Returning to his father's farm, he tried to reform, and for four months his "mental condition bordered on that of a maniac, so completely had liquor shattered his nervous system." Soon the demon rebound him, and he sank.

He afterwards taught a district school, and was drunk the whole term. One cold day, while teaching this school, he went to Raleigh, and drank so much that on his way home, in the evening, he fell by the wayside, and, being so completely stupefied that he could not rise, lay there and went to sleep. He awoke on the following morning with one foot so badly frozen that he was several weeks recovering the use of it.

Then he commenced the practice of law, and for a while was remarkably successful, but drink shortly ruined his business.

A period of woe followed, during which the saddest thing of his life occurred. Here is his own account of it:

(240)

I now come to an event in my life which affected me at the time beyond the power of words, and which I can not without tears of choking sorrow even now dwell upon. I refer to the death of my mother, which occurred during the winter after my going to Rushville in 1867. She had been sick a long time, and had suffered intense pain, but for days before her death I think she forgot her own physical torments in anxiety and solicitude about me. I went home a few days before she died, and remained with her until the last. She talked to me much and often, always begging and pleading with me as only a dying mother can plead, to save myself from the life of a drunkard. I promised her solemnly and honestly that I would never again taste liquor. As I gazed upon her wasted face and read death in every lineament, and heard the dread angel's approach in every breath of pain she drew, and saw above all in her fast dimming eye that the horrors of her approaching dissolution were almost unthought of in her care for me, I resolved deep down in my heart never to taste liquor again, and kneeling by her dying form, I called heaven to witness that no more, oh, never, never more, would I go in the way of the drunkard, or touch, in any form, the un pitying and soul-destroying curse. I looked on her face, which was growing strangely calm and white. She was dead, and it came upon me that she who had loved and suffered most for me, and without a reproach, was never more to look upon me again or speak words of comfort and aid to my ears, so often unheeding. At that moment, looking through scalding tears at her holy face, and afterwards when I heard the grave clods falling with their terrible sound upon her coffin lid, I swore that I would keep my promise, no matter what the temptation to break it might be. She would not be here to see my triumph, but I would conquer for her mem-

ory's sake, and all would be well. I swore by earth, sea, and sky, never, never to break the promise made to her in the moment of her dying. That promise I broke within two months from the day it was solemnized by my mother's death. I shudder still, remembering the agony of that fall. Broken, oh God! — the promise has been broken, is what first entered my mind. Never before had I suffered as I then suffered.

My wild revel was protracted for days out of dread of the awful sorrow and remorse that I knew must surely come on my getting sober. My mother appeared to me in my troubled dreams, and talked to me as in life. Many times in my slumber, and in my waking fancies did I see her pale, troubled face, with her pitying eyes looking on me as from that bed of pain and death, and at such times I reached out my hands toward her in mute pleading for forgiveness, forgetting or not knowing that she was dead. But the moment soon came when the truth was flashed through the blackness of night upon me, and then my misery was more than I could bear. For years before her death I had lain in my bed and listened to her moaning in her troubled sleep, to the sighs which escaped from her heart and that of my father, and I promised the God of my hoped-for salvation that if he would only let me live I would no more give them pain. Cold, clammy sweat broke out over my face, and my heart beat so low, and slow, and weak, that in very terror I felt that my eyeballs were bursting from my head. Again and again I begged, and pleaded, and prayed that God would spare me and let me live until I could convince my father and mother that I would never drink again. But my prayers were not answered. My mother went out from me in fear, and dread, and doubt. My father lives, but for me he has little or no hope. If ever a mortal longed and

yearned for one thing more than another in this uncertain existence, I long for a peaceful and quiet evening of life for my beloved father. I implore the Father of all of us to give me grace and strength enough to keep sober until my remaining parent is fully persuaded that I am truly and beyond question saved from the curse which has driven me to an asylum, and well nigh sent him, a broken-hearted man, to his grave. O for a strength that will forever enable me to resist the hell-born and hell-supported power of the fiend Alcohol! Could I do this and have my father know it, his dying hour would be full of sweet peace and of a joy so shining that its light would drive afar off the shadows of his death agony. In that knowledge death would be vanquished and heaven would stoop to earth and cover his grave with glory. Oh, God! Grant me this one boon! Give me this one request! In every step of my life I have disappointed him. In the future let all other hopes, and joys, and aspirations die, if needs be, all but this — this one — that I may never in any way touch liquor again. May every person who sees this allow his heart to go out in an earnest prayer that I may succeed in this one thing. It is now too late for me to reach the bright promises of other years. It is now too late for me to regain all that has been lost, but this I would do, and it will make me feel at the last that I have not lived altogether to be a remorse and shame to those who are bound to me by ties which can not be broken. God may answer your prayers if not mine, so that from the throne of heavenly grace may come the peace and rest for which my weary soul has sought so long in vain.

When I drank after my mother's death, many persons took occasion, on learning of it, to censure me in unsparing terms. It was even said that I did not love my mother in

life, that I had no respect for her memory in death, and that I was a heartless wretch. These persons had no knowledge of the power of my appetite. They did not know that the passion for liquor, once developed or firmly established, is stronger in its unholy energy than the love of the heart — of my heart, at least — for mother, father, brother, or sister. But let me beg that I may not be charged with indifference to my mother's memory. She comes before me now; she who was a true wife, a faithful friend, a loving and gentle mother, and I kneel to her and pray her blessing and pardon — I would clasp her to my heart, but alas! when I would touch her, the bitter memory comes that she is gone. But I would not repine, for I know she is with her God.

Mr. Benson describes his life for months after his mother's death as a blank, black night. He drank to an excess which is utterly incredible to those who have no acquaintance with abandoned drunkards, often consuming a gallon of whisky in twenty-four hours. He gave up all ideas of business of any sort, and roamed from place to place like a crazy man, seeking rest and finding none. A great portion of the time he lived on liquor alone, and was so completely controlled by its influence that he would cheerfully strip himself, if need be, to procure it. While on one of his "wild, oblivious" sprees, he suffered his first attack of delirium tremens, a description of which, in his own words, I take from his "Fifteen Years in Hell," a book that everybody ought to read:

I will now endeavor to recite some of the scenes through which I passed, that the reader may form for himself an

opinion regarding my sufferings. I left Rushville on one of my periodical sprees (I do not remember the exact time, but no matter about that, the fact is burning in my memory), and after three or four weeks of blind, insane, drunken, unpremeditated travel — heaven only knows where — I found myself again in Rushville, but more dead than alive. I experienced a not unfamiliar but most strange foreboding that some terrible calamity was impending. I was more nervous than ever before, so much so in fact that I became alarmed seriously, and called on Dr. Moffitt for medical advice. He diagnosed my case, and informed me that my condition was dangerous, unnatural, and wild. He gave me some medicine and kindly advised me to go into his house and lie down. I remained there two days and nights, and in spite of his able treatment and constant care I grew worse. Do you know what is meant by delirium tremens, reader? If not, I pray God you may never know more than you may learn from these pages. I pray God that you may never experience in any form any of the disease's horrors. It was this, the most terrible malady that ever tortured man, that was laying its ghastly, livid, serpentine hands upon me. All at once, and without further warning, my reason forsook me altogether, and I started from Dr. Moffitt's house to go to my boarding place. The sidewalks were to me one mass of living, moving, howling, and ferocious animals. Bears, lions, tigers, wolves, jaguars, leopards, pumas — all wild beasts of all climes — were frothing at the mouth around me and striving to get to me. Recollect that while all this was hallucination, it was just as real as if it had been an undeniable and awful reality. Above and all around me I heard screams and threatening voices. At every step I fell over or against some furious animal. When I finally reached

the door leading to my room, and just as I was about to enter, a human corpse sprang into the doorway. It had motion, but I knew that it was a tenant of that dark and windowless abode, the grave. It opened full upon me its dull, glassy, lustreless eyes; stark, cold, and hideous it stood before me. It lifted a stiffened arm and struck me a blow in the face with its icy and almost fleshless hand from which reptiles fell and writhed at my feet. I turned to rush into another room, but the door was bolted. I then thought for a second that I was dreaming, and I awoke and laughed a wild laugh, which ended in a shriek, for I knew that I was awake. I turned again toward my own door, and the form had vanished. I jumped into my room and tore off my clothes, but as I threw aside my garments, each separate piece turned into something miscreated and horrible, with fiendish and burning eyes, that caused my own to start from their sockets. My room was filled with menacing voices, and just then a mighty wind rushed past my window, and out of the wind came cries, and lamentations, and curses, which took shapes unearthly, and ranged about the bed on which I lay shuddering. Die! die! die! they shrieked. I was commanded to hold my breath, and they threatened horrors unimaginable if I did not obey.

I now believed that my time had come to render up the life which had been so much abused. I asked what would become of my soul when my body gave it up, and they told me it would descend to the tortures of an everlasting hell, and that once there, my present sufferings would be as bliss compared with what was in store for me for an endless age. As my eyes wandered about the room—I was afraid to close them—I saw that innumerable devils were crowding into it. They were henceforth to be my companions, and if the Prince of all of them ever allowed me to leave for a

brief time the regions of infernal woe, it would be in their company and on missions such as they were now fulfilling. I called aloud for my mother, and a voice more diabolical than any I had yet heard, hissed into my ears that she was chained in hell, but immediately a million devils screamed, "Liar! she is in heaven!" I refused then to hold my breath, and told them to kill me and do their worst. In an instant the spirit of my mother, like a benediction, rested beside me. As she begged for me I knew that it was her voice, natural as in her life on earth. While she was yet imploring for me the room became radiant, and I saw that it was full of angels. I felt a strange joy. My sins were pardoned, and I was told that I should go forth and preach and save souls. I was commanded to get out of bed, put on my clothes, and go down stairs, where I would be told what to do. I obeyed, and on opening the door that led to the street, a man came to me and he bid me follow him. The spirits whispered to me that the man was Christ, and his looks, acts, and steps even were such as I had conceived were his when he was once a meek and lowly sufferer on earth. I followed him about sixty rods, when he told me to stop. I did so, and just then the heavens opened with a great blaze of glory, and millions of angels came down. Such music as then broke upon my senses I never heard before, and have never since heard. The angels would approach near me and tell me they were going to take me to heaven with them; then they would disappear for an instant and devils gathered about me. I could hear music and see the heavenly hosts returning. They came and went many times thus, and after they went away the last time, I was again surrounded by fiends who inflicted every torture on me. Christ commanded me to stand in that place, I thought, and there I remained. It was very

cold, and I froze my feet and hands. I then felt that the devils were burning off my feet, and I shrieked for liquor. I looked down and saw a bottle at my feet, but when I reached down to get it a lion threw his claws over it, and warned me with a fierce growl not to touch it. The snow melted, the season changed, and I was standing in mud and mire up to my neck. Ropes were tied around me, and horses were hitched to them to drag me from the deeps, but in trying to draw me out the ropes would snap asunder and I was left imbedded in the clay. They could not move me, because Christ had commanded me to stand there. A little while before the break of day the Savior appeared and told me to go. I started to run, but when I got alongside the old depot there burst from it the combined screams of millions of incarnate devils. I can hear in fancy still the avalanche of voices which rolled from those lost myriads. I ran into the first house to which I came. Its owner saw at a glance what was the nature of my terrible trouble, but he had no power to help me. I beheld the face of a black fiend grinning on me through a window. In the center of his forehead was an enormous and fiery eye, and about his sinister mouth the grin which I at first saw became demoniacal. He called the fiends, and I heard them come as a rushing tornado, and surround the house. Everything I attempted to do was anticipated by them. If I thought of moving my hand I heard them say, "Look! he is going to lift his hand." No matter what I did or thought of doing, they cursed me.

When daylight at last came—and oh, what an age of dying agony lay behind it in the vast hollow darkness of the night!—the horrid objects disappeared, but the voices remained and talked with me all day. You who read, imagine yourselves alone in a room, or walking deserted

streets, with voices articulating words to you with as clear distinctness as words were ever spoken to you. Many of the voices were those of friends and acquaintances whom I knew to be in their graves, and yet they—their voices—were conversing with, or talking to me, during the whole of that long, long, terrible day. I was tortured with fears and a dread of something infinitely horrible. I went to my office—the voices were there! I stepped to the window, and on the street were men congregating in front of the building. I could hear their voices, and they were all talking of hanging me. I had committed an appalling crime, they said. I knew not where to go or whither to fly. Now and then I could hear strains of music. The dreaded night came on, and with it the fiends returned. In the excitement of breaking from my office, I forgot to put on my overcoat. The moment I got on the street the freezing wind drove me back, but hundreds of voices gathered around me and threatened me with death if I entered the door again. I went away followed by them, and wandered in a thin coat up and down the streets, and through the woods all night. The wonder was that I did not freeze to death. I could hear crowds of excited people at the court house discussing me, I thought. When I started to go there, every door and window of the building flew open and fiery devils darted out and cursed me away. All the time I was dying for whisky, but the saloon keepers would not give me a drop. They saw and understood what was the matter with me, and refused to finish the work begun in their dens. I started at last in the direction of home. Just outside of the town a man by my side showed me a bottle of whisky. I was dying for it, and begged him for at least one swallow. He opened the bottle and held it to my lips, and I saw that the bottle was full of

blood. Again and again did he deceive me. Exhausted at last, I sank down in the snow and begged for death to come and end my life, but instead, a company of citizens of Rushville, whom I knew, gathered around me and a glass of whisky was handed to me. I saw that everyone present held a similar glass in his hand, which, at a given word, was raised to the mouth. I hastened to drink, but while they drained their glasses, I could not get a drop from mine. I looked more closely at the glass and discovered that there were two thicknesses to it, and that the liquor was contained between them. I studied how I could break the glass and not spill the whisky, and begged and plead with the men to have mercy on me. I got out into the woods four or five miles from Rushville, and wandered about in the snow, but all around and above me were the universal and eternal voices threatening me. A thousand visions came and went; a thousand tortures consumed me; a thousand hopes sustained me.

I quit the woods pursued by winged and cloven-footed fiends, and ran to the house of Andy Hinchman. He received and gave me shelter until morning, when he carried me back home in his buggy. I had no more than got into his house when it was surrounded by my tormentors. They raised the windows and commenced throwing lassos at me, in order, as they said, to catch me and drag me out that they might kill me. I sat up in my chair until daylight, fighting them off with both hands. All these terrible torments were, I repeat, realities, intensified over the ordinary realities of life a hundred fold. I had wandered to and fro, as I have described, but the people, the angels, and the devils were alike the phantasmagoria of my diseased mind. For one week after the night last mentioned, I had no use of either arm. I had so frozen my feet that I could

not put on my boots. Mr. Hinchman kindly loaned me a pair that I succeeded, although with great pain, in drawing on, for they were three sizes larger than I was in the habit of wearing. The devils were still with me, but I had moments of reason when I could banish them from my mind. On our way to town they rode on top of the buggy and clung to the spokes of the wheels and whirled over and over with dizzy revolutions. How they fought, and cursed, and shrieked! When I got to my room it was the same, and for days I was surrounded the greater part of the time with demons as numberless as those seen in the fancy of the mighty poet of a Lost Paradise, marshaled under the infernal ensign of Lucifer on the fiery and blazing plains of hell! For more than one month after the madness left me I was afraid to sleep in a room alone, and the least sound would fill me with fear. I ran when none pursued, and hid when no one was in search of me. My sleep was fitful and full of terrible dreams, and my days were days of unrest and anguish unspeakable.

Any thing by way of comment would only serve to weaken the force of the foregoing. All I wish to do is to request the reader to ponder as he reads, and ask himself when he gets through the awful description, "Ought I not to be doing everything in my power to save the boys of the land from these infernal horrors?"

Once Mr. Benson was at Hartford City, Ind., on one of his perambulatory debauches, and in the very height of his spree received the news of the death of a brother, who lived at a considerable distance. This misfortune, coming, as it did, not long after the demise of his mother, had a very marked effect on him. It did more toward sobering him than any thing had done

in a long time, and actually induced him to let whisky alone for some days. But it was not a great while till he was back in his old ruts and going as rapidly as ever to utter destruction.

From the time of this relapse onward his existence was scarcely endurable to himself or to any of his friends, being marked by an unbroken series of the most terrible miseries which the rum-devil can inflict, till finally, when all hope had apparently vanished, Providence intervened in his behalf.

From the circumstance of his being in the habit, during the very short interims between his drunks, of giving expression to his consuming agonies and describing the hellish character of alcohol in that fervid style in which he is without a peer, many of those who heard him, and who were more than anxious to save him if possible, urged him to go to lecturing on temperance, thinking that an open, active warfare against his great enemy might be the means of his redemption. Strange as it may seem, he gave ear and thought to this advice. Meanwhile there were times when he prayed earnestly for Divine help, preposterous though it may appear to some.*

Happily there came to him a season of sobriety. From a long-continued debauch he went to his father's house, penniless, almost naked, and suffering the concentrated tortures of a thousand hells. He now made up his mind that, as the denial of the maddening cravings of his relentless appetite could only kill him,

*These and other prayers have, since, been answered in his conversion to God.

while the continued indulgence of it was *certain* death, and that, too, at no distant day, he would make a strong, persistent effort to achieve his freedom.

At the end of two weeks the heavy clouds by which his mind had been over-canopied began to clear away, and the star of hope, for the first time in many years, slowly rose above his spiritual horizon.

He resolved, at once, to make the most of his vantage ground, by taking the field as a public advocate of total abstinence. He sent an appointment to Raleigh, the scene of many of his worst carousals, and was agreeably surprised by a large audience when he appeared to fill the engagement. His maiden lecture was a grand success, and he was much encouraged. He next went to Rushville, the capital of Rush County, and there, in the Court House, delivered the most brilliant, the most powerful, temperance speech that was ever heard in that pretty little city.

With the strength and prestige acquired in these two efforts, and warmly supported by hundreds of whole-souled Christians, he made a glorious tour of several of the principal towns in the Hoosier state. This was shortly followed by a second tour, in which he greatly amplified the territory of his operations, taking in the whole of Indiana, and parts of many other States.

He was voted, wherever he went, the finest lecturer in the country, and, with this reputation, he visited the Eastern States, speaking in all the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard, receiving the laurels in every one of them.

But Luther Benson is one of those who find it

exceedingly difficult to do anything in moderation; and, in the all-inspiring work of temperance, he went to such extremes that he frequently broke down a nervous system, which alcohol had reduced to shreds. At such times his demoniacal appetite, taking advantage of the weakness of the body, would attack with more than savage fury the citadel of his soul. Need any one think it strange that, under these circumstances, he occasionally fell? To those who have some acquaintance with the laws governing the human organization the wonder will be that he did not more frequently fall.

To the demon, against whom he had constantly to maintain an antagonistic attitude, he yielded in a few instances during his first three campaigns. From the last of these unfortunate defeats he returned home thoroughly disheartened, and had himself shut up in the hospital in which he wrote the book, upon which I have so liberally drawn in this biography. Awhile after, quitting that institution, he again put on the armor and has, nearly all the time since then, been one of the most efficient Blue Ribbon workers in the nation. His burning eloquence has induced many thousands to sign the pledge; and, although there are certain little, mean-hearted detractors, who would like to pull him down, the mighty arm of our God holds him up, and the prayers of all the lovers of Jesus are ever ascending heavenward in his behalf.

Luther Benson is not only a great orator, but a good man in a very large sense of that term. The tenderness of his heart, the purity of his motives, the amplitude of his soul, the humility of his spirit, the

grand reach of his God-like sympathies, were never excelled by those of any man on earth; and the poor creature who would seek to cripple his splendid powers, by taking advantage of what in him is a deeply seated disease, is too mean to even to be spit upon by good people.

In that day of days, when Gabriel shall summon the race to its final account, these miserable human maggots, that "riot in the decay of better natures," shall in hell be assigned a place out of sight of respectable devils, while Luther Benson, purified from all the ills of mortal flesh, wearing a crown glittering with more than a thousand stars of fadeless light, shall, in the arms of his angel mother, sit upon a throne of eternal glory, and sing the song of an everlasting victory achieved through

"The Lamb that was slain,
But liveth again."





THE LIFE OF MASON LONG.

CHAPTER I.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF ONE OF THE MOST RENOWNED GAMBLERS AND SALOON KEEPERS OF THE WABASH VALLEY, AS GIVEN BY HIMSELF.

"Ὅδ' δυνάμεθα γὰρ ἡμεῖς, ἃ εἶδομεν καὶ ηχοῦσαμεν, μὴ λαλεῖν."
—"For we can not but speak that which we have seen and heard."—Acts, Chapter iv, verse 20.

THE wonderful efficacy of the gospel temperance work done in Fort Wayne, Ind., during the last two years is admirably illustrated in the case of Mason Long.

This energetic man is well known throughout the length and breadth of the Wabash Valley as having been, a few years ago, one of the most noted gamblers in that region of country.

His life has been a varied one, highly colored with romance. It would be difficult to find any where a man in whom the element of self-hood is more visible. Left in early boyhood without a relative or a friend in the

(256)

world to care for him, he was compelled to hew out his own road as best he could. From the farm to the store; from the store to the army; from the army back to merchandise; thence to the whisky saloon and the gambling hell, and from there to the glorious field of moral reform, in which he has proven himself one of the most successful of workers—all the way along this changeful line there is manifest a Divine guardianship at every step and in every movement.

Mr. Long is prominent in the Blue Ribbon Association in Fort Wayne, Indiana,—an organization which comprises a membership of over ten thousand at present.

The following speech, delivered by him in the Opera House, at Lafayette, before an immense audience, on the evening of May 12, 1878, is here presented as his own account of his career:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I come not as a speech-maker—only as one who has a sad story to tell of a once wrecked, but now redeemed life. I do not tell this that I am proud of it. I want to show you where I stood a few short months ago; what I am doing to-night, and my hopes for the future.

A portion of this experience I love to repeat. A portion of it is very dear to me. Let the remainder be humiliating as it may I will repeat it, thinking I may arrest some one on a mad and downward career. When I think of my past life it don't seem to me that it is altogether my fault. I never had the opportunity of becoming a good man, as many of you have had. At the age of six my father died, and at the age of ten I was called to the bed-side of my dying mother. There, with my right hand placed upon her

cold forehead, I promised her that I would be a good man, and that I would meet her in Heaven. Oh, how many years have passed that I have neglected that promise! How many years have passed since I saw that cold, pale face, and those quivering lips uttering that prayer—the prayer with which she breathed out her precious life—the last words of which were: “God have mercy on my boy!”

Then I was alone with my sacred dead, and with nothing but a wide and wicked world like this before me, without even a sister’s love. After my mother’s death I became a farmer’s boy, in which capacity seven years of my life were spent, as a white slave.

I had no schooling, and no friends. After leaving the farm I became a soldier; then a merchant; then a drunken gambler; then—last and worst of all—a saloon-keeper.

In 1862 I enlisted in the army of the United States. My command was ordered to Lexington, Kentucky. There I saw my first deck of cards, and, as many soldiers did, I soon learned to play. And, to show you that I was an apt scholar, in less than three years from the time I learned to play I won \$11,000. We had many hardships during the three years’ service. I was in thirteen general engagements and sixty skirmishes, and never got a scratch. At the second day’s fight at Nashville my brother was killed; and the only satisfaction I have is to know that he died a brave, sober man.

At the close of the war I came to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and engaged in the grocery and provision business, in which I did very well until my health began to fail me. Then, through a physician’s prescription, I took my first drink of whisky. It was given as a tonic. And, to show you that I was an apt scholar, again, in three weeks’ time I could drink it out of a jug; and in five years from that

time I was a poor, reeling drunkard on the streets of Fort Wayne, without a dollar in the world. After that I rallied and opened a gambling room, in which thousands of dollars would change hands every month. Financially, I did very well with the gambling room; but, not being satisfied, I opened a saloon in connection with it. I made a very fine place. I covered the floor with Brussels carpet, provided the finest of billiard tables, with a bar and a side-board that cost me five hundred dollars. My pool tables were on the second floor. The club room was in the rear. This house, in this condition, netted me \$8,000 in one year, and at the end of the same year I had squandered the whole of that amount and was fifteen thousand dollars in debt—all through drink and recklessness.

I have been a great lover of fast horses in my time. In the spring of the year I would follow the trotters all over this country. I have been very unlucky as a horse-shark. I am satisfied that horse racing has cost me \$10,000. Since the war I have seen all the principal races of this country. I saw Goldsmith Maid make her best time. I saw the great race at Cleveland, Ohio, in which the famous trotting stallion, Smuggler, beat the Maid. I went, the same summer to Saratoga, and saw the great steeple-chase race, in which Osage, the famous American runner, fell and broke his neck. They claim that half a million of dollars changed hands in this race. On those trips many funny incidents occurred. I started, once, to Jackson, Michigan, to attend the races and got broke and left my baggage for board at the hotel. I started out to go through the entire circuit of the season’s races, and I was ashamed to go home the first week. So, I got me a ninety-cent valise and took the horse-train for East Saginaw, Michigan. On arriving I had no money with which to pay bus fare; so, I took it a foot to a

hotel. On the way I was caught in a shower. When I got to the hotel, having, as I supposed a respectable showing of baggage, I started at once for the register. As I neared the office counter the landlord threw up both hands and exclaimed, "I'm full!" I saw that he had his eye on my valise. I looked at it, and to my surprise I saw that it was a pasteboard affair, and that the rain in which I had been caught, had melted one side of it down. All I had in it was a pair of "stand-up" socks which I had worn the week before, and which, on my entering the hotel office, had dropped out on the floor. I did not blame the hotel man for saying he was full. I took in the situation at a glance, and dropping my baggage, I told him that I was full too, and left the house. From East Saginaw I went to Detroit; then to Cleveland, O.; then to Buffalo and to Rochester, N. Y. Going from the last named city to Utica, N. Y., I was on a spree and was too tired to get off the train. So, I was carried on to Albany, N. Y. Here the gong for breakfast awoke me. I found one of my shoes in one car, the other in another car, and an empty whisky bottle in each shoe. I felt in my pockets and found that I had no money. On these sprees I would forget to eat for days and days. That was the case on this one. I was very hungry. So, I drifted into the large dining-room and took a seat by the side of an old Yankee. He asked me where I was from. I told him that I was from the west.

"What are you doing down here?" he asked.

"I am following the trotters around," I replied.

"Well, my boy, let me give you a piece of advice. Look well to your money. This country is flooded with thieves and pick-pockets; and the first thing you know you won't have a cent."

"Let them come," I answered, "they will make a water-haul on me, for I hain't got a cent."

By this time I had finished my breakfast. Now, the great question was, how I should get out. I went to the desk, picked up a tooth-pick and started out at the door. A big fellow tapped me on the shoulder and said, "A dollar, please." I turned and pointed to the old gent with whom I had conversed at the table, and said, "Father, over there, will settle." I have often wondered, since, how "dad" got out, but I didn't stay to see, at that time, I assure you.

I went from Albany to Utica. I had a railroad letter that did not belong to me. I would show this to the conductors. It read as follows:—

TO BROTHER CONDUCTORS:

The bearer has been a brakeman on my train for the past two years. Any favors shown him will be appreciated by me.

Yours, etc. ———

This letter would take very well. I never had any trouble with it but once. That was on the Central road coming from Syracuse. A little, peaked nosed, Yankee conductor entered the car in which I had taken passage, came up to me and asked me for my fare in that sharp, half-feminine voice so common to a certain class of down-easters. I showed him my letter and asked him if he would recognize it. He took it, looked it over critically and said, "I can't carry you on that letter." "What?" said I. "I can't carry you," he answered. "Well," I said, "I have been a slave to the railroads all my life, and now, here, many miles from home, and it dark and raining, I suppose I will have to get off and walk." This touched the tender spot in that razor-faced Yankee. He looked me in the eye for a moment and then told me to go and sit down.

This trip brought me to Buffalo, from which city I went back to Cleveland. In the latter place I staid three weeks and did nothing all that while but drink whisky. I was under the influence of liquor every hour that I was there.

The last two days of my sojourn in that city, and the day following my departure were among the most remarkable in my drinking career. I had steeped my brain in whisky till its power of natural action was, for the time destroyed—till it was cooked into that distempered condition which plunges its possessor into the hell of delirium tremens. Sensations such as I had never had the slightest conception of before came over me like a fearful storm-cloud and threw my whole nervous system into horrible discord, and my mind, what little I had, into insanity.

All at once, by some sort of magic, I was converted from a poor, broken gambler into a wealthy dealer in live stock. I owned an immense herd of cattle, which for two days I vainly tried to sell. Never did any thing stick to a man like that drove of steers stuck to me. On the streets, at table, in the saloons I entered, in the sleeping apartments in which I found no rest—every where they crowded around me and tormented my soul beyond measure by their ceaseless lowing, bellowing, and fighting. I spent forty-eight hours trying to sell them. But Cleveland had no market for my elfish Texan long-horns. They became so unruly that I determined to leave them, seeing they would not leave me. I took the cars for home. They followed me, and on fantastic, bovine wings kept pace with one of the fastest lightning express trains that ever turned a wheel. Every time a car-window was raised, the head of a wild steer was thrust through it, poking his bayonet pointed horns right at me. When I got home I thought I would leave the train as quietly as possible, thinking they would

go on down the Wabash. I had not got three squares from the Fort Wayne depot when I looked back, and behold! the whole drove was concentrated into one big ox, and he had a horn ten feet long, and was coming full tilt right at me. I was five days getting out of the way of that horn.

I would say that if any farmer in this county could have seen that steer, looking as healthy as he did to me, he would never try to raise another short-horn.

Now, boys, I give you this bit of experience, not for the fun there is in it, but to warn you against the path in which I have trod.

I want to compare my feelings of to-night with those of the awful night on which I left Cleveland, Ohio. No artist in the world can paint a picture half so horrible as that drove of cattle was to me. On the other hand, no knight of the brush can paint a picture half so beautiful as the one which now thrills my soul. Everything in which I knew there was sin I have given up. I am perfectly happy. My present life is to me, like an enchanting dream. The change of associations and the enrapturing change of heart make everything bright, and fill me with the bliss of heaven itself, at this moment.

But, then, I have dark days. O, I have hours so full of the gloom of regret!—hours in which I see rising before me the images of my fallen victims. And “who are they,” do you ask? Why, the men whom in former years I sent reeling from my saloon out into the black midnight; and who were locked in the horrible embrace of a drunkard’s death before they reached their homes. Often, O, too often! have I heard the bell toll for these poor creatures. Then would come the hearse and one or two conveyances, with the widow and her little ones, clothed in faded dresses. Wicked as I was, in those days, my conscience never failed

to smite me at the sight of such scenes of the woe which I was causing. More than once, on occasions of this sort, sick with the contemplation of the fearful fruits of my trade, I have turned from the front door of my richly furnished slaughter-pen, and, retiring within its fatal walls, have met the heartless consolation, "Why need you care for that old drunkard? *You had a right to kill him. You have got your license on the wall. The law of the State of Indiana protects you.*" Think of the degraded being who could thus pander to one whose business was sweeping that being into the same vortex which had engulfed the "old drunkard" whom he assumed to regard with such contempt.

The law of Indiana did protect me, and it still protects every liquor-seller. But when we shall appear before the judgment seat, that law will there be stricken out, *and every saloon-keeper who dies without having repented the crimes of his traffic will stand before the God of the universe a convicted murderer, while the State of Indiana will be held particeps criminis.*

Can you blame me for giving every hour allotted to me from this day forward to the cause of temperance? I feel that there is a great deal for me to do to balance the account against me in God's book of remembrance. In this work I am cheered by His presence and the hope of the glorious life which is to come.

An artist has presented me with a picture showing the past, the present, and the future of a reformed drunkard. The past is a scene of woe over-hung with the clouds of despair. The present shows a bright, running stream, with its fountain-head springing directly from heaven. The future is the sweet land of Eden, illumined by the eternal sunshine of the Father of mercies. Gazing upon the dark scene, we see two little stepping stones that are intended

to lead the drunkard out to the solid rock in the clear, rippling present. Yonder you behold the poor inebriate, wrapped from head to foot with the serpent of intemperance. Hands beckon to him; strong voices hail him and urge him to leave the miry marshes of dissipation and walk out upon the pillar of salvation. With trembling limbs he strides forward, places his feet on the sure foundation; the reptile, scorched by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, falls writhing in death at his feet, and he stands a *free man* rejoicing in his liberty.

In my case it was a little different. When I took my first step forward, while I felt that I could not retreat, it seemed impossible for me to make any further advance; for I could not get my eyes off of the miseries of the past. But while I was in this critical condition the good people of the old Ark of Safety came to my rescue, and, taking me by the arm, led me to the Rock that is higher than I, on which, thank God, I am this night firmly planted.

O, praise His Holy Name, I am now, through no merit of mine, but through the alone merits of a crucified but victorious Saviour, redeemed from the dismal swamp of alcoholic damnation, and this moment stand before you one of the most amazing examples of the Father's goodness on whom the sun ever shone.

I am here, thank the Lord, a reformed man, not resting in my own freedom, but anxious to go with you, temperance people, in the life-boat of the gospel out among the ragged rocks of the maddened breakers of the dark ocean of debauchery, which is flooding the world, to snatch from the jaws of death the helpless victims of rum, and having brought them safely to the shores of peace, to join you in letting the winds kiss the heavens with the news to God that we have done His will.

I can look at the scenes of the past, in the picture to which I have alluded, and see Judge Hammond's distillery, which many of you will remember as cutting a prominent figure in the play of "Ten Nights In A Bar Room." I see the dark waters of corruption oozing out of that establishment and blackening the earth near the beautiful stream of the present of the saved drunkard, but it can not mingle with the waters of this bright river, for they flow directly from heaven. I can see the director of that distillery (the devil) perched upon its top, looking down at a poor wretch whose gaze is riveted upon him. The victim, like a bird charmed by the fatal glare of a snake's eyes, can turn his head neither to the right nor to the left. The only light by which the horrid picture is relieved is that of the lighting of God's wrath, which, flashing through the dark clouds that envelope the whisky mill, presents one of the most appalling tableaux ever beheld by man.

In this scene I can see hundreds of the wrecks in my past life. Simon Slade, the once happy miller, built a tavern in the village in which this distillery was located, and connected a bar-room with it. He was one of the few men who drift into the liquor traffic innocently. He was beloved by the whole community, and all the first people of the place patronized him. Such men as Hammond would call and see him. Hammond's son, Willie, the brightest boy of the village, followed in his father's footsteps. In less than ten years, Hammond died in the alms-house. Willie had control of the estate. He became a gambler, and was eventually killed by the gambler Green, in his father's house. While his life's blood was oozing from his wounds, his broken-hearted mother fell a corpse across him. Thus ended the Hammond family. Joe Morgan, Slade's former partner, had now become a drunkard. He

was one of the fighting kind, and no one could do anything with him when he was drunk but his little daughter, Mary. She would go to the bar-room for him night after night. On one occasion, while he and Slade were quarreling, Slade hurled a glass at him, and missing him, struck Mary just as she was entering the saloon door to take her father away. She was carried home, and on her death bed drew from her father the promise that he would never drink again, after which she passed sweetly to her rest. Joe Morgan never took another drop of liquor during his life, and became a wealthy merchant. Mrs. Slade, the once happy miller's wife, after the death of Mary Morgan, lost her reason and was taken to the mad-house, where she died. Slade had become a drunkard, and in a row with his own son, was murdered by the latter, who knocked out his brains with a whisky bottle, in Slade's own bar-room. So ends the tragedy of Ten Nights In A Bar Room. The man Slade made more drunkards in ten years than all the other rum-sellers of his village did in forty years. You ask how. I will tell you. He was one of those rare specimens who go into the whisky traffic with clean reputations, and he therefore caught a class of men that the ordinary dram-vender can not reach—that noble class of generous hearts who are the ones that invariably sink down to the lowest stratum of debauchery.

Now do you know that Slade's career as a retail dealer in liquid damnation was very like my own in many particulars. When I opened my place on Calhoun street, in Fort Wayne, Ind., I do not know that I had an enemy in the world. I bought out a man who was taking in only from three to eight dollars a day. On the very first night of my proprietorship, I took in forty dollars, and my trade kept increasing till it looked like a county fair around the bar,

and my customers were all of the higher class. When I quit the place, I did not have a friend on earth, unless it was some poor drunkard, like myself, who had no means of support. Thus will any man who drinks whisky wind up.

Now, then, let us as Christian people do our duty. I am ready to go with you back among the ruins which mark the course of the black-winged destroyer, in search of those who are yet groping around in the darkness of the bogs of intemperance.

Let me say a word to praying people. Remember your duty when you meet a poor drunken man on the street. Don't pass him by with an air of scorn. Stop and speak a kind word to him. Perchance it may go down into his heart, and, there finding a resting place, produce a smiling harvest of good in the future. If your kindness succeeds, you will, nine times in ten, save a noble-hearted man. Never, in all my life, have I known a mean, penurious man with a pawn-broker's soul, to become a drunkard. It is nearly always the best man who gets down the deepest.

Here I am reminded of the lady who dropped her diamond ring in a mud-hole. Looking vainly up and down the street for some one to recover that ring for her, she rolled up her sleeve, thrust her hand down into the muddy water, and, finding her jewel, rinsed it, held it up to the sun and exclaimed, "It is a diamond still!"

You will find many "gems of purest ray serene" at the very bottom of the filthy pool of intemperance; and it is your duty to roll up your sleeves and reach down, though you may get your hands dirty, and, clutching them in the strong grasp of love, bring them out into the sunlight of God. Great will be your reward if you are found faithful in the discharge of this duty. Why, it was only a little Sunday-school scholar that God used in saving me.

During the Blue Ribbon movement in Fort Wayne, I drifted one night into the old rink in which the meetings were there being held. Soon I was surrounded by a band of the praying mothers who were such efficient workers in that mighty temperance revival.

"We want you to sign the pledge," said they to me.

"What is the use of my signing it?" I answered; "I would have to break it to-morrow."

"No you won't; and we will not let you go home till you sign."

Well, I saw there was no chance of getting out of the thing. So I made them a promise, which I didn't intend to fulfill, that I would come back the next night and sign the pledge. This did not satisfy them, until a sweet little girl, whose face beamed with heavenly light, stepped up, and, gently accosting one of the ladies, said in dulcet tones that thrilled me through and through:

"Mamma! let him go home. He is telling the truth. He will come and sign to-morrow night." Then raising her angelic eyes till they met mine, she said to me:

"YOU WILL, WON'T YOU?"

The aisle was now opened, and I went to my room and tried to gamble, but I could not. I went out and tried to play billiards, but could not roll a ball. Wherever I went I could hear nothing but those cherubic words, "*You will, won't you?*" All night long they rang like paradisiac chimes in my ears. On the following morning, at the breakfast table, every dish I touched echoed back the inspiring strain, "*You will, won't you?*" And throughout that most memorable of all the days of my life, the air was everywhere resonant with the spell-binding appeal, "*You will, won't you?*"

Those words of the Holy Spirit from the honeyed tongue

of an earthly seraph, were the first that ever pierced my calloused heart, and roused to a quickening sense of my needs my long-slumbering conscience.

As the evening shades drew on I could scarcely wait for the rink to open. One of the dear Lord's messengers had resurrected my dead manhood by an expression of unclouded faith in my promise, and, at the cost of my life, I would have shown myself worthy of that faith.

When the hour came, I was the first man to walk down the aisle of the old skating temple and sign the pledge, which, I am glad to say, I have honored up to the present moment, and, God helping me, I will never break it.

The power, for good, of kindness and of confidence in humanity can never be measured. On the other hand, the chilling effects of disregard and of cold neglect can never be known this side of eternity.

I once knew a man of great wealth and respectability — one who possessed the noblest qualities as a neighbor, and whom everybody who knew him respected. He had a down-fall in business, and, to drown his sorrow, took to drinking. Soon it was noised around that he was in the habit of getting drunk; and finally, when he was seen reeling on the streets, his creditors closed in on him, and he was left penniless and friendless — none seeming to desire to be known as having any thing to do with him. In two years from that time he was a gutter drunkard.

The famous little horse, Red Cloud, started out a few years ago and won every race that was in his class for several seasons. His reputation became such that his owner was offered a very large sum of money for him on condition of his beating his former record. On the day appointed for his trial, he started, and went to the three-quarter pole a second sooner than he had ever done it

before; he was swinging into the stretch, and was coming home like a bird cutting the wind, when, all at once, he stepped on a little pebble, went lame, and failed. From that very moment he was not worth within eighty per cent. of his former value. But since that time his owner has had him at numerous horse fairs, at every one of which he has drawn large crowds of people who, though they knew he was spoiled as a racer, were anxious to see and honor him for the laurels he had won.

But all the good the poor man, of whom I told you a minute ago, had done, was forgotten so soon as it was known that discouragement had driven him to dissipation. Strange, is it not, that we can not treat our fellows — and the noblest souled of them at that — as well as we do dumb brutes?

I will now compare myself to a horse. There used to be an old gray in Ohio that was a good one, but he was badly handled. He broke his owner up, and was more in debt to the National Association than any other horse I ever knew. His master used to have to pay \$4,000 before he could start him in a race. Finally, he was taken off the turf and put in the barn. But last Spring, a neighbor of his owner went and told that owner that if he would give him a ten years' lease on old gray, he would pay the back entrance money. The offer was accepted. In a short time the horse, in the hands of his new proprietor, went into the race at Pittsburgh and won the second money. Remember, the horse had a change of handling. He went next to Grand Rapids and took a heat, and would have won the race had it not been for the jockeying; but he took the second money again. Next he went to Detroit, and won the race, his lessee taking out of the pool box \$1,850.

In 1865, I had plenty of money, and was doing a paying business. It was "Mr. Long," then. After awhile I became a drunkard and a gambler. Then they called me "Mase." I soon lost all my money, and then my friends left me. I rallied, did well again, and found men who would indorse me for \$1,000 at a time. But I could not stand prosperity. I soon got to reeling again. Then everybody dropped me as if I had been a hot potato. I finally got in debt \$1,500, and waited two years for some neighbor to take me out of the barn and put me on the turf again, but he never came. But when that darling child of Heaven took that twenty-four hour lease upon my honor, I began, under my improved handling, to realize my manhood once more. That night I matched the old gray horse when he was at Pittsburgh. The next night, when I signed the pledge, I tied him when he was at Grand Rapids, and the night I gave my heart to God I won a race that no horse can win. All the money you have in Lafayette would not buy it, yet it cost me but the asking.

A great many people say they don't want to sign the pledge; that nobody but drunkards and children join our church. I know better. Since my reformation I have received letters from several of our best statesmen, who highly praise the great Ribbon movements, and some of these men are personally identified with these movements. On the other hand, I have never received a line or heard a word from any man of eminence backing up the liquor traffic or recommending the use of liquor. Even Bob Ingersoll says that "whisky demoralizes the man who makes it, corrupts the man who sells it, and sends a speedy damnation to the man who drinks it."

And ye who speak contemptuously of children joining this movement, have ye ever tried to measure the power

for good exerted in this world by little ones? What have I just told you about my own conversion? And am I the only full grown man whose heart has been stormed and captured by the love and confidence of a child? By no means. The world's record of redeemed men, if it could be seen, would show tens of thousands who have been raised from the dead just as I was. God bless the children! Suffer them to come to the pledge table, and hinder them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. They may do good, yea, they are doing good, often when you least expect it. I would rejoice to have every child in Lafayette join me in this grand work to-night.

Now I, have a word for the men who drink and gamble. I have been with you all through life. I have soldiered with you; I have drunk with you; I have gambled with you. But with you, in the path of sin and death, I can no longer travel. I love you as men, but no longer do I love your ways. I am here to-night to reason with you, and to show you the light that I have found. Don't you remember how, in 1861 and 1862, you tore yourselves away from everything that was dear to you in this world? Don't you remember how you left your feeble fathers, your praying mothers, your weeping sisters, your heart-broken wives and children who vainly clung to your necks to hold you back, and rushed to the nearest rallying point to place your names on the grand roll of the country's defenders? You said, "I must go. My honor is at stake; my government is in danger." You marched on and on till you stood a living target before the enemy. Why did you make this great sacrifice? To save your nation and vindicate your nation's flag. Now, we are here to enlist you again, and in a cause that lies as near the hearts of all good people, and involves to as great an extent the highest interests of the

country, as the matters which were in issue in the memorable year of 1861—a cause in which you and your's are directly concerned. Your dear ones at home will be filled with joy unspeakable to hear that you are going with us in this grand army, battling for the right. Do you remember 1865?—when you came home from the war? You were then America's bright and shining stars. Look at yourselves to-night! Are you what you then were? If you are not, you can lay your fall to that thief of the world that has stolen our land and ruined so many of our brave boys. I am here as a recruiting officer. It will cost you nothing to go with us. We do not subject you to an examination, but take you just as you are. You will not see the Examining Surgeon till the war is over; and O, how I do pray that you, boys, as well as myself, may be ready to meet Him when you are mustered out of this service.

I know I have much to do to keep myself straight, and I am trying so hard to do it. But thank God, I have a Mighty Helper. But I should not have that Helper if I had not turned and taken the first steps toward Him. How well I remember the night of the sixth of August, 1877, when the Christian ladies of Fort Wayne pointed out to me the temperance star, and that little angel of Jesus fixed my gaze upon it. Can I ever forget how those golden words, "*You will, won't you?*" awoke in my heart the long silent voice of my mother, and how her last words, "*God have mercy on my boy!*" chimed in with those of the sweet messenger at my side.

I followed that temperance star till it merged itself into the Star of Bethlehem. I'll tell you how it was, boys.

In a few weeks after I signed the pledge I wandered one Sunday into Dr. Stone's church, in Fort Wayne, and listened to a sermon every word of which exactly fitted me.

Then the choir sang "What shall the harvest be?" and I wondered what my harvest would be from the seeds that I had sowed. As I was leaving the church the same little girl who revived my lifeless conscience with her transfixing "*You will, won't you?*" came to me with a book. It was the Bible. Handing it to me she said, "I have marked a lesson there for you. Will you study it?" Of course I answered, "Yes." Could I answer anything else. I went to my room with that book. I soon found my marked passage. It read, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done," etc. I could read no further. My whole case lay in that verse. I wondered what good I ever had done. I tried to strike a balance sheet, and I found that all the good I had ever done wouldn't balance one day's sin. I wondered in what condition I should appear before the judgment seat of Christ. I then took spiritual counsel of Dr. Stone, Dr. Moffitt, and others. I told them I was guilty, and that I knew of nothing better than to lay my case before the Great Judge, and trust to His decision. My counselors indorsed my views and told me to go ahead.

I presented my case to God, and in the silent hours of the night, awaited alone in my room the result. My soul was miserable in the contemplation of the wickedness of the past. I had not slept for several nights. I went down on my knees and asked God to give me just one hour's sleep. But no rest came to my weary eyes. I rose and turned on my gas, whose light revealed to me the sight of my gambling tables and my splendid side-board, the latter still supplied with the finest liquors. Instantly I asked myself, "Why should God bless me in such a place as this?" Remember, of all my habits, gambling was the

dearest. I loved to gamble, as I loved to eat when very hungry. So much was I enamored of it that I had not thought of giving it up as I had given up the use and sale of whisky. My demijohns and bottles were corked and stowed away in my side-board, but my gaming tables were still in use. I thought I could be a temperance man and a gambler at the same time. Yes, strange as it may seem to many, I even thought I could be a Christian and a gambler. My passion for games of chance wholly blinded me to their evils. But when I rose from my knees that night, a new light lit up the one still darkened chamber of my conscience, and I saw my great mistake. *Right then and there I made a full surrender.* I walked to the door and bade my gambling room an eternal adieu. I went to a hotel and retired to bed, bedewing my pillow with hot, scalding tears. Completely exhausted, I soon fell asleep. When I awoke the next morning my heart was as light as a feather, and as full of joy as it could be. God, O, hallowed be His name! had changed it in the stilly hours of slumber. I arose and hurried down street to tell the good news. My heart was clean; my soul was happy, and I wanted to tell it to the world. I am here to-night to tell it to you, gambling and drinking boys, and to lead you, if possible, by way of the temperance pledge, to the same solid rock on which I stand and rejoice in the glory of God.

But, boys, I would have you know that I have my dark hours—hours in which I am tempted and sorely tried. The monster which, by God's help, I overcame on the night of the sixth of August, 1877, trails me wherever I go. He is here to-night, ready to spring upon me if I would give him the opportunity. But he shall never again fasten his fangs upon me. I don't fear him now, for God is my friend, my unfailing support.

For twenty-five years I wandered through this world with no guide but my dying mother's prayers; and during many of those years that guide was neglected, forgotten. But I want to promise you now, as I do her, that, God helping me, I will never forget her prayers again.

And here I will say to her, have patience, dear mother, when my work on earth is done, I will stand with you at the right hand of God!

May He bless you all. Good-night! Good-night!





CHAPTER II.

REFLECTIONS ON MR. LONG'S SPEECH — FACTS IN REGARD TO HIS BIRTH AND BOYHOOD—HIS CHARACTER AS A WORKER AND A SPEAKER.

THE speech given in the foregoing chapter should be read by everybody. To unreformed men it is a powerful exhortation. To reformed men, it is an almost unexampled piece of inspiration. To staid Christians and religious teachers it is worthy of all study as an exposition of practical theology and of the true method of labor among those whom Jesus boldly declared He came to save. To all that class of moral people who adopt the miserable policy of freezing sinful souls into repentance; of *driving* men away from their errors by turning to them the cold shoulder, Mr. Long's recital of the influence that led him to sign the pledge of total abstinence, will prove eminently instructive. The sweet confidence and the unselfish love of that little girl, whose magic appeal, "YOU WILL, WON'T YOU?" literally turned the poor, inebriate gambler's darkness into day, accomplished what all the advice and all the lecturing

(278)

he ever received had utterly failed to accomplish. Those divine words were flashes of light from the Eternal Throne. From the great heart of God Himself, passing through the pure, confiding heart of an innocent child, they quickened the dead affections of that hardened man, opened his eyes to his wretched condition, and breathed a saving vitality into his long-asphyxiated conscience. Those four potent monosyllables were worth more to his gloomy spirit than all the set discourses to which he had ever listened.

Praise the Lord for the tender darlings who—amid the stifling smoke of the soulless logomachies, in which the ambitious pulpits of the nineteenth century are *butchering* Christianity, driving the humble away from the church, and putting the Savior to an open shame before the skeptical world—raise their tiny fingers and, under that divine inspiration which has always preferred sympathy to talent, love to learning, point directly and so charmingly to the all-atoning Lamb, who, while with man, held *them* up as the earthly type of His Father's dwelling place.

Mason Long was born in Luray, Licking County, Ohio, on the tenth day of September, 1842. His father, Jacob Long, died at the age of fifty-four years, Mason being, at the time of that event, only six years old.

The boy was now left to the care of his mother, who, being a noble Christian woman and possessing excellent managing faculties, was fully equal, not only to the task of his maintenance, but to that of his proper education, as well. But she was permitted to scarcely commence his training till she, also, was smitten by the

King of Terrors, and carried to the bosom of her God. From Luray she moved to West Salem, Ashland County, Ohio, after the death of her husband, and there died about four years from the time of her arrival in the place. Her purpose in going to West Salem was to secure the advantages of a close neighborhood with her father, who lived in that village, and thereby lighten, as much as possible, her trials and responsibilities.

Mason being now, at the age of ten years, left all alone in the world, was bound to an old German farmer. This Teutonic yeoman, like too many others of his day, measured either a boy or a man only by the amount of manual labor he could perform in a given time and his willingness to stick to his work. Moreover, the "good old Deichen shentleman" was one of those who think more of a dollar than they do of their own souls or of the souls of other people. He had taken Mason, as a man would lease an ox, for the amount of service he could get out of him. He cared no more for the future of the child than he did for the future of his hogs. The necessary consequence was that the boy was simply a slave, and a very cruelly treated one at that, during the time he lived with this heartless impersonation of human greed.

Fortunately he was released from his meaner than Egyptian bondage when he had served out seven years. After this he was knocked promiscuously about, being thrown entirely upon his native resources. He grew up to manhood, however, without any serious misfortune, and till the time he enlisted in the volunteer army of the United States to assist in the suppression

of the Rebellion, never contracted any bad habits, nor did anything of a disgraceful character. His reputation was spotless till he learned to gamble, which he did in the army.

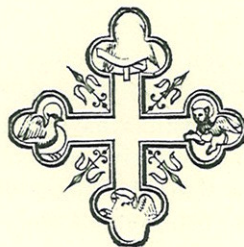
All other important facts are so fully given in his speech that I refer the reader to that for them, and proceed to close this chapter with a description of him as a speaker and with some account of his temperance labors.

Mason Long is a very earnest but never a very loud talker. He rarely rises above his monotone, which is remarkably musical, pathetic, and impressive. To few orators will an audience lend a more eager attention. His touch is exceedingly delicate, and his appeals are unusually tender, wonderfully effective. When he closes a speech with that prayer to his mother with which the preceding chapter concludes, there can be seen scarcely one dry eye in the audience. In expression he is ready and fluent. In manner he is graceful and dignified. His diction is rich and florid. His rhetoric, though open to criticism, is faultless to the masses, whom he invariably charms. To do the work among unreformed drunkards and gamblers there is not, perhaps, a more effective speaker in the country, while at the same time the most refined love to hear him. He is clearer of provincialisms and slang phrases than the great majority of the reformed men who are now on the platform. This commends him in an especial manner to those people who are highly sensitive in regard to the use of such expressions.

Since his reformation he has been keeping a model

temperance coffee house in Fort Wayne, Ind., but has, nevertheless, been almost constantly in the field as a Blue Ribbon evangelist, and has done a vast deal of good in Northern Indiana, and throughout a considerable portion of Ohio. He has induced thousands to sign the pledge, and has been the means of reforming hundreds of gamblers. His integrity, humility, and deep sincerity, added to his energy and his fine natural abilities, render him a mighty power for good in the land.

And when they shall come from the east and the west and from the north and the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Mason Long will sit down with the rest of them.



JAMES W. F. GERRISH, M.D.

BIRTH-PLACE — PARENTAGE — EARLY ASSOCIATIONS — MEDICAL EDUCATION — ITS MORAL RESULTS — HE GRADUATES WITH DISTINGUISHED HONORS AND ENTERS THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE — THE DRINKING HABIT — HOW ACQUIRED — ITS EFFECTS UPON HIS CHARACTER — ENTERS THE ARMY AS A SURGEON — SERVES HIS COUNTRY WITH ABILITY AND FIDELITY — RETURNS TO CIVIL LIFE AND LOCATES IN SEYMOUR — ATTAINS MARKED DISTINCTION IN HIS PROFESSION — THE CRUSADERS CAPTURE HIM — HE REFORMS AND BECOMES AN EFFICIENT RED RIBBON WORKER.

“Καὶ ἴδου, εἰσὶν ἔσχατοι οἱ ἔσονται πρῶτοι.” — “And, behold, there are last who shall be first.” — LUKE’S GOSPEL, Chapter 13, verse 30.

JAMES W. F. GERRISH, M.D., was born of highly respectable and well-to-do parentage, in Monmouth, Maine, on the twelfth day of February, 1831. His father suffered severe financial reverses during the eventful monetary crisis of 1836 and 1837. After two years of unsuccessful effort to recover, in some degree, his great losses, he

determined to seek a new field. He accordingly went to Elizabeth, Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, and opened a school, in which he taught the common branches. He did so well in his new location that at the end of eighteen months he sent for his wife and two children, who, after a long, tedious, and toilsome journey, such as this generation knows little about, by steamer, by canal, and by stage-coach, joined him in the Fall of 1840. The subject of this biography, then nine years old, was the eldest of the two little ones who endured the trials of that trip.

While in Elizabeth, the father completed a course of medical study, which he had formerly begun, and in a few years moved to Paris, Jennings County, Ind., where he embarked in a professional career, in which he soon acquired distinction.

Here James, at the age of twenty-two, commenced reading medicine with the senior Gerrish. He made extraordinary progress, and, in 1855, graduated with honor from one of the first medical colleges in the United States, immediately after which he entered upon the practice of his calling with his preceptor. He at once took rank among the best physicians in Southern Indiana, and in a few months was riding over a vast area of Jennings and of adjacent counties.

But, while a little boy, he had contracted, at Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, against the teachings and in spite of the prayers of his parents, who were Christians and radical temperance people of the Neal Dow type, the habit of drinking, which had rapidly grown while he was taking lectures. It had never been so strong as to

utterly defy his power to control it; but, with the loose notions of morality with which the associations of his youth had displaced the wholesome admonitions of his father and mother, and with the false views of the medical properties of alcoholic stimulants, which then obtained almost universally among the followers of Esculapius, he had no special motive to hold it in check; and so he gave it a free rein, by which he was, before three years old in his profession, the victim of an appetite that, although it never led him to the shocking excesses we so often see, had the full strength of a second nature.

Nevertheless he was eminently successful in business, and established an enviable reputation as a master of the healing art throughout a wide stretch of country.

Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion, Dr. Gerrish was commissioned an Assistant Surgeon. He directly rose to the rank of Surgeon, and was assigned for duty to the Sixty-seventh Indiana Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, in which gallant command he served his country with ability and fidelity till the fall of Vicksburg, when his resignation was necessitated by the decline of his health.

Soon after his return from the army he took up his residence in his present home — Seymour, Jackson County, Indiana — where he has, ever since, been actively engaged in the practice of medicine. Here he was made a member of the Indiana State Medical Society, and a permanent member of the American Medical Association. He was, also, chosen First Vice

President of the Tri-State Medical Society of Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana, and was voted an honorary membership in the Southwestern Kentucky Medical Society. Meantime he was called to an active participation in the doings of various district medical associations.

He now devoted himself to the diversified labors of his professional relations with great assiduity, giving but little heed to any thing that did not come within the range of these duties.

In the course of events he was led to a discovery, of which, in a letter to the author, he gives the following interesting account:

Having been taught in my medical *alma mater*, that alcohol possesses certain tonic and stimulating properties, which render it valuable as a medicine, I had employed it both in my military and my civil practice in all those cases in which the standard authorities advise its use. But I had observed that frequently the worst instead of the best results followed — so frequently, in fact, that in the progress of time I resolved to subject the long accepted theory of the schools, as to the virtues of this supposed remedy, to the test of experiment; and, after a fair and thorough trial, extending through many months of my busiest practice, and involving hundreds of cases, in all which the books were strictly followed, I was reluctantly driven to the conclusion that alcoholic liquors of every description are utterly devoid of any restorative powers, and that instead of promoting a healthy action of the vital functions, they are positively and fearfully injurious, as they are now directed to be used in our recognized therapeutical formulas.

With this conclusion I went before our medical societies, combated the theory in question, and although I met with strong opposition at first, I now have the satisfaction of knowing that the majority of intelligent, thinking physicians in this region, if not fully convinced of the great mistake of the profession, are, at least, distrustful of the remedial efficacy, which has so long and so falsely been claimed for alcohol. And, without doubt, the day is not distant when it will be classified as a specific poison, and prescribed only as such.

Strange as it may seem, Dr. Gerrish continued throughout this scientific warfare to indulge his craving for strong drink, often, in hours of recreation, feeding it to excess, lager beer being his favorite beverage, of the intoxicating qualities of which his personal experience has abundantly satisfied him. But the convictions fastened upon his mind, by repeated observations of the hurtful effects of alcoholic prescriptions for sick people, and the successful advocacy of those convictions in numerous assemblies of the most learned supporters of the use of "*spiritus frumenti*," awakened in him new ideas which, together with other matters presently to be related, brought about a complete change in his life, and opened to him a grand field of thought and labor in which he is now engaged.

During the year of the ever-to-be-remembered Crusade, two men, desiring to add themselves to Seymour's brigade of saloon keepers, circulated a petition in the ward in which Dr. Gerrish lived, with a view to applying to the Commissioners of Jackson County, in the

manner prescribed by law, for license to retail intoxicating drinks in that precinct. Meantime the crusaders circulated a remonstrance, which was, also, according to law, against the prospective applicants.

After a thorough canvass by both parties, it was found that the petitioners had a majority of two. As the doctor expresses it, "*the devil had won.*" But much to the joy of the remonstrators, it was discovered that one of that little majority was a non-resident, and would, therefore, have to be left out of the count. Now if just one man could be persuaded to take his name off of the prayer for liberty to damn people, the effort of the would-be saloonatics would fail. Dr. Gerrish was on that petition. He was promptly waited upon by the brave women, his own mother being one of the number, and strongly urged to withdraw from it. He stubbornly and persistently refused, whereupon the ladies left him, but not without deeply impressing him with the fact that if the effort to increase the number of whisky shops in Seymour should succeed, it would be upon *his signature*, and that, therefore, *he* would be responsible for all the suffering and misery which should for twelve long months grow out of that addition to the drunkard-mills of the city, and that they should most fervently pray God to change his mind and thus avert from him the terrible responsibility he had assumed. Afterwards, in private, his mother plead with him as only a mother can plead, by the memory of his father, long since dead; by the zeal of that father in the cause of temperance; by all that was good and noble in his life, to reform and stand aloof

from the whisky power. Her prayers and appeals went deeply into the Doctor's heart. For the first time in his life he began to seriously reflect upon his evil course, and to meditate reformation. He says in the letter to which I have already referred:

I had witnessed too many instances of distress; too many sacrifices of valuable lives; too many scenes of unutterable woe, to close my eyes and heart to the touching appeals of the woman who gave me birth and of her noble Christian confederates; and these good women attacked me in a new way, and stirred my sleepy conscience as it was never before stirred. So thoroughly did they rouse my soul that the horrors which in my former life I had observed to follow drinking haunted me day and night like so many ghastly spectres; and while, out of a false pride, I declined the withdrawal of my name from the petition for license, I hoped in my inmost heart that the paper might fail.

What thinking, reasonable person can say that the Crusade did no good; that it was merely an exhibition of over-zeal and fanaticism? Who can say that the earnest prayers and efforts of those women, many of whom were moved by seeing their own loved ones led daily to the slaughter, were futile and unanswered. I believe, as I believe in God, that the present Ribbon movements are the harvest of the seed sown by those noble mothers, wives, and daughters, who had the God-given courage to do what they conceived to be their duty in the face of the great herd of whisky-guzzlers and saloon-keepers.

Dr. Gerrish had now reached the great turning point in his life. His scientific self-education prepared the way for that thorough conversion to temperance principles in which the women played so important a part.

Reflection, in the course of a few weeks following his mother's interview with him, brought him out a fully reformed man, and a radical opponent of the liquor traffic. He then set about the task of devising some means by which the curse of rum, which had so long hung like a black pall over Seymour, might at least be mitigated. While he was thus mentally engaged, he was using his personal influence to induce his old companions in revelry, many of whom were among the wealthiest citizens, to join him in forsaking the haunts of vice and in abstaining from the cup. Finally, it occurred to him that a club-room, supplied with games, reading matter, and other attractions, and as free from restraint as would consist with good order, would be a great help in saving many of the young men of the city. But he did not, as yet, design using a formal pledge in connection with club-work, his notion being to gradually wean the Boys away from the saloons.

Just at this time he heard of Captain J. C. Bontecou, of Jackson, Michigan, and, without consulting any one, dispatched him to come to Seymour. The Captain arrived in due time, and the Doctor arranged with him for a series of Red Ribbon meetings, at the very first of which he went forward, signed the pledge, put on the ribbon, and fully committed himself to the temperance cause, publicly engaging to advance it by every facility at his command and to the utmost extent of his ability.

It is not too much to say that this action on his part was the entering wedge to that grand movement by which Seymour, for many years the worst sink of

debauchery in Hoosierdom, is now the anointed leader of all the temperance towns and cities in the West.

When the Red Ribbon Club of Seymour was organized, Dr. Gerrish was elected its president, and its incomparable success is unquestionably due in a large measure to his superior wisdom and energy.

I can not close this sketch, without saying that the glorious heroines of the Crusade can boast no prouder achievement than that of the reformation of Dr. James W. F. Gerrish; for when they took him they took Seymour; and when they took Seymour, they took Southern Indiana.





THE SEYMOUR REFORM CLUB.

ITS ORGANIZATION — ITS TRIALS — ITS GLORIOUS TRIUMPHS — A MODEL CLUB.

“Μικρὰ ζύμη ὄλον τὸ φέραμα ζυμοῖ.”—“A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.”—GAL., Chapter 5, verse 9.

THE metropolis of Jackson County, located at the crossing of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the Indianapolis and Jeffersonville Railroad is, and has always been, one of the thriftiest towns in Southern Indiana in the matter of trade. It contains a population of about five thousand, which is chiefly composed of mechanics, railway employés, and tradesmen.

For many years it was completely ruled by whisky. Its vast army of guzzlers, rum-sellers, and their confederates, the local politicians, showed no quarter to any man who dared to lift his voice against either the use or the sale of intoxicating beverages. The consequence of this worse than barbarous condition was that the city swarmed with harlots, criminals, and abandoned

(314)

profligates, from every quarter of the country, and Seymour was, to the better class of people throughout the West, only another name for Sodom.

But the community contained a leaven of righteousness, and that leaven worked, particularly in the small, but heroic band of women whom no fear could awe. That brave little company, as we have already seen, in course of time, captured Dr. Gerrish, who was one of the principal towers of strength to the all-dominant rum power. This was the beginning of a new era. The Doctor, in the Summer of 1877, engaged Captain J. C. Bontecou to hold a series of meetings in Seymour. The Captain commenced work on the second of June, and continued about seven days. At first his hearings were very small, but they grew so rapidly that before his stay was half out, the opera house, which was by far the largest building in the city, would not contain them. His efforts resulted in the reformation of two hundred drinking men, the majority of whom were the most influential of their sort, and had been the main stay of the saloons. These were, on the sixth of June, 1877, organized into a Red Ribbon Club, with the subjoined list of officers: President, Dr. James W. F. Gerrish; First Vice-President, John W. Stokes; Second Vice-President, Wm. P. Moore; Third Vice-President, Charles W. McNair; Financial Secretary, M. Ed. Shiel; Treasurer, Herbert T. Platter; Marshal, C. G. Cole; Assistant Marshal, David Baird; Steward, Dr. L. M. Mains; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry Lane.

The officers and the members of this club were all new in the work of temperance reform. An experience

they had, to be sure, and a large one too, but it was on the side of drunkenness. Nevertheless, they took hold of the labor which now devolved upon them with the efficiency of veterans. Their zeal in the great cause to which they had been so recently converted was not the offspring of theory, but of suffering.

The importance of solidity soon being discovered, a constitution and by-laws were adopted, some time after which ground-floor rooms were secured in a central part of the city for a permanent location. These apartments were amply commodious, and enabled the reformed men, of which the organization was wholly composed, to put into tangible shape all their ideas of an attractive home. Games, in great variety, newspapers and periodicals from all parts of the world, and a good library of useful, entertaining books, were provided. The sergeant-at-arms, who assumed the functions of the janitor, was permitted to compensate himself by keeping, near the entrance, a small stand at which he sold cigars, tobacco, cakes, pies, coffee, oysters, etc., etc. A large hall, connected with the reading department, was well seated, to serve the purpose of public meetings. All the floors were handsomely carpeted, and the walls, after being painted, were adorned with beautiful pictures, mottoes, and evergreens. Meantime a first-class chapel-organ was placed in the audience room.

The White Ribbon Club of ladies, organized by Captain Bontecou, during his sojourn, deserves much credit for the valuable aid it rendered in procuring furniture, literature, and ornaments. Indeed, its ardent,

self-sacrificing devotion, here so beautifully exhibited, can not be too warmly praised.

Thus thoroughly "set up for house-keeping," the "Boys" went about their work in a practical, business-like way that is worthy of all commendation, and with a degree of pluck and enthusiasm before which no obstacles could stand. Properly estimating the strength, the tact, the wiliness, of their great enemy, and having supplied themselves with all the facilities, save only the one that inebriates, which he has so long and so successfully employed in the damnation of souls, they were fully prepared to meet him at every point. They resolved to be instant in season and out of season, and to allow nothing to discourage them, nothing to stand in their way. They recognized the fact that they had assumed a double undertaking, which would tax their powers to the utmost—that of keeping the tempter away from the doors of their own hearts, and of rescuing their suffering city from his cruel clutches, and they determined that in the accomplishment of this task neither time, means, energy, nor ingenuity should be spared. *To live and die sober men themselves, and to enable others to do the same, was, as it is to this day,* THE ONE ALL ABSORBING MOTIVE OF THOSE GALLANT HEROES.

In their constitution they fixed three regular meetings per week—one on Tuesday night for business, another on Thursday night for social improvement, and another on Sunday night for moral and intellectual development. To attend these meetings was not, with them, a mere arbitrary rule, but a vital principle. They

highly prized the first as a school in which to practically educate their executive faculties. The second they greatly valued as a means of elevating, refining, and strengthening those of their new recruits who, on account of their former degradation, had been ostracised by the better ordered classes; and, also, as a help in breaking down the bars by which sects and sets, having fenced themselves in, had prevented that free interplay of saving forces which is essential to the greatest good of the greatest number; for on Thursday evenings they were thronged with preachers, prominent church members, and leading moralists, all of whom, under the inspiration of the grand reformatory movement, came, bringing their wives and daughters, to encourage the cause, freely intermingling with all the members of the club and with one another in the enjoyments of the hour. The third they esteemed as a prerequisite to that training which they justly regarded as being necessary both to their own security and to the efficiency of their missionary efforts among the unredeemed. But in carrying it on they met with an opposition that, coming, as it did, from the churches, which in the main were very friendly toward them, thoroughly tested their nerve and their native resources. In a communication to the author, Dr. Gerrish, speaking of this matter, says:

Our Sunday-night meeting was established in the very beginning of the existence of our organization, and has all the time been steadily kept up. It is opened with singing, reading the Scriptures and prayer, after which we have speeches and experiences from our members, addresses

from strangers, if any are present, and, often, from the pastors of both the Protestant and the Catholic Churches of this and of other cities. A great many of our Boys are Catholics.

This meeting is now always well attended, and its exercises are of the most interesting character. Its present great power for good is, under God, the result of our determination to succeed. At first it was looked upon with a jealous eye by ministers and prominent members of the church, who seemed to feel that it was an usurpation of their hitherto unquestioned rights and privileges. But we recognized the fact that very few drinking men ever attended church; that nearly all of them were in the habit of loitering about the street corners on Sabbath evenings in search of amusements, which formerly could be found only in the haunts of vice and debauchery; and it was as much with a view to reaching this class of persons as to the promotion of the moral growth of ourselves, many of whom were, as yet, unprepared to enjoy religious services, that we instituted our Sunday-night meeting.

Understanding our own purposes better than they appeared to be understood by our well-meaning, but mistaken friends, we persevered unflinchingly in our course, but not without discouragements; for soon we were deserted by our organist, then by many of our leading singers, then by our pious visitors, which last desertion left us for a time without a single person to lead in prayer. Finally it got so that the audience would scarcely exceed a dozen in number. But the little Spartan band that remained was invincible. Perceiving the mistake of longer depending on outside help, we elected our own chaplain, our own organist, our own chorister, and went right ahead, firmly relying upon the providence of God, and never

doubting that we should ultimately succeed. Presently it was discovered that our emergency was our best disciplinarian. Many of the Boys, relieved from the embarrassment of the presence of professional talkers and competent critics, soon became excellent speakers. We found that, in point of talent we were rich in ourselves, and that necessity had driven us to the founding of exactly the school required to bring that talent out and drill it for future usefulness. The latent oratory which was fledged by this school is to-day rendering valuable service to humanity in many parts of the country.

It was not long till it became known that, *rain or shine*, there would be entertaining exercises at our club-rooms on Sabbath evening. From that time forward we have had crowded houses on that evening, and now our Sunday-night meeting is one of the most prominent and profitable institutions in the city, and has led many of the Boys into the churches.

But the members of the Seymour Club have not been less efficient in their daily work than in their varied assembled capacities. As before remarked, they meet the enemy at every point. They do not propose to give the devil the slightest advantage in any thing. They keep their club-rooms open every day from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night, these being the hours at which the saloons are opened and closed. If the rum-shops of Seymour were to continue their trade all night, the Red Ribbon Home of that city would never be shut up, but through all the dreary watches of darkness would keep its hospitable latch-string out; and the light of its blazing chande-

liers, shining through its large front windows, would extend a glowing, cordial welcome to every passer-by.

While the Home is open, some of the "Boys" are ever on the war-path, picking up drunken men, taking them to the club-rooms, sobering them, inducing them to sign the pledge and put on the badge of freedom, finding employment for them if needs be. Many a poor drunkard do they thus reclaim, who could never be persuaded to attend a public temperance meeting.

The sleepless vigilance, the self-sacrificing zeal, the varied and philosophic methods of the Seymour Club, have given it so many souls for its hire that there is scarcely a drinking man left in what was, before the existence of that organization, little more than a city of sots. Meanwhile the city government is Red Ribbon throughout, and society is purged from "turret to foundation stone."

The club has now a fat treasury, and will soon erect buildings of its own on a grand scale. While it sometimes resorts to railway excursions, festivals, and public entertainments of various kinds to raise money, its main financial dependence is a regular system of monthly dues.

Having vastly outgrown the sphere of a local power, it is now systematically evangelizing a wide stretch of country around Seymour. Its president writes:

We have a regularly appointed missionary board, whose duty it is to take charge of the work of the field at large. This board has an ample fund placed at its disposal to enable it to carry on its work. For about seven months it has kept from six to a dozen of the ablest of our reformed

men constantly going from town to town, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, persuading their fellows to quit drink, and organizing clubs. These workers have already induced thousands to shake off the serpent and "Dare to Do Right." While I am writing this, twelve meetings are in progress in different parts of this (Jackson) county under our auspices. Do you ask when we will rest? We answer, when the demon is driven from our midst and from our State we will rest, and not till then. We have no fears of the result. God helping us, *we will accomplish what we have undertaken.*

The first anniversary of the Seymour Club was celebrated on the 6th of June, 1878. The "Boys" call it the "big sixth." It was an occasion never to be forgotten. The ribbon workers of all parts of Southern Indiana came by thousands to participate in the commemoration of the date of the inauguration of the reform movement in Jackson County. Fifty-five carloads of excursionists, in addition to the hundreds who arrived on regular trains from four different directions, swelled a vast multitude that entered the city from the rural districts on horseback and in long strings of wagons, carriages, and buggies.

Two immense processions were formed on the principal streets and, marching to a beautiful grove near the city, under the animating strains of the music of seven cornet bands, and amid the reverberating boom of cannon, were addressed by numerous speakers. The crowd when assembled, was estimated at twenty thousand, the largest gathering ever known in that quarter of Hoosierdom. All the dwellings and business houses

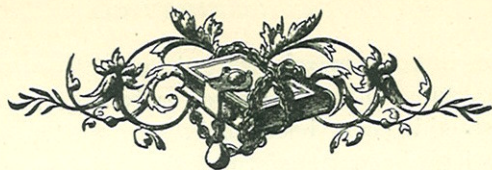
along the line of march were beautifully decorated with flags and mottoes. It was truly a glorious day, and it should have been such. In twelve months Seymour had been transformed from the very worst to the very best of Western cities; and it was meet that the noble organization which had accomplished that transformation should have a gala time on its birthday.

To the ladies of the splendid White Ribbon Club of Seymour all honor is due for their earnest, untiring devotion to the interests of the "Boys."

Having often visited the Seymour Reform Club, the author is fully prepared to say that it is a model in every respect, and that its beautiful home is by all odds the most attractive place in the region of country in which it is located. It is worth going several miles to see.

The facts of this history are well worth the study of every moralist and every religionist in the world.





CAPTAIN J. C. BONTECOU.

CHAPTER I.

NATIVITY — PARENTAGE — COLLEGE COURSE — ARMY CAREER — THE EVILS OF DRINK — REFORMATION — IOWA, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN, AND MISSOURI TELL THE TALE OF A GRAND WORK FOR GOD AND HUMANITY.

“Διὰ τὰς παρειμένας κεῖρας καὶ τὰ παραλελυμένα γόνατα ἀνορθώσατε.” — “Therefore, lift up the relaxed hands and the paralyzed knees.”—HEB., Chapter 12, verse 12.

CAPTAIN J. C. BONTECOU, one of the best speakers and one of the most efficient organizers in the great Red Ribbon host, surely never could have fancied the motto which Artemus Ward ascribed to Brigham Young:—“If a man blow not his own horn by whom shall his horn be blown;” for, notwithstanding his splendid achievements during the past year and a half throughout several of the principal States of the West, it was

(324)

merely by one of those happy accidents that we obtained his post-office address. Having been thus lucky, Mr. Goodspeed, the publisher of this volume, at the author's request, immediately wrote the Captain, asking the matter for his biography. To this call he promptly, but very daintily responded, showing in the meagre supply of facts with which he furnished us a degree of self-abasement which is exceedingly rare in these latter days.

Subsequently we received the subjoined note from Kate Harrington, the sweet poet of Iowa: “Do your utmost to get the life and the portrait of Captain J. C. Bontecou, and, even if it delays your publication some weeks, place them as near the front of your book as possible. He numbers his friends by the thousand in our State.” What Kate says of Iowa is equally true of many other parts of the country.

This gallant chief and superior worker was born in Rhode Island in 1838. His father was a Methodist preacher; was successively a member of the New England, Ohio, and Cincinnati Conferences, and is well known to many of the ministers and members of the M. E. Church throughout the West. The Captain was educated at the Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio.

He served four years and four months in the army. Coming home he prepared for the practice of law, but abandoned it for business, and since 1870 has been located at Jackson, Michigan, where he has been connected with manufacturing enterprises. He is one of those unfortunates who are born with a deranged

nervous system, and are cursed with a craving for stimulants from childhood.

From early boyhood, for twenty long years, he was "under the curse." He was compelled to abandon his college course before its completion, because of drink. Though holding a number of commissions in the army, and having personal friends among the generals commanding, his army career was a failure for the same reason.

After the close of the war and the completion of his preparation for the bar, his appetite became so ungovernable that he abandoned home, friends, and every thing else, and became a wanderer in the West.

In 1869, by the help of God, he began the recovery of his lost manhood. Step by step, with toil and trouble, he has been climbing upward ever since. Several times has he slipped and fallen, but during many years—alone—with only God to help—he has fought his battle and has finally won the victory.

Two years ago, nearly, the Red Ribbon work having begun in Michigan under the leadership of Dr. Reynolds, the Captain became interested, and identified himself with it. Calls soon began to come for him to go and preach the New Gospel of Reform, and yielding to the pressure, he drifted out into the work, simply following what seemed to be the leading of Providence. Entirely independent of all organizations, and without being "pushed" by anybody, he has answered all invitations, until his clubs are scattered from the Ohio River to the Missouri, through the States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Michigan. In his work

he uses Dr. Reynolds' plan for the organization of mens' clubs, and has originated a plan for forming women into bodies upon an independent basis. To the latter institutions he attributes the great success which has attended his efforts. These are intended to be broad enough to embrace every wife, mother, and young girl, in the community. No religious or social tests are permitted in them. They are not "auxilliary" to anybody. Built up to accomplish the one object of saving the fathers, husbands, and sons of the particular town or neighborhood in which they are located, they invite *every woman*, no matter what her social position or her religious belief, to join hands in the grand work of redeeming the lost and loved, and of defending her own hearthstone and her own children from the cause of ruin.

His strongest and most effective organizations are in Ann Arbor, Michigan; Seymour, New Albany, Madison, and Evansville, Indiana; Peoria, Galva, Macomb, Warsaw, and Quincy, Illinois; Keokuk, Burlington, Ft. Madison, Mt. Pleasant, Knoxville, Centreville, Osceola, and Red Oak, Iowa; and in St. Joseph and Unionville, Mo. In Evansville, the Red Ribbon Club numbers six thousand members, and the Womens' Club over five thousand—all thoroughly organized and at work. Peoria has over five thousand enrolled in the Womens' Reform Club, and the men have five thousand, there being also eight thousand in the Auxilliary Clubs in Peoria County. It is impossible to obtain absolutely accurate figures, but the reports of the local secretaries up to June 1, 1878, show one hundred and

thirty thousand men and ninety thousand women in his clubs, not counting any children.

The Captain has carefully avoided sensational work, and has made every effort to plant reform upon a foundation which will prove *permanent*. That success has crowned those efforts is attested by such examples as that of Evansville, Indiana, in which he left less than one thousand in both clubs, which clubs, after one year of life, point to a grand roll of nearly twelve thousand. In this regard he has been on the right track. We are not disposed to pluck one leaf from the wreath of honor which has been awarded any man; but, without laying ourselves open to the charge of censoriousness, we think we may say that the *stability* of the temperance work has too often been sacrificed to personal ends and the building up of a personal reputation.

Captain Bontecou makes it a point never to remain in a place one hour longer than he is needed. His idea is that the most effective method of working among the people is to *get them to work*, and the moment he has completed the organization of a good club, he takes his leave, permitting the leaven to permeate the lump in its own way, which it almost invariably does. Thus, for instance, he left the Seymour Club with a membership of two hundred, and, by its straight-forward, systematic effort, it was master of its community in one year, and is now, by its grand missionary scheme, as may be seen by reference to its own history, which precedes this biography, taking the whole country around it. He left the Evansville enterprise with but compara-

tively few members in both the red and the white ribbon organization, and to-day the temperance army in the Crescent City sways the whole of the population.

In these examples, as in nearly all others, of his operations, the wisdom of his practice of throwing reformed men upon their own resources at as early a period as possible, is clearly demonstrated. It is unquestionably the true policy. Lasting results can not be procured by any other means. It is upon the same principle that if a man is ever physically strong he must exercise his muscles; that if he is ever mentally strong he must educate himself.

Moral development is promoted just as any other development is promoted — by hard knocks.





CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN BONTECOU'S WHITE RIBBON CLUBS—HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF THEIR ORIGIN—THEIR EFFICIENCY—HISTORY OF THE WORK OF BOTH THE RED AND THE WHITE AT EVANSVILLE, INDIANA; PEORIA, ILLINOIS; ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI; MADISON, INDIANA; AND OTHER POINTS.

IN answer to a letter of inquiry, touching the origin, the character, and the specific functions of his White Ribbon Clubs, Captain Bontecou says:

I greatly felt the importance of enlisting the personal and social influence of the representative women of every community on the side of temperance; but when I attempted to do it under the flag of the old organizations, I found many things to hinder success. There were personal, religious, and social reasons why many women, representing the wealth, culture, and influence of a town, should decline to enter into these organizations, some of which I could very well understand.

I therefore left all the old issues and old antagonisms on the outside, and proceeded to build my work upon a new foundation, using, as far as practicable, new material there-

(330)

in. The success which has been achieved by the institutions erected upon this plan, exceeds my expectations.

Their field lies immediately under their eye; their work is in their own home, and their own social circle. There is no throwing off of personal responsibility upon District, State, or National organizations, and no disturbing influences enter from abroad. If we are ever to thoroughly educate public sentiment upon the question of temperance, there is to be wrought a revolution in all grades of our social life; and woman gives tone to, and governs, society. Therefore, if we can induce the women, who thus direct social affairs, to take an active part in temperance reform, we set at work, *within* the citadel, the forces which will accomplish the result at which we aim. In short, it must be made the *right* thing, the *correct* thing, to be a temperance man; and the *disreputable* thing to be a drinker. When society makes it "good form" to be a teetotaler, and "bad form" to drink, we are nearing the end. In my judgment, we accomplish more for the ultimate triumph of temperance by striking from the patrician side-board the sparkling wine-glass, than by knocking in the head of the whisky barrel in a low "doggery." The plant grows always upward, but the rain which, as a solvent, carries down to the rootlets the nutrition which makes growth possible, comes always from *above*. Reforms may and do begin at the lower levels of society, and grow upwards until the whole mass is uplifted, but the thought-force and the heart-force generally find their way *downward* till they reach the elements with which they can combine to form the pabulum of growth. These Woman's Clubs have in most places made themselves felt as a social power. In many towns, where fashion demanded wine at entertainments, it has been banished. In one city, where Southern

social customs obtained among the upper circles, less than two years ago, a fashionable, but brave and noble young lady, became the subject of comment and ridicule because she turned her wine-glass upside down during the progress of a grand dinner.

In the same city, on last New Year's day (as the result of the educating power of a White Ribbon Club), not a glass of wine was offered to any caller, and the decanters that for generations have decked the old side-boards have been consigned to the garret.

We come now, in order to more fully present his methods, to notice somewhat in detail, Captain Bontecou's work at several of the principal points in which he has operated; and we will commence at Evansville, Indiana. In that city, unheralded by any sound of trumpets, he started the Red Ribbon movement with a very small audience at one of the churches, but such was the rapid growth of public interest, that in a very few days, the largest opera building scarcely accommodated the thousands who came to hear his soul-stirring appeals and his strong common-sense arguments. The *Evansville Journal*, edited by Mr. Frank M. Thayer, and one of the most influential and widely-circulated daily papers in Hoosierdom, published a two-column report of a grand mass-meeting held at Veille's Hall, during the siege, from which I make the subjoined extract:

The parquet, dress circle, and family circle, were filled to their utmost capacity. The platform was occupied by not only the choir, but, also, by many of the foremost workers in the cause. After the opening song, Mr. Bonte-

cou read a chapter of Scripture, when the Rev. Mr. Darby closed the devotional exercises with prayer; General J. M. Shackleford then came forward, and said:

"It gives me pleasure to introduce to this immense audience a man whose name has become a household word in the City of Evansville. I wish to detract from no man's laurels; I desire to strip the reed from no man's brow; but I feel that I can unhesitatingly say that he whom I am now about to present to you has done more for this community than any other man who has ever set foot within it."

Mr. Bontecou, after an anecdote, which he told in splendid style, said:

It is true I have spoken in Evansville on temperance, or rather on intemperance, for three weeks — long enough, it would seem, to exhaust the subject. But while there is a drunkard in the city, or a single home blasted by the demon, there will be something new to say upon that theme. Silver-tongued orators, like General Shackleford — gifted men from whom there is a strong, steady flow of eloquence — can do, and have done, much good. But all grades of talent find employment in this great cause. Shall I ever forget the apparent hopelessness of my efforts when I first came to your beautiful city. O, how solitary was my stand at that time! — how nothing-like it looks when compared with the present upward bound of the movement! But it is not alone in the large audiences *nor in the number of singers*, that the results are to be sought. We must behold the mother whose gray hairs were but yesterday being hurried to the grave; we must ask the wife who has just recovered the affections of a husband once lost to her in his downward course; we must behold that young man — that poor victim of delirium tremens — who, rescued from

the filth of the gutter and freed from the legion of devils which but yesterday possessed him, is sitting clothed, and in his right mind — we must do all this to even approximate a proper conception of the good which is being accomplished by the present reformation.

The Red Ribbon work was instituted on a broad platform which teaches men to throw aside all political, religious, and other differences, and unite in the salvation of man. Let us all mount this platform and make Evansville burn with temperance sentiment.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bontecou's effort, which was one of the most powerful and effective ever heard in this city, the audience was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Darby, in a very able manner.

The foregoing account from the *Evansville Journal* is a fair picture of the Captain's manner of conducting his public meetings and of the success which invariably attends his efforts to arouse a community to a sense of the importance of the cause of humanity. The same paper tells of two other large meetings which were going on in other parts of the city during the same evening. It would thus appear that the place, which is one of the most populous and important on the Ohio river, was all ablaze.

Now, it may seem strange to many that just at the very height of the tide of affairs, Captain Bontecou departed to another field, leaving a small Red Ribbon Club under the presidency of General J. M. Shackelford, and a small White Ribbon Club in charge of Mrs. Charles Urie. Nevertheless that is exactly what he did. He did not go, however till these two organiza-

tions were thoroughly drilled and equipped for duty. The subsequent history of the achievements of the Ribbon Workers of the Queen of "The Pocket" abundantly testifies to the superior generalship displayed in this act. General Shackelford, who, by the way, is the captor of the redoubtable John Morgan of Secession fame, has, with his numerous heroic lieutenants, organized all Vanderburg County, of which Evansville is the capital, and several adjacent counties. That gallant leader, whose campaigns against alcohol are not less brilliant than those which he made against rebels, has revolutionized the whole of that part of Indiana known as "The Pocket." Meantime the brave and efficient commander who leads the glorious women of Evansville (Mrs. Urie) has, with her dauntless staff, increased her forces to more than six thousand, and has done a vast amount of missionary work.

Nearly all the professional men and the leading business men and capitalists of Evansville are now fully identified with the club in that city.

The "Boys" have a lot in the central part of the city, worth \$10,000, presented to them.* On this lot they will soon erect one of the finest temperance temples in the United States. They have, now, \$10,000 in their treasury. No small degree of their success is due to their efficient Secretary. The following is the list of officers of the Evansville Red

*This magnificent present was made by Mrs. Evans, one of the grandest, though one of the humblest and most unpretending, women in the world. As a real friend of rum-impooverished humanity, she leads the wealthy classes of all civilization. Who will be the next?

Ribbon Club: President, General James M. Shackelford; First Vice-President, Thomas B. Byrnes; Second Vice-President, Thomas Groves; Third Vice-President, Isaac Keen; Secretary, T. F. McPherson; Financial Secretary, George H. Mackey; Treasurer, David J. Mackey; Steward, Martin Coniff; First Marshal, William Hodson; Second Marshal, William James; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Preston.

Next we approach Peoria, Illinois. Captain Bontecou went to that city at the instance of General P. Pease, Superintendent of the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railroad—a man of great heart and great executive ability—and began the work under the most discouraging circumstances. Had he not been thoroughly grounded in the faith that God will vindicate the right by the use of even the weakest instruments, he would have abandoned the field on sight. But his courage was equal to the occasion. He opened battle, he effected a small organization, which as soon as it was ready for war, he left in the hands of Larkin B. Day, who after nine months of devoted, effective leadership, was compelled by failing health to resign his post. Mr. Day was succeeded by William Reynolds, the well-known and active Sunday-school man, who has, ever since, gloriously pushed the grand enterprise. The Secretary of the Peoria Club, Samuel A. L. Law, is entitled to much praise for the fruitful service he has rendered the cause in that community.

As in the case of Evansville, the town has been redeemed, while the missionaries who have been sent out by the club to evangelize Peoria County, now

report eighteen thousand recruits to the Red Ribbon army.

The White Ribbon organization of Peoria, is presided over by Mrs. Hibben, who brings to her aid all the graces of a sweet Christian womanhood, the influence of a fine social position, and a large capacity for organization. Under her able supervision is a noble brigade of five thousand ladies who are molding society slowly, but surely, in favor of temperance.

Under the joint care of the two clubs, and under the immediate command of Thomas L. Garrett, First Vice-President of the Red Ribbon Club, is a splendid battalion of cadets, drilled and uniformed. Here is a matter worthy of the attention of other places.

The officers of the Peoria Red Ribbon Club, besides those already named, are: Second Vice-President, John Goodwin; Third Vice-President, Charles S. Eaton; Assistant Secretary, Frank M. Barrett; Financial Secretary, Wm. H. Robinson; Steward, Daniel Mowatt; First Marshal, Captain H. C. Lincoln; Second Marshal, Frank Douglass; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry Boyle. Time has thoroughly proved the efficiency and earnestness of all of them.

At St. Joseph, Missouri, Captain Bontecou did the same work that he did at Peoria, and under similar circumstances. In this city he procured a fuller and heartier co-operation of all parties and of all religious denominations than he had ever before done. The R't. Reverend John Hogan, the venerable Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of St. Joseph, joined the movement with his whole soul, showing a public spirit and a love

of humanity that are worthy of the warmest commendation. The male and the female organization established in that city have grown to be the ruling social power of the community, and are spreading the truth all around them in every direction. Of the White Ribbon Club, the officers are: President, Mrs. Dr. Baily; Secretary, Mrs. Henry Bullard; Treasurer, Mrs. Farleigh. The officers of the Red Ribbon Club are: President, Mordecai Oliver; First Vice-President, C. B. Wilkinson; Second Vice-President, Thos. F. Ryan; Third Vice-President, Wm. H. Wood; Secretary, J. C. Cozine; Assistant Secretary, E. C. Winslow; Financial Secretary, Ed. A. Smith; Treasurer Thomas Vannatta; Steward, C. A. Scott; First Marshal, J. A. Winch; Second Marshal, Robert Craig; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Huyler. They are all strong men, and are doing yeoman service.

At Osceola, Iowa, we have the same history of a small beginning and a great ending. The following is the list of club officers in that place: Red Ribbon—President, Henry Stivers; First Vice-President, David H. Clark; Second Vice-President, George Dare; Third Vice-President, David Campbell; Secretary, H. C. Ayers; Assistant Secretary, W. H. Hall; Financial Secretary, Wm. M. Wilson; Treasurer, Geo. H. Coles; Steward, Aaron S. Johnson; First Marshal, T. A. Trent; Second Marshal, J. B. Wells; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joshua Likes. White Ribbon—President, Mrs. H. C. Ayers; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. H. M. Cummings, Mrs. M. A. Sorsoleil, Miss Mary Osmond, Mrs. T. A. Morrow, Mrs. H. E. Mintonye, Mrs. H. F. Simmons;

Secretary, Mrs. Geo. H. Coles; Treasurer, Mrs. R. A. Dague. These officers, with the brave forces they represent, are converting their entire county to the doctrines of sobriety.

At Unionville, Missouri, the work of Captain Bontecou has told so strongly upon the community that an entire change of public sentiment in regard to the use of intoxicating beverages is being effected throughout a radius of many miles of the surrounding country. The official representation at that point is: White Ribbon—President, Mrs. C. E. Webb; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. James Turner, Mrs. C. A. Francisco, Mrs. W. F. Staples, Mrs. R. H. Howey, Miss Vina Reed. Red Ribbon—President, James Turner; First Vice-President, Thomas C. King; Second Vice-President, Ira D. Noggle; Third Vice-President, G. W. Barnett; Secretary, R. F. Little; Assistant Secretary, S. B. Davidson; Financial Secretary, Clarence Conger; Treasurer, J. Rummell; First Marshal, J. J. Smith; Second Marshal, T. R. Hoskins; Steward, Denis Walsh; Sergeant-at-Arms, S. A. Haynes. Executive Committee—L. W. Conger, R. H. Howey, Geo. Roth, F. H. Wentworth, Cowen Wilson. Financial Committee—H. N. Webb, F. Lane, N. H. Stidger, Robert Eareckson, E. Shevling.

At Galva, Illinois, the victory of the "Boys" is complete, and they have erected upon their own ground a building that cost nearly ten thousand dollars. I subjoin their list of officers: President, Dr. J. F. Todd; First Vice-President, Walter B. Crawford; Second Vice-President, Samuel G. Jarvis; Third Vice-President, Obed Price; Secretary, Ed. M. Regan;

Financial Secretary, Geo. M. Hough; Treasurer, Fred. Grubb; Steward, Henry Hines; First Marshal, E. O. Reed; Second Marshal, C. M. Sander; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles McFadden. White Ribbon Club — President, Mrs. J. F. Todd; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Obed Price, Mrs. John F. Davis, Mrs. R. B. Guild, Mrs. Eleazar Davis; Secretary, Miss Jennie Ford; Treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Lind.

At Warsaw, Illinois, the Red Ribbon Club established by Captain Bontecou has erected its own club-rooms at a cost of six thousand dollars, and is, like all the others mentioned, taking the whole country around it. Not having the requisite data, I can not name its officers.

No grander work has anywhere been done than that of Captain Bontecou at Madison, Indiana, and it would have been difficult to find a place in which such a work was more needed. The club there founded is one of the liveliest in America. The following is its list of officers: President, E. G. Leland; First Vice-President, Frederic Drew; Second Vice-President, Ph. Jacob Dipper; Third Vice-President, J. W. Daily; Secretary, Geo. W. Collins; Financial Secretary, W. B. Sullivan; Treasurer, J. W. Gavitt; Steward, G. W. Smith; First Marshal, Robt. Clafflin; Second Marshal, Charles Peterman; Sergeant-at-Arms, Walter Cisco.

Of Burlington, Ft. Madison, Mt. Pleasant, Knoxville, and scores of other places the same tale of little commencements, solid organizations, and strong, healthful growth, may be told. But enough instances have been particularized to give a full idea of Captain

Bontecou's methods and of his wonderful success as a worker. Wherever he goes he gets the reputation of possessing extraordinary executive ability and of being a very superior organizer. Some may think that he has too many officers in his clubs; but really that is one of the secrets of the durability and the developmental power of his work. The author learned this to his entire satisfaction at Seymour, Indiana. AS A SPEAKER, the Captain is strong, pithy, cogent and eloquent. His manner is highly attractive and his presence unusually commanding. With all the advantages of respectable scholarship and all the dignity and refinement of the most finished orator, he, nevertheless, invariably draws and captures the drinking classes of any community in which he labors.

A Christian lady once said of him:

I like these lectures of Mr. Bontecou, not alone for the good they do in the temperance field proper, but also because of the religious instruction they give and the sacred influence they must have. Some people who attend have heard from Mr. Bontecou more about the love of God and of Christ, more about the beauties of the Christian religion, than they ever heard before in all their precious lives.

This gives us a proper conception of the moral and religious tendency of the oratory of a man who is fighting every inch of his way from earth to heaven, and whose glory in paradise will be all the greater by virtue of his present trials.

For the information of such as may desire to have an accurate knowledge of the simple and smoothly

working machinery of the Captain's White Ribbon Clubs we subjoin the Constitution and by-laws of those organizations:

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE WOMAN'S REFORM CLUB.

ORDER OF BUSINESS: 1—Devotional Exercises. 2—Calling Roll of Officers. 3—Reading of Minutes. 4—Communications. 5—Application for Membership. 6—Report of Executive Committee. 7—Report of Standing Committees. 8—Report of Special Committees. 9—Unfinished Business. 10—New Business. 11—Remarks for the Good of the Club. 12—Collection of Dues. 13—Adjournment.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, Having seen and felt the evils of intemperance, therefore RESOLVED, That we, the undersigned, for our own good, and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage, with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling, or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine and cider included. And that we may accomplish the greatest possible amount of good, and work most effectually, we hereby adopt for our government the following Constitution and By-Laws:

ARTICLE I.—The name of this association shall be the WOMAN'S REFORM CLUB OF ———.

ARTICLE II.—All female persons of the age of ——— years and over are eligible to membership in the Club.

ARTICLE III.—The officers of the Club shall consist of a President, one Vice-President from each religious organization in the city, and one at large, a Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of ——— persons, of which the President of the Club shall be chairman ex-officio.

ARTICLE IV.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all public and business meetings, to detail leaders for devotional meetings, to preserve order, enforce this Constitution and By-Laws, see that the officers perform their respective duties, sign all documents issued by the Club, call special meetings when deemed necessary, see that the committees make reports, and approve all bills.

ARTICLE V.—In the absence of the President the chair shall be filled by such Vice-President as shall be designated by the President, or in case no such appointment be made, any one of the Vice-Presidents may be called to the chair, by vote of members present.

ARTICLE VI.—The regular duty of the Vice-Presidents shall be to supervise and direct, each in her own church, such work as shall be planned by the Executive Committee, and the Vice-President at large shall have

charge of such work outside of the church organizations as may be laid out for her by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VII.—The Executive Committee of the Club shall have the general supervision of the whole work, and shall convene at least once each week, three members of the same constituting a quorum for the transaction of business. They shall devise ways and means by which to forward the interests of the Men's Reform Club; shall systematize the juvenile temperance work, and see that the Vice-Presidents organize a Cadet Corps in each Sunday School in the city; shall devise measures looking to the reformation of women; and in general, shall fence off the fields of moral reform, to which the sisterhood may be assigned to till for God. They shall not be independent of the Club, but shall submit to the same, at its regular meetings, a report of their transactions, and a memorandum of their plans, for the approval of that body. When so approved, the measures shall become the policy of the Club, and the proper assignments of the workers for carrying them out shall be made by the President.

ARTICLE VIII.—The Secretary shall keep a correct record of all the transactions of the Club, notify the Club of special meetings called by the President, and perform all the duties which usually attach to that office, including that of correspondence.

ARTICLE IX.—The Treasurer shall keep a correct account of all moneys received for dues or from other sources, and shall pay out no funds except upon the order of the Club, signed by the Secretary, and countersigned by the President, or upon bills approved by the Club, attested by the Secretary and President, both of which shall be her sufficient vouchers.

ARTICLE X.—The President, Secretary, and Treasurer shall be elected on the ——— in ——— by ballot, and shall hold office for one year.

ARTICLE XI.—The Vice-Presidents shall be nominated by the members of the Club belonging to the organizations they severally shall represent, and shall be elected viva voce.

ARTICLE XII.—The Executive and all other committees shall be nominated by the President, subject to approval by the Club. In case of inability on the part of any member of any committee to perform her duty, or unfaithfulness in its performance, the President shall have power to declare such place vacant, and nominate another to fill the vacancy.

ARTICLE XIII.—In case of the death, removal, or resignation of any officer, the vacancy so arising shall be filled at the next regular meeting of the Club, unless such election shall be laid over for one week by vote of the members present.

ARTICLE XIV.—If any member of the Club shall violate the pledge, she shall be permitted to sign the Constitution anew on confessing the same.

ARTICLE XV.—It shall be the duty of the members of this Club to recognize as a brother or sister every man or woman who is honestly

striving for a better and purer life, and by sympathy, words of good cheer, and practical help, to aid such person in attaining the same.

ARTICLE XVI.—Nine members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE XVII.—This Constitution may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present, provided notice in writing of such proposed amendment shall have been submitted at the previous regular meeting.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.—Sec. 1. The Annual Meeting for election of officers shall be held on the — day of — in each year, and the officers shall be installed at the next regular meeting.

Sec. 2. The Club will hold a regular weekly meeting on — at — for devotional and business purposes. At the weekly meeting the "order of business" as herein prescribed will be followed.

Sec. 3. The Executive Committee will determine the time and place of their weekly meeting at their convenience; but shall report through the Chairman at each weekly meeting of the Club.

ARTICLE II.—The dues shall be — per — and may be paid monthly, or by the quarter, half year, or year in advance.

ARTICLE III.—No member shall speak more than twice on one subject, unless she be the mover or seconder, unless by permission of the Club.

ARTICLE IV.—These By-Laws may be amended or suspended at any meeting of the Club, by a two-thirds vote of the members present.



GEORGE W. CALDERWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

HE IS A NATIVE OF BUCKEYEDOM—LEARNS TO DRINK
IN A HARVEST FIELD—THE SAD HISTORY OF A
JUG—MILITARY CAREER—PROFESSIONAL FAIL-
URES IN CIVIL LIFE—RUM AND RUIN—THE DARK
HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

"Δείξόν μοι τὴν πίστιν σου ἐκ τῶν ἔργων σου, καὶ ἐγὼ δεῖξω σοὶ ἐκ τῶν ἔργων μου τὴν πίστιν μου."—"Show me thy faith without thy works and I will show thee my faith by my works."—JAMES, Chapter 2, verse 18.

GEORGE W. CALDERWOOD was born in Drake County, Ohio, on the seventeenth day of September, 1848. At the age of eleven years he took his first drink, the history of which unfortunate occurrence proves that he had an inborn taste for the destroyer. I here step aside and permit him to relate the matter in his own words:

I was engaged as a harvest hand (a rake boy) for a well-known farmer near Greenville, Ohio, in July, 1859. Like

thousands of other farmers, "Uncle Davy" gave his hired help their "bitters." On this occasion, when the jug was passed around, I was asked to take a "nip." I did so. After a while I took another; then another. The taste of the liquor so aroused my appetite (though this was my first drink), that I was determined to have plenty of it. I thought it was the very thing I long had wished. I waited an opportunity and then seized the jug and sunk it deep in the mud of the brook near by. That night I returned with some boys to the spot, and took the jug to town.

This was his start as a drinker. Two years later the war broke out, and George, then in his thirteenth year, was off to the front. Too young to be mustered into the service, he acted as a servant to his father, who was an officer in the 40th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, till he was sixteen years old.

He then enlisted in a "hundred-days" regiment, and at the expiration of his time in that command, joined the 193d Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. Before he was seventeen, he was appointed a Drum Major, and as such was mustered out of service in August, 1865.

A. R. Calderwood, George's father, was at this time a prominent lawyer, living at Greenville, Ohio, and he urged George to go to school (a place the boy had attended only about three months prior to the war), and prepare for the study of law. But George utterly refused. He had formed habits and associations which he greatly preferred to books and brain work. To use his own words, he "was an overgrown hulk of a boy, too proud to confess his ignorance." He was, however, not ashamed to work with his hands. Often on the

platform he tells of the various occupations he engaged in to make a living during this period. At a temperance meeting conducted by him at Rock Island, Ill., he said:

I have lived thirty years as a worthless and useless being. I stand here to-night a victim of ignorance. Fifteen years of my life were spent in intellectual idleness, and fifteen years more were wasted in the most wretched drunkenness. I am now beginning life again as though I had never existed. Had I gone to school, had I obeyed my parents, had I kept away from vicious and idle company, I would not be here to-night giving my experience as a reformed drunkard. But like thousands of other young men, I did "as I pleased," and bitterly have I paid for my folly. After spending all the money I brought home from the army, I had to do some hard work, or do — without whisky. I had got it into my head somehow that I needed "morning bitters." Up at three or four o'clock in the morning, I would make my way to the first saloon, help to make the fire, sweep out, wash glasses — any and every thing to get a drink. No man on earth ever needed "morning bitters," but I had become a slave to rum, and have it I would. With no business qualifications and no personal recommendations, I had to take what work I could get. I was a hostler in a livery stable; then I was a buggy washer; then a river hand on the levee at Cincinnati; then a dish washer in a restaurant; then a hod carrier; then a painter; then a wood-chopper. In fact, I would engage in any thing, however menial, to earn money to buy whisky.

While working in a livery stable in Cincinnati, in 1867, young Calderwood enjoyed a lucid interval, during which he read Blackstone's Commentaries; and, soon afterward, going home and being seized with

a fit of ambition, he told his father he desired to study law. The latter gladly furnished him with books, which he read and re-read, until his mind was well stored with the principles of legal jurisprudence. Passing a creditable examination before the Supreme Court of his State, he was admitted to the bar, December, 1871. He immediately formed a partnership with his father, and began the practice under the most favorable circumstances.

But being of a very sociable nature, he soon became again a victim to his appetite. He says it was a misfortune of his to begin life in Greenville—a town with but two thousand six hundred inhabitants and thirty-four saloons. Drunkenness and gambling seemed to be at a premium in the place, for even the members of the bar added respectability to the dens of infamy by giving them their presence, patronage, and influence. His native town was rum-ruled. The criminal record of the county was as black as it could be made. There was not a single manufactory in Greenville. It was the home of drones, the resort of profligates, a sink of debauchery, the same as were then, and are to-day, hundreds of other county-seats which are controlled by lazy, soulless, unprincipled, non-enterprising, God-forsaken politicians. The majority of the young men who grew up there, almost of necessity, became drunkards and gamblers.

In the year 1871, Mr. Calderwood married Miss Frances J. Beck, of Marion, Ind.

In the Spring of 1872, he moved to Decatur, Ind., and from there, in less than one month, to VanWert,

Ohio. At the latter place he joined the Good Templars, and, after keeping his vow two months, fell at the solicitation of a soldier-friend, who, on renewing with him the days of "Lang Syne," would have him "take something." The thing he took was lemonade with "a stick" in it, which led to a spree out of which he came so thoroughly degraded in his own estimation that, after having a barber cut his hair close to his head, he burned his shoes and his only coat, and kept off the street for several days.

Ashamed to be seen by the people of VanWert, he moved to Bradford, Ohio. Here he made several hundred dollars in the practice of law in a few months, but soon wasted every dollar for drink. His father now took him again in partnership, but in a few days he summarily dissolved that connection, and aimlessly wandered around the country, from city to city, drinking, gambling, and carousing, till the Spring of 1875, when he was put at the head of the *Sunday Courier*. In this new position he was remarkably successful, and in a short time owned the paper. The prospect was splendid, but the demon nipped it in the bud, as he had all others, and in December, 1876, editor Calderwood wrote his valedictory, and "stepped down and out," penniless, hopeless, without credit.

The next time we find him in regular employment he holds a subordinate post on a military journal in Cincinnati. His situation here depended upon his sobriety. His drinking had so impaired both his body and his mind, that no paper that knew him would give him employment, unless he would agree to abstain from

the cup. He promised to keep sober, but failing to do so, directly lost his place.

He would sacrifice any thing at this period for drink. So well did he love it, and so determined was he to have it, that after it had stripped him of work, money, friends, and good name, he would sacrifice his books, his clothing, or any thing else he had to procure it. His law library and miscellaneous works, that cost several hundred dollars, were thus drunk up.

When he was on a spree it made no difference how much money he had, it all went, and after that, his coat, his hat, his vest, his boots, and his watch, before he sobered up.

While editing the *Sunday Courier*, he took a trip to Chicago, carrying six hundred dollars in his pocket, sporting a gold watch and chain, and wearing a splendid suit of new clothes. Arrived in the Garden City, he commenced drinking on Monday evening, and, on the morning of the following Friday, was found by a policeman out at the Stock Yards, barefooted and clothed in a Jew's wamus, an old pair of soldier's breeches, and a miserable specimen of a scull cap.

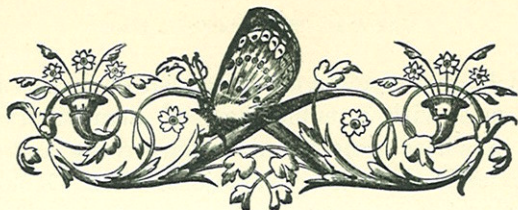
At another time, when he was spreeing in Fort Wayne, Indiana, he brought up in a railway coal-bin, late at night, stripped of nearly all his clothing. In this condition, and from this place, he was taken by a policeman, who, presuming that he was a thief, searched him, and found in his pockets several checks belonging to Mason Long's faro bank. He was at once conducted to Mr. Long's saloon, which was then in full blast, identified, and kindly cared for by the proprietor.

To-day he says that, in all his career of dissipation, he never met with a nobler-hearted man than Mason Long, in whose conversion to temperance and Christianity none more heartily rejoice than George W. Calderwood.

After the forced relinquishment of his journalistic employment in Cincinnati, Mr. Calderwood descended the ragged steeps of intemperance with unimpeded velocity till he reached the lowest plane of abandoned profligacy. Four times he was tortured by the untold agonies of delirium tremens, suffering all that it is possible for that fearful malady to inflict. No warning seemed sufficient, no punishment severe enough, to induce him to reform. Hope appeared to have taken its flight never to return, and over all the black, barren waste of his motiveless soul, hung the thick, sable clouds of rayless despair.

To complete the gloom of the picture, his wife, listening to the advice of her friends to desert the poor, shattered wreck, left him, taking his only child with her; and, now, there was not in all the earth, nor in hell itself, a conceivable creature whose state he did not envy.





CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THE POWER OF A CHILD—
RESTORATION TO MANHOOD—GLORIOUS WORK FOR
OUR COMMON HUMANITY THROUGHOUT THE WEST-
ERN STATES.

WHEN the Murphy movement was at high tide in the grand old Buckeye State, Mr. Calderwood was in Cincinnati. Broken down in health, with nothing to do—moneyless, friendless, without even a place in which to sleep, he left the Queen City for home, arriving at which in due time, he was astonished to find Greenville completely revolutionized by the Blue Ribbon. The effects which this remarkable change of affairs among the friends of his youth produced upon his own mind, and the immediate results to which they led, I shall allow him to describe :

Looking for my old comrades, I was surprised to hear that they had almost to a man put on the Murphy badge. My friends approached me and wanted me to put it on. But I told them I desired no Blue Ribbon in mine.

(352)

"What a piece of nonsense," said I, "for a man to advertise himself a reformed drunkard. It reminds me of a cow with a board on her face."

Jimmy Dunn, who introduced the movement in Greenville, told many touching stories about his own downfall. I heard him tell how upon one occasion he came home, and, in walking across the floor, stumbled over his little child, which choked to death on a quince it was eating. He seemed to have a history similar to my own in many particulars. His manner of speech was really interesting. My little girl, Wissahickon, then six years old, had on the Blue Ribbon, and she hunted me up. I thought it all nonsense for children to sign the pledge. I laughed at the idea. But that child had a power over me that was wonderful. She would pin the ribbon on my coat, and tell me to wear it; that it looked so pretty; that if I should wear it, I could buy her lots of nice clothes. I took the child in my arms, and went up to the City Hall, intending to sign the pledge. When they called for signers, it seemed as though every one in the house expected me to sign, for all eyes were turned toward me. My courage failed. I left my child sitting on the bench, while I went down stairs. At the door I met a saloon-keeper, and he said, "I'll bet you a dollar that they make you sign that pledge before morning." I told him "*not muchly!*" I then went over to his saloon, and kept him company till morning. Next day I went to the woods, and stayed till evening. I returned to town just after dark, and when I got near the City Hall, the temperance choir was singing "Rescue the Perishing." That was rather an appropriate song, I thought, for I must confess that pieces of that character were seldom heard by my ears. I listened for a minute or two, and then turning to a prominent saloon-keeper, who stood

near by, said, "I have a notion to go up and put on the Blue Ribbon." "Yes, that'll be a nice thing for you, George. You'll keep it on about three days, you will," said he. This remark seemed to open my eyes. Why did he say "*three days*?" "I know," said I to myself, "he has guessed me down according to the rules of degradation from a whisky stand-point." "THREE DAYS!" I repeated. I walked toward the building, and, when near the door, stopped to reconnoitre. I wanted to sign the pledge, but I was afraid some one would see me do it. I went up-stairs. The room was crowded, "Hold the Fort" was now being sung with such power and melody, that I felt like shouting Glory with all my might. I looked on the platform, and there stood nine reformed drunkards, old friends of mine, clapping their hands, and exclaiming, "come up and sign!" If ever I wanted a drink in my life, I wanted it just then. My courage failed me again. I got weak in the knees. I wanted just one more drink to give me courage. But just then my little girl spied me, and, running up to me, said, "Papa, if you will sign the pledge, I will give you an orange. *Do, papa, sign the pledge, won't you?*" I looked at the darling a minute, and then, like a wild man, I flew towards the stand, and there, with aching bones, a shattered frame, and a burning brain, I seized the pen, signed the pledge, and promised to live, thereafter, a sober and useful life.

The glorious event here so graphically narrated by Mr. Calderwood, occurred on the night of the twenty-second of June, 1877.

His wife, fully convinced that he was in earnest, and desiring to give the man whom she had never ceased to love with her whole heart, that encouragement which she knew no one else could give, returned

to him; and, now strengthened by a faith such as he had never before known, and with a home illumined by the radiant star of a perfect peace, he rose to the full stature of strong, triumphant manhood, which from then till now he has nobly maintained.

Ever since that time he has been actively engaged in temperance work. His services have been demanded in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, and Kansas.

While he is one of the most active and indefatigable workers among the drinkers who attend his meetings, he does equally as much among those who do not attend. As elsewhere stated, he was a convert of the Murphy pledge, but he thought that obligation failed specifically in one or two things. It said nothing against visiting saloons, nothing against the license system. Believing that many would go back to the rum-shops, and, by their presence, add respectability to them, he drew up the following iron-clad document, which he has used throughout the whole territory of his operations:

TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE

NO MALICE. NO CREED. NO PARTY.

I, the undersigned, do PLEDGE MY WORD AND HONOR, That I will never drink, as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors; That I will never buy, sell, or use the same; That I will never visit saloons, gambling dens, or immoral places; That I will never vote to legalize the traffic in or manufacture of liquors. So HELP ME GOD.

G. W. CALDERWOOD.

Mr. Calderwood has induced more than one hundred and ninety-two thousand persons to sign this pledge. His numerous friends at Greenville, Ohio, having heard of his wonderful success as an apostle of temperance, sent him, while he was in Davenport, Iowa, the subjoined letter of encouragement. It bears date of February 14, 1878:

To G. W. CALDERWOOD, Esq., Davenport, Iowa:

Dear Sir: We beg leave to congratulate you upon your glorious efforts in the cause of temperance. We are proud of the many commendations given you in the editorial columns of *The Davenport Gazette*, and other papers of the country. We believe that you have the ability to succeed, whether in the lecture field, or in the law, or as a journalist, as you may choose. We trust that a brilliant career is open before you.

To the foregoing epistle were appended the names of the entire legal fraternity of Greenville, with those of all the officers of Drake County, the judges of the several courts, and a large majority of the leading citizens of the town. This voluntary expression of sympathy and confidence from the home-folks warmed Mr. Calderwood's heart, and nerved him to a redoubling of his diligence.

About this time, having in conjunction with Mr. C. W. Phillips, secured about fourteen thousand signers to the pledge in Davenport, and having thereby greatly popularized himself with the community, it was proposed to put him in the sanctum of a temperance paper, which it was deemed important to establish

in that city. This proposition was carried into effect, and on the twenty-eighth day of February, 1878, the first number of the *Blue Ribbon News* was issued, with Mr. Calderwood installed in the editorial chair.

He now retired from the lecture-field, and devoted himself to his paper, which he readily brought up to great efficiency and popularity. But, soon being pressed by hundreds of appeals from every direction to aid the cause in public meetings with his voice, his experience, and his fine executive talents, he wrote his valedictory and returned to the platform, after having given four months to a journal which is now recognized as one of the ablest advocates of total abstinence in the West, and which owes its power and prestige very largely to the splendid start he gave it.

Since that period he has given himself, soul and body, to the general field, in which he has few peers and no superiors.

In the beginning of the month of August, 1878, we find him in the State of Kansas, spreading the light of the gospel of human sobriety and rescuing thousands of drunkards.

Of his oratorical talents the Washington (Ill.) *Independent*, says:

His descriptive powers are wonderful. He arouses every drinking man in the house with his masterly eloquence. His manner of speaking is all his own, and when he tells the pathetic story of his separation from his wife and child—his divorce—then his re-marriage, the hearts of his audience are touched, and many are moved to tears. He shows why the Murphy movement is a success beyond all expectation

—because drunkards alone are graphically illustrating their own history, as none but drunkards can. He implores fathers to set a fitting example to their boys. He begs of mothers to talk, think, and act temperance daily around their homes. He tells the young ladies to demand of their intended husbands a confession of temperance, and require them to come up and at once sign the pledge. He then goes into a detail of his own history, and closes with the most eloquent peroration it has ever been our lot to hear from the lips of a young man. His speeches are highly dramatic. He is earnest and convincing.

To the foregoing I add the voice of the Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette*:

For a young man Mr. Calderwood is a powerful speaker, his voice is remarkably clear and every sentence he utters is distinct. When he speaks all is silence; every eye is directed toward him and every ear intent. He is always ready, and even after a number of other speakers, the field seems open to him, for he draws from an abundant fund of knowledge applicable to the subject. Aside from his oratory he tells many affecting incidents that bring tears to the eyes of his listeners. As a temperance lecturer he has few superiors.

And now I present a specimen passage from one of Mr. Calderwood's speeches. The effort was made on the Fair ground at Davenport, Iowa, in June, 1878. The clipping here given, not only exemplifies his oratory, but shows the ground he occupies as a reform-worker:

As reformed drunkards we ought to take advantage of the opportunity now given us, and strike an everlasting

blow to alcohol and his political allies. Many of us were dupes when drunk, and at the polls voted for rum and rum politicians, who, afterwards in the legislatures of our States, *morally damned* us, by voting in the interest of whisky rings. We have doffed the shackles of this red-handed murderer, and now as MEN, let us put the iron heel of the law upon the neck of this demon, and choke him dead, *dead, DEAD*.

Saloon keepers are not as bad as they who vote for licensing them. The former only carry out the *principles* of the latter. View this in what light you will, the man that votes to make wrong right, is no man at all. The man that is for a "stiff license law" is for crime also. Vice and intemperance can not be separated. They are twin sisters. You must accept temperance or intemperance. One is for peace and happiness; the other for misery and want. You have your choice in license or no license.

Mr. Calderwood's views of the peculiar virtue of the Ribbon pledges may be readily gleaned from what he says of his own case. In a communication touching this point he remarks:

I rose from the gutter, and, while the serpents were dropping from my body, I saw hope perched upon the Blue Ribbon standard, and I made one last effort to reach it. I had made attempts before and failed; but this time I succeeded in getting more strength than I had anticipated, and to-day I stand. No other pledge that I had ever taken had the word, God, in it. The Murphy-pledge contained that word, and I implored Divine power to sustain me. No one knows what were my struggles against my inherent taste for rum. But the Ruler of the Universe was in my obligation, and he succored me. I am succeeding grandly in the great work of redeeming others, and the glory, if

glorious it be to reform drunkards, belongs to Him who is able to save to the uttermost.

A first-class paper, of Iowa, in a full column editorial on the Davenport work, says:

Mr. Calderwood began the Blue Ribbon work in the city of Davenport on the evening of December 19, 1877, and by his indefatigable energy, by his eloquence, and his most excellent judgment in handling men who have been addicted to the use of intoxicants; by his power of persuasion, by his honesty of purpose, and by the uprightness of his life, he has in the short space of six months been the instrument of inducing over fourteen thousand persons to put their names to the "Murphy" Pledge and don the blue ribbon. And in the accomplishment of this grand work he has raised the fallen and kept others from falling. He has brought to many sorrowful homes the joys of former days, and to the community a blessing that will ever redound to his honor and just pride.

Mr. Calderwood is a good speaker, and at times his eloquence is such as to reach the hearts of his hearers to such a degree as to sway them as the winds heave the bosom of old ocean.

Among all the brave Ribbon Workers of the day none are doing a nobler work than George W. Calderwood; and the One on whom he depends and to whom he gives the glory shall finally say to him, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."



LIFE OF JOHN W. DREW.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, NATIVITY, BOYHOOD — HOW NECESSITY DEVELOPED HIS EXTRAORDINARY SELFHOOD — NO FLOWERY BEDS OF EASE WERE HIS IN HIS YOUTH — MATURITY — THE TEMPTER COMES — A SPLENDID BUSINESS CAREER NIPPED IN THE BUD BY THE SERPENT THAT LURKS IN THE SOCIAL GLASS.

"Οἶδα δὲ ταπεινοῦσθαι, οἶδα καὶ περισσεύειν." — I know what it is to be abased, and, also, what it is to abound.—PHIL. Chapter 4, verse 12.



JOHN W. DREW, one of the most eloquent, energetic, and successful temperance reformers of the day, was born in Concord, N. H., on the sixteenth day of October, 1847. When John was but thirteen years of age, his father died, leaving a widow and four children measurably unprovided for. The father had been engaged in an extensive stone quarrying business, which promised a reasonable competence, but his untimely decease left

his affairs in such a condition that final settlement showed little or nothing for the support of his family.

But John, who, though the oldest child, was but a mere boy, assumed the responsibility of the situation, and, sacrificing his school, to which he was devotedly attached, gave himself to the work of making a living for his mother and her children with a courage and an efficiency that were truly marvelous.

Though his education was thus left incomplete, he possessed a native aptitude which more than counterbalanced his deficiencies in book learning.

In disposition he was quick-witted, social, and generous. He consequently made many friends, and excited favorable notice among all with whom he became acquainted. With the proverbial ingenuity and versatility of the Yankee, he turned his attention to various lucrative employments, and, while unsettled as to any particular line of effort, he built a reputation for industry, probity, fidelity, and tact, that eventually secured him a permanent and most profitable business.

In 1865, Messrs. Lincoln & Shaw, the most extensive clothiers in Concord, engaged John — then in his eighteenth year — as clerk and salesman in their store. This calling suited him exactly, and he was exactly suited to it. His lively, genial nature, his ready wit, and bright conversational powers, enabled him to excel, and directly acquainted him with all the dressy young men about town, and, also, with numerous customers from every part of the State. If, at this period, Mr. Drew had signed the temperance pledge

he might now be wealthy, and might have saved himself from years of sorrow. But that safeguard to the young was not offered him, and he had no thought of ever becoming an inebriate. Yet he was, at this very time, unconsciously acquiring an appetite which finally blasted all his splendid prospects.

It has often been said that drunkards are made of the best material. Mr. Drew's case is no exception to this rule. His admirable spirit, coupled with the brilliancy of his mind, made him a favorite with all classes, but he was an especial favorite among the convivial "young bloods" of Concord, whose chief delight it was, after nightfall, to go with him from one to another of the many fashionable saloons of the city. Being strong and healthy, his indulgences did not seem to seriously affect him. He did not, as yet, go to excess, but kept within such discreet limits, that no one who saw him in the morning supposed from his appearance that he had been drinking the night before. His employers, though aware of his tippling, had no suspicion that it was growing on him. Nor was he aware of the fact himself — so insidious and blinding is rum with its votaries in the outset.

For five years Mr. Drew faithfully and satisfactorily served his employers. His drinking did not appear to interfere with his duties, nor to impair his business qualifications. Alcohol had not yet begun to tell upon his strong constitution, nor upon his clear intellect. It was doing its work, however, though its effects were hidden beneath the surface.

About the year 1870, Mr. Lincoln, the senior partner of the firm for which Mr. Drew was working, retired. The latter was now twenty-two years old, fully versed in all the details of his business, and highly popular with the patrons of the house. Several of his personal friends helped him to secure the vacancy; and for some years the great establishment of "Shaw & Drew, Clothiers," was as extensively known and as well patronized as any similar one in New Hampshire.

Here was Mr. Drew's opportunity. The glowing dreams of his youth were realized. The buds of early promise had grown into full and glorious fruition. He was now doing for himself—no longer a hired servant, but a master—united with a man whom he loved and who loved him. Few young men ever set sail upon the mercantile ocean under fairer skies than he did when the sign of "Shaw & Drew" was hoisted over the finest clothing store in Concord.

But the glass! the glass! the accursed social glass! was the barrier that stood between him and a fortune.

Having now more money at command, and greater freedom as to time, than ever before, his warm temperament had fuller play. With an unusually large acquaintance among the young men of the city and of the State, most of whom joined convivial habits with ample means; with no father to warn him, no elder brother to counsel him, no settled convictions to guide him, he let go the reins of discretion, and allowed appetite to drag him resistlessly down, down, to bankruptcy and ruin. Five years sufficed to complete the

wreck. Mr. Shaw, his partner, was always kind to him, and to the last degree forbearing. He advised, he cautioned, he warned, but only with momentary effect. Other good friends who saw the threatened danger, offered occasional counsel. But the demon had gained too strong a hold upon him to be easily curbed.

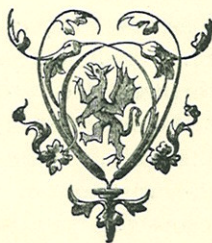
The same energy of character that made him a superior merchant; the same suavity of manner that endeared him to so many friends; the same generous appreciation of good fellowship that popularized him with every body—all these excellencies, being prostituted to the worship of Bacchus, only urged him on and on in his mad career, until he was himself, forced to acknowledge that he was completely enslaved.

Up till 1875 Mr. Shaw had done all he could do to reform his young partner. He loved him; he valued him. He found but the one fault in him. Mr. Drew, despite his growing inebriety, was always honest, polite, trustworthy. But he was now a confirmed sot, and that dire misfortune obscured all his fine traits. He had promised again and again to quit drink, but each resolve was too weak to resist the power of the tempter, who held him with an iron grip.

Mr. Shaw, though still his friend, felt obliged, in self defence, to call for a dissolution of partnership; to which Mr. Drew could not but consent. He knew his besetting sin, and like a man he did not shrink from paying its penalty. Who shall tell the sadness of that day when, without capital, without hope, he was thrown, a condemned wreck, upon the world? Never, no never,

can he forget that day. O, what a fall for one of such rare promise.

But just now, in this darkest and most tempestuous hour, a little star appeared, and sent its twinkling rays through the deeper than midnight gloom into his cheerless heart.



CHAPTER II.

REFORMATION — HOW EFFECTED — ITS MAGNIFICENT
FRUITAGE—NEW HAMPSHIRE FIRED—IOWA TURNED
UPSIDE DOWN—HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS RE-
CRUITED TO THE ARMY OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

ONCE on a time that grand old war horse of Maine; that veteran hero, every gray hair on whose noble head is dear to all the lovers of our humanity, who have heard of his splendid work; that towering moral giant, whose brave strides athwart New England are, like those of the Herculean Neal Dow, marked with deeds which shall embalm him forever in the hearts of America's truly free—the ever-faithful and ever-victorious J. K. Osgood—announced to the people of Concord that he had laid siege to their beautiful city in the name of God and a rum-cursed community. He commenced operations on the evening of the eleventh of December, 1875.

Mr. Nathaniel White, a wealthy and philanthropic citizen of the place, who, with his lovely wife has, for many years devoted time, money, and personal influence to the cause of temperance, made it a point to see Mr.

Drew, and persuade him to attend Father Osgood's meetings. The latter went, saw, heard, believed, and *was conquered*. He signed the pledge and was a free man.

He was poor, weak, worn; but he had an experience for a beginning capital, and capitally he has used it, not only in his own salvation but in the salvation of tens of thousands of other fellow mortals.

No sooner did he feel the blessing of freedom in his own case than he determined to do all he could to confer a like boon upon those who were still in the mire from which he had been lifted.

The news that "John W. Drew had signed the temperance pledge" flew like wild fire through the streets of Concord. Every body rejoiced at the stand he had taken. A Reform Club was started, and he was unanimously elected president. He went to work immediately and with a will. Without the first lesson in public speaking, he mounted the platform, armed with faith and a resolution to do good, and, by the simple, earnest recital of his past woes, won a power over the masses in Concord that has never slackened, but has strengthened with every succeeding effort.

The success that attended his labors led to invitations to lecture in towns all over New Hampshire; and for nearly two years he devoted his time to addressing the people of that State, and to the organization of Blue Ribbon Battalions among them. In the Spring of 1877 he had, with the occasional aid of others, formed and put in good working order one hundred and

twenty-five clubs, with an aggregate membership of over seventy thousand.

Up to this time his labors had been confined mostly to his own Commonwealth, though he delivered occasional lectures in Boston, Providence, New York, and other places.

In October, 1877, the Ladies' Christian Temperance Union of Iowa, held a convention in Ottumwa; and, having heard from the East of the abilities and the success of Mr. Drew, they voted to engage him to labor in Hawkeyedom.

Mr. Drew accepted their invitation, and at once hastened to his new and untried field. Alone, unknown, and unheralded, save by the testimonies of a few ladies who had heard him at home, he commenced his work in the town of Creston. His success was complete and gratifying. In a week he had organized a club with eight hundred members. From there he went to Des Moines, and in a few nights procured four hundred names to the pledge on the west side of the city, and fourteen hundred in East Des Moines. A fine club was built, and good workers were developed in each place. From Des Moines, he visited in succession Clinton, Muscatine, Winterset, Indianola, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Iowa City, Cedar Rapids, Waverly, Waterloo, Chariton, Marshalltown, Independence, and Newton. His success in all these places and wherever else he has gone, has been great and decisive.

There seems to be no such word as "fail" in his vocabulary. Nothing appears to disturb his equanimity, derange his plans, or impede his progress.

Whether he speaks in the city or in the country, in a large church or in a little hall, in fair weather or in foul, after a day of rest or as he jumps, at the end of a hard day's ride, from a railroad car or from a stage-coach, to the platform, it is all the same as to the result. He never records a failure. His seven months' labor in Iowa, with the instrumentalities he brought into action, will foot up more than two hundred thousand signatures to the pledge.

He reaches all classes alike, high, low, intermediate, and, so far, has in every community he has touched, stirred up a healthy, vigorous feeling in behalf of reform.

He not only recruits large forces, but inspires the wealthy to contribute liberally to their support; and in many places thousands of dollars have been funded for such purposes. Mr. Drew thinks and teaches that Reform Clubs should be as permanently established as are churches and schools, and that they should never be allowed to die so long as a dram-shop is open, or a drunkard unsaved.

He is but thirty years old, and has not yet come to his full intellectual growth. He seems to enlarge with every effort. He wears well, and people like him on the second hearing better than on the first, and on the third better than on the second. His appearance is much in his favor. He is of medium size, admirably formed; has an agreeable voice, a pleasant, handsome countenance, and an easy, natural mode of delivery. If we were asked how he succeeds so wonderfully in his oratory, we should say, that it is

because he don't try to be an orator. His heart is full of feeling, his head is full of experimental knowledge; and while he speaks he takes his auditors into his confidence, and they can't help saying "Amen," "just so," "that's a fact," — "here goes for the pledge!"

Of all the reform lecturers now in the field, none are more versatile, more powerful than Mr. Drew. He is grave and gay by turns. He can start the tear of sympathy one moment, and the tear of laughter the next. He is never tiresome, never dry, but shades his addresses very skillfully with the humorous or the pathetic, the narrative or the argumentative, according to the taste and temper of his hearers. He is an invaluable man to society, and his career promises to be one of superb brilliancy.

The vast amount of good he accomplished during his first tour in Iowa was scarcely less manifest in the ire he aroused among the champions of free whisky than in the enthusiastic joy with which he filled the hearts of the friends of sobriety. While George W. Calderwood was editing the *Blue Ribbon News*, at Davenport, a mean-souled editor of a political sheet, published at Marshalltown, made a low attack on Mr. Drew, which Mr. Calderwood literally annihilated in a sweeping editorial. I here subjoin that newspaperial tournament. It shows, at once, the great power of Drew, the diabolism of the rum-press, and the scorching vigor of Calderwood's pen. I clip from the *Blue Ribbon News*:

Blue Ribbon Drew is a "sport." He bought Dr. Stull's quick-stepping mare "Nora O'Neal," for one hundred and fifty dollars. This money was all chipped in by the good people of Marshalltown, many of whom owe little bills to our merchants and mechanics, but can't pay them because times are so terribly close. But they could raise the money for Drew to buy a race horse, and escort him out of town with a brass band with his pockets swelled with greenbacks. Now wait and see what the harvest will be. —*Marshalltown Statesman.*

Could Mr. Drew perform miracles the editor of the *Statesman* might now be wearing the bow of blue. Mr. Drew dared to attempt the reformation of Marshalltown. His friends have the consolation of knowing that he made an almost complete success of it. Three-fourths of all the inhabitants of that city are wearing the blue ribbon because he dared to remain with them, talk to them, and persuade them to do right. If he only carried away the value of a "quick-stepping mare," he was poorly paid for the good he did.

Ask that man, who, a few days ago, would have given his coat for rum, if John Drew was paid too much, and he would tell you "No." Ask the drunkard's wife if John Drew was paid enough, and she will tell you "No." Ask the drunkard's ragged little children, and they will tell you "No." No one can estimate the good that Mr. Drew has done for Marshalltown. Money is no consideration whatever. No business man of Marshalltown need grumble about the money that was "chipped in" for the benefit of Mr. Drew. If the reformed men owe the merchants of Marshalltown, whisky is the cause. Now that these men have sobered up, the merchants can in a few days present their bills and get their money.

As for Mr. Drew riding out of town behind "Nora O'Neal, a quick-stepping mare," we only wish that he could ride out of every town in a Golden Chariot, drawn by Dexter, Red Cloud, Ten Broecke, Goldsmith Maid, Hertgoy, and all the noted "quick-steppers" of the land. Drew draws. Yes, he draws drunkards from the gutter and from the saloon; he draws happiness into families where intemperance has blighted affections; he draws the hearts of the people nearer the reformed man; he draws Peace, Joy, Cheerfulness, Long Suffering, and Love to every city and hamlet that he visits. As a "drawer" he is a success, and if he draws a little money now and then, he deserves, himself, to be "drawn" once in a while, by the "grandest, most glittering, and most gorgeous turn-outs" that the State of Iowa can furnish. God bless John W. Drew.





HON. ROBERT E. FRAZER.

BIRTH — PARENTAGE — SCHOOL DAYS — GRADUATION
— A STAR OF ANN ARBOR — PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS — GOOD-BYE WHISKY — SPLENDID CAREER IN THE RIBBON WORK.

“Εγὼ τοίνυν οὕτω τρέχω ὥς οὐκ ἀδήλως· οὕτω πνυτεύω, ὥς οὐκ ἀέρα δέρω.”—“I, therefore now, so run not as it were uncertainly; so fight I not as it were beating the air.”—I. COR. Chapter 9, verse 26.

THE Ribbon Reforms, like all other reforms, which carry in themselves revolutionary elements, have surprised the public with heroic men—men who have suddenly stepped from comparative obscurity into positions of leadership and power.

Eminently of this class is the Hon. Robert E. Frazer, of Ann Arbor. Before the commencement of the Reynolds work in Michigan, which was in February, 1877, this gentleman was quietly pursuing the duties of his profession—that of the law—as far removed probably, in his future anticipations, from the advocacy

(374)

HON. ROBERT E. FRAZER.

375

of Temperance, as he was from the preaching of the Gospel in sacerdotal robes. But the peculiar character of the movement, with its broad, unsectarian platform, startled him into reflection. It awakened his admiration. It conquered him into its approval and acceptance, and then stirred his generous nature into an enthusiasm which has made him a zealous apostle of the cause ever since. Than he no man in his State has, in proportion to his labors, won higher honors or made more converts to total abstinence. Nor has any one ever worn his laurels more modestly. His generous surrender of his time and his noble gifts “without money and without price,” no less than the glorious fruits of that sacrifice, entitle him to extraordinary consideration.

Mr. Frazer was born in Adrian, Michigan, on the second day of October, 1840. His father, Thomas Frazer, of Detroit, was for many years a civil engineer both on the Southern and the Michigan Central Rail Road. Robert received his early training in an institute on Grosse Isle, near the mouth of the Detroit River. The school was conducted by the Rev. Moses H. Hunter, a Virginia gentleman of somewhat eccentric habits, but of fine scholarship and genial manners. At the age of fifteen Mr. Frazer entered the University of Michigan, and graduated therefrom in June, 1859, a Bachelor of Science. He immediately connected himself with the Law Department of the same institution, and graduated thence, as a Bachelor of Laws, in March, 1861. Though not yet of age, he launched at once into professional life, opening an office in Ann Arbor, and

putting himself into competition with men who then stood among the very first attorneys of the West.

His youthful appearance, bold self-reliance, and unflagging perseverance, gained him many friends and not a few public offices. He was first elected Circuit Court Commissioner for the County of Washtenaw, and was thereafter, for three terms of two years each, chosen as the Prosecuting Attorney of that county. He was subsequently appointed Official Attorney of the City of Ann Arbor, which latter place he filled for four years. The duties of all these positions were ably and honorably discharged by the young lawyer, who continued to grow in the favor and confidence of the people. It may be mentioned by way of illustrating his powers as an advocate, that during the very term of the court at which he was admitted to the bar, he began the trial of jury cases, and has been actively and continually engaged in that capacity up to the present time. At the first general election following his majority, he commenced his career as a political speaker, and has since been regularly upon "the stump" in every important election. His direct and earnest way of dealing with all vexed questions, and his strong, positive manner of expressing himself, have always made him a favorite speaker among the people.

On the fourth of July, 1877, flinging aside all his former habits of free indulgence, he publicly signed the Red Ribbon pledge, and became a member of the Ann Arbor Reform Club, with which he is still actively connected. And it is no detraction from the membership to say that he, more than any other man,

has contributed to its extraordinary success. On the same day on which he declared his moral independence, he addressed the people at a grand celebration conducted by the Red Ribbon Club of Ypsilanti, Michigan. There and then he grasped the banner of Reform and has gallantly borne it onward ever since. He has been in all the more densely populated counties of Michigan, answering every call that he possibly could answer without violating professional engagements, and uniformly declining compensation for his eminently valuable services. It was not money, not reputation, not an itching desire to be before the crowd, that inspired him, but a noble, enthusiastic desire to help his rum-fettered fellows to break their shackles and be free.

His mode of treating the subject is peculiar. He seldom indulges in incidents, figures, or rhetorical display, but takes up and presses home upon his hearers the practical points and phases of Temperance, and makes an irresistible argument to the common sense of mankind.

At a meeting held in the great university hall of Ann Arbor, on the evening of the last Sabbath of March, 1877, he is reported as having made the finest address of his life. The hall is the largest in the State. Into it may be crowded from thirty-five hundred to four thousand people. Never before had it been so densely filled. The churches of the city had closed their doors, and pastors and people climbed University Hill to join with professors and students in hearing the earnest lawyer make his plea in behalf

of the cause which lay so near his heart. The scene was imposing, and to an orator of strength grandly inspiring. The speaker proved fully equal to the demands of the hour. So strong was his logic, so honest his speech, so convincing his appeal, that when he concluded, he had taken captive his entire audience. Learned professors, judges, divines, teachers, students, and citizens pressed tumultuously to the front. Two hundred and forty signatures were obtained as the result of this splendid effort.

The first State Convention of Red Ribbon Clubs called in Michigan, assembled at Detroit on the seventeenth day of June, 1878. A large number of delegates were present from all parts of the Commonwealth. The sessions were held in the Detroit Opera House. They were protracted two days; and all classes and professions, with many men of note, were observed among the representatives. Of this grand body, Mr. Frazer was unanimously elected the permanent chairman; and his clear, forcible, masterly, opening address awakened, in the outstart, an enthusiasm which ran through the entire meeting, and sounded the key-note to the general work of the ensuing year. During the whole sittings he displayed the finest parliamentary abilities and a degree of executive talent which will, doubtless, some day insure him a prominent place among the managers of government.

Mr. Frazer is a man of straight-forward speech and honest purpose, and in his utterances frankly discloses his absolute antipathy to every thing like sham, no less than his sincere sympathy with every man, however

humble, who earnestly desires to do right. Such men are of priceless value to the cause of reform. Every lover of human-kind will rejoice to do what in him lies to increase their number, as well as to give all possible encouragement to those who are in the field.





HON. ALEXANDER B. CAMPBELL.

EARLY FORMATION OF BAD HABITS—THE FLIGHT
FROM HOME—THE RETURN—REMARKABLE SUS-
CEPTIBILITY OF TEMPERAMENT—SCHOOL DAYS—
ARMY LIFE—PROFESSIONAL CAREER—UPS AND
DOWNS—FINAL REFORMATION—NOBLE WORK IN
SAVING MEN.

"*Ἀνα. τὰς πορεύσομαι πρὸς τὸν πατέρα μου.*"—"Having arisen
I will go to my Father."—LUKE'S GOSPEL, Chapter 15, verse 18.

AT the age of eleven years, while living in Oxford, Indiana, the Hon. Alexander B. Campbell fell a victim to that false juvenile ambition, which has been the ruin of many hundreds of bright boys. He ascertained that the teacher whose school he was then attending, and other prominent citizens of the village, were in the habit of drinking to excess. Having, in the meantime, found out where they got their liquor, and that boys could buy it at the same place, he stole off from home one night, accompanied by two of his schoolmates, to that rural doggery, which was kept in a little

(380)

log cabin, in a sequestered hollow in the vicinity, and, with a silver dime filched from his father's bureau drawer, purchased a quart of whisky on which he and his "chums" got very drunk. It was winter time, and the quality of the corn-juice bought and imbibed by these enterprising laddies may be judged from the fact that it was frozen in the barrel from which it was taken, and had to be *cut* out with a cheese knife. Nevertheless, it contained enough alcohol to put the children in such a "weaving way" that they stoned several houses, including the shanty at which they obtained their poison, and, till nearly midnight, literally shook the outskirts of Oxford with their hideous "racket." Alec., becoming more completely intoxicated than either of the other two urchins, was, by them, led home, where, in the presence of his mother, he fell upon the floor an apparently lifeless heap, and had to be helped to bed. The agonies of that excellent Christian woman may be better imagined than described, when she exclaimed, as her boy lay prostrate before her, "My God, my child is drunk! O what have I done that this horror should be sent upon me!"

On the following day she and her good husband, the Rev. George Campbell, one of the ablest and most eloquent preachers in Indiana, wept and prayed over Alec., whose repentance was deep, bitter, and sincere, and received his most solemn promise that he would never drink another drop. But when he again met the companions with whom he had caroused they, having had some experience in spreeing, persuaded him that

he could "do as they did, indulge moderately and keep straight."

Meanwhile the three, having been strongly threatened with arrest for disturbing the peace and injuring property, deemed it the part of wisdom to "hie away from their native heath" to parts unknown. But, after holding a council, it was decided that two of them should go, while one remained for a few days to reconnoiter the situation. By the time-honored juvenile practice of drawing cuts it fell upon Alec. to be one of the twain who should depart. He, with his mate, tramped over the Illinois line, and upon the classic banks of the Kankakee, found a Sucker who gave them a job of husking corn. This individual kept bachelor's hall in a little cabin, and was not given to an excess of fancy cooking. He retained the boys three days, fed them on cold corn bread and fat bacon, wore them out in the field, and then sent them away unpaid. They now returned home for the very good reason that they had no where else to go, trembling with fear at every step.

Alec. entered his father's residence some time after dark, on Christmas eve. He was joyfully welcomed, and was made glad by the intelligence that the danger from which he had fled was all over. Like the Prodigal of old, he was feasted upon the fatted calf and adorned with the best robe. No boy ever had a more gala Christmas than he had that time. The goodness shown him by his doting parents completely melted him down at first, and he pledged himself most earnestly to be forever a good boy.

But his tour of the Kankakee so lionized him among the unsophisticated villagers, who thought the "young 'un" had proven himself a hero, that he soon came to regard what he had previously deemed a great misfortune as a glorious affair.

It was not long till he again got to drinking, and, on one occasion, so far exceeded the bounds of the moderation which he had prescribed for himself, that he was the second time exposed to his parents, who were more grieved than before, seeing that he was becoming the victim of a settled habit which, if it could not be shaken off, would surely drag him down to endless ruin. The excoriations of his conscience reduced him to a pitiful picture of humiliation, and he was willing to do any thing to redeem himself in the estimation of his friends. At the instance of his father, he joined the Good Templars, who showed him every kind attention, and so effectually aided him in changing his associations that he was directly planted upon a firm foundation of sobriety. Subsequently he attached himself to the church, and became an earnest, working Christian.

Sometime after this his father moved to Burnettsville, White County, Ind., for the purpose of giving his children the advantages of a normal school which was located at that point. By some strange retrogression of tastes, Alec. preferred, in this little seat of learning, the worst class of associates, and before he had been six months a student broke his pledge and fell from grace. He now descended to lower depths in the pool of dissipation than he ever before had

known. In the course of events he engaged in a night's carousal which threw him upon a sick bed, and a severe attack of lung fever brought him so near death's door that his physician and his friends gave him up. He recovered, however, and upon regaining his strength, having made proper acknowledgments to the church of which he was a member, renewed his religious vows.

At the crisis of his sickness he had a vision in which he saw an angel who told him that, after passing through many hard trials which lay before him, he would become a useful man.

From this period forward, for more than a year, his life was admirably ordered, and his progress in learning such that he was chosen a teacher in the only Normal Institute then within the limits of Hoosierdom. But in the Spring of 1861, the Rev. George Campbell moved to Fayette County, Indiana, and Alec. soon following him, was struck by the war fever, and joined the Sixteenth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, to assist in the suppression of the Rebellion. Having served one year (the full time of that command), he came home and enlisted in another regiment. But he was under age, and his father prevented his being mustered into the service. This was done upon thoroughly justifiable grounds, for the demoralizing influence of the army had proven too much for the highly susceptible temperament of the boy, who had not only returned to his cups, but had, also, become a gambler.

Hindering Alec. from re-enlisting, however, did not redeem him from the sins into which he had relapsed.

Nor did it reconcile the feverish spirit he had imbibed in the field and the camp to a monotonous civil life. Soon managing to break loose from home restraints, he went to Nevada, and spent two and a half years laboring in the mines at Virginia City. During this period he drank in moderation, but did not curb his passion for gaming. Returning from the Far West in the year 1865, he studied law, keeping perfectly sober the while, and in 1866 was admitted to the bar. Fortune smiled, and on the seventh of May, 1867, he married Miss Lizzie Bliss, a most amiable and affectionate lady, to whom, under God, he owes his present salvation.

As a jury lawyer he rapidly rose to eminence, and while yet very young in the practice of law, was appointed Prosecuting Attorney of the Fourth Judicial District of Indiana, by Governor Baker.

But, finding himself again drawn into habits of dissipation, he gave up a business that was bringing him nearly three thousand dollars per year, and moved to Fairfield, Southern Illinois, with a view to a wholesome change of associations. Being utterly disappointed in his expectations, he left this place and located in his present home — Bloomington, Illinois.

Here he formed a most desirable partnership, and prospered beyond his expectations. But he was scarcely settled in this beautiful city till he was re-captured by the demon of the social glass; and though he rarely passed the limits of moderation, he became, in the course of a few months, a source of misery to himself and of untold grief to his excellent

wife. While the latter was on a visit to her friends in Indiana, Mr. Campbell was so overwhelmed with the thought that when he bade her good-bye he was drunk, and with the fact that rum was surely getting the better of him, that he resolved he would either be a free man or a dead man. While pacing the floor of his bed-room, in the depths of the night of the fifteenth of June, 1877, alternately looking at suicide and the possibility of reformation, and, in the agony of his soul, exclaiming, "My God!—My poor wife!" a ray of light Divine irradiated the somber cloud in which his spirit was enveloped. He went down upon the pavement. The streets were lighted, and all the stars were out. Guided by an impulse of which he was scarcely conscious, he went to the city water works, and, ascending the stand-pipe, seated himself in the observatory, at a height of more than two hundred feet above the gas-lit city. Here, with only God for company, the great resolution upon which his whole life turned, came ready-formed; and these are its words: "*By the glittering stars above me; by the earth beneath; by the winds that sigh about me; by all the sorrows of the past; by all my hopes for future years; by the love I bear my wife, I NEVER WILL TOUCH ANOTHER DROP OF LIQUOR. SO HELP ME GOD!*"

With this resolve, the cry to the Father of Mercies was answered, and strength came from above. Two days afterward he signed the Washingtonian pledge, and made his first temperance speech in Bloomington. In a week's series of meetings with which he supplemented that effort, he obligated nine hundred persons

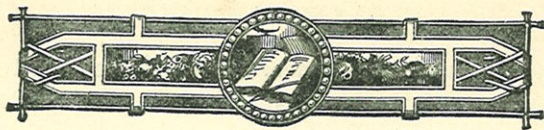
to a life of total abstinence. His wife returned from her visit, one of the happiest women in the world.

Since that time he has been classed among the noblest workers and the most successful organizers in the great State of Illinois, to which his labors have been chiefly confined. With the aid of others he has increased the temperance army of Bloomington to the number of nearly seven thousand. He has lectured and worked most effectually in Central and Southern Suckerdome; has erected a great many clubs in those regions, and has been the instrument of the reformation of thousands of drinkers. He adopts the Red Ribbon, but uses the Washingtonian pledge.

Upon the organization of the Illinois State Reform Club, he was unanimously elected President of that body, which position he still holds, discharging its functions with marked ability and with the best results to the general cause.

As an orator, Mr. Campbell is a man of great power. His eloquence is of that masterly order which carries conviction to the mind and takes the affections captive. He commands the largest audiences wherever he goes, and invariably takes away with him the love of all classes.

None are more earnest, none are more devoted, none are more efficient in the grand work of saving men than the Hon. Alexander B. Campbell. Nor are any more deserving of undying fame.



LIFE OF GEN. GEO. F. POTTER.

HE COMES OF NOBLE STOCK—AN INTERESTING PEDIGREE—IS STARTED TO SCHOOL WITH A VIEW TO A PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT—HE DEFEATS THE PARENTAL PURPOSE AND GOES TO WEST POINT.

“Εἰ καυχᾶσθαι δεῖ, τὰ τῆς ἀσθενείας μου καυχῆσομαι.” —
“If I must boast, I will boast of the things concerning my weakness.”—II COR., Chapter 11, verse 30.

FEW among the many glorious Ribbon-Workers of the day have led a more eventful career than General George F. Potter.

He was born in a little town named Candor, in the State of New York, on the thirty-first day of May, 1843. His parents were then residing, as they do yet, in the city of New York, but his mother being on a visit among her relatives in Candor at the time here mentioned, gave birth to George during the stay.

His father, A. F. Potter, was educated for an Episcopal minister, and when he graduated was regarded as one of the most thorough scholars, espe-

cially in the Hebrew language, who ever left the institution in which he received his theological training. But on a close study of the doctrines of the Episcopal church he found fault with them and embraced those of the Presbyterian church, in whose ministry he labored some years with credit to himself and success to the cause he represented. Eventually becoming dissatisfied with the life of a clergyman, he quit it and embarked in the lumber trade in the Atlantic Metropolis, and soon became one of the most prominent American merchants in that line.

Maria L. Potter (*nee* Maria L. Owen) the mother of George, was a descendent of the old Knickerbocker stock of New York. Her grandfather on her mother's side, Dr. Bell, was the owner of the famous sugar house used by the British during the revolution as a military prison, when they had possession of New York. He used to buy, at his own expense, whole herds of beef cattle, have them secretly killed, make from them huge caldrons of soup, and clandestinely pass it, in bowls and dishes, to the patriots who were imprisoned in that ancient bastille. This was eventually discovered; and one day certain British officers invited him to take a ride with them. He, unluckily, accepted, and they took him some miles up the Hudson River, ambushed and shot him. Thus died one of the noblest of the fathers of our liberty. Her father, Dr. Robert Owen, when he married her mother, Mary Bell, rode, with his wife, on horseback into the interior of the State of New York, into what is now Cortland County, and bought two sections of military land of the General

Government. Here he settled, and after a long and useful life, died very wealthy and respected by all who knew him. From this grandfather George inherited \$100,000, to which his father, in due time, added \$25,000.

When George was twelve years old, he was sent to Cortland Institute, to be trained for the Congregational ministry, but near the end of his third year in that college was, at his own urgent request, removed and sent to West Point, to receive a military education. Here he learned to drink whisky and play cards quite as rapidly as he learned tactics and the science of engineering.

Upon the breaking out of the war, in the Spring of 1861, he left West Point, an under-graduate, and joined the Twenty-third Regiment of New York Volunteer Infantry as a private. He was soon raised to the rank of a sergeant, and in that capacity left Washington City for the front. He served the country faithfully and honorably throughout the Rebellion in the Department of the Potomac; was assigned to various commands, and promoted by regular gradation for meritorious conduct till he reached the position of a Colonel commanding an Independent Brigade; was in many hard-fought battles; was three times severely wounded; was once captured and compelled to endure the horrors of Libby and Castle Thunder for the space of nine months, from the latter of which prisons he cut his way out with an old, rusty file, and after a long, toilsome, bare-back ride on a borrowed (?) horse, made good his escape, with the assistance of numerous

colored friends. Just before the declaration of peace he was breveted a Brigadier General.

From the army he returned to New York City a drunkard and a gambler. He had not only used up all his pay, but had squandered large sums which his relatives sent him while he was in the field.

He now received from his grandfather's estate, and from his own father, the princely sum of \$125,000, upon which he embarked in the life-insurance business, with the intention of shortly becoming a millionaire. But O, how sadly were his fond hopes blighted. In a few years of travel, during which he went all over the continent, he wasted, through drinking, gaming, and insane speculations, every cent of his legacy and his patrimony, together with what he made taking life-risks, meanwhile, which was very considerable. He finally brought up at Canton, Ohio, a miserable victim of delirium tremens, utterly destitute of means and with scarcely a decent suit of raiment. Here he was redeemed through the instrumentality of that earnest, efficient Murphy Evangelist, John R. Heisly, of Pittsburgh, Pa., on the evening of the thirteenth of April, 1877. Mr. Heisly was, at this time, conducting a glorious temperance revival in that city; and General Potter was, immediately after donning "The Little Bow of Blue," put into the harness to assist him. The General's oratory proved exceedingly fruitful of good, while his personal efforts among the "bummers" redounded to the salvation of many.

But such a man as General Potter could not long be kept within the limits of Canton. His splendid

talents for public speaking, and his extraordinary working qualities, soon called him into the field at large; and in response to almost innumerable calls, he has traveled from city to city, and from State to State throughout the Northwest, preaching total abstinence and delivering the captives. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, he has been especially successful. He has put the Blue Ribbon on more than one hundred thousand persons, among whom are hundreds who have been raised from the very bottom of the gutter. His work has everywhere been solid and eminently fruit-bearing. The Murphy Union, which he established at J. W. Goodspeed's Mission on Western Avenue, Chicago, is one of the most thrifty and promising temperance organizations in the Garden City. It is doing a grand work in a quarter that has never been reached by any other agency.



LIFE OF MICHAEL J. FANNING.

BORN IN THE GREEN ISLE—BROUGHT TO AMERICA
WHEN A BABY—ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE
HISTORIES EVER MADE BY AN IRISH BOY—A REAL
LIFE THAT ECLIPSES MOST OF THE ROMANCES.

“Λέγει αὐτῷ ὁ Ἰησοῦς· Ἐγείραι ἄρον τὸν κράββατόν σου, καὶ περιπάτει.”—“Jesus said to him, ‘Rise, take up thy bed and walk.’”
JOHN’S GOSPEL, Chapter 5, verse 8.

MICHAEL J. FANNING, who has been an active temperance worker about four years, and who has been traveling as a Blue-Ribbon evangelist the greater part of two years, is well known throughout large portions of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other Western States, as one of the best workers and one of the most eloquent speakers in the Murphy movement.

He was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, on the sixth day of September, 1849. When but a babe,

his parents came to the United States and settled in Buffalo, New York. His father was a carpenter, and not only a good mechanic but an excellent overseer. Soon after taking up his residence in Buffalo, he was intrusted with the care of a considerable amount of property by Marvin Brothers, of that city. The field of his charge lay in the lower part of town, and thither he moved his family in order to be convenient to his business. This was a bad neighborhood in which to rear children, the associations being, for the most part, of the most unfavorable character.

But so long as Michael's mother lived he was effectually shielded from these evils and amply provided with the means of proper moral and intellectual culture. Having been born and christened a Catholic, he was, at the remarkably tender age of five years, placed in St. Joseph's school. Being badly club-footed, he had to be, for a long time, carried to and from that institution. A kind-hearted sister was assigned to this loving task, and most faithfully did she perform it.

Michael's precociousness will readily be inferred from the period at which he entered school. His industry and application in study were astounding; and his progress was the most remarkable known to the history of St. Joseph. Such was his advancement in mathematics that when he was only nine years old he led the whole school in that branch of study.

But, unfortunately for him, his noble mother died, in a short time after which event he was put under the control of a step-mother. The usual history,

attended, however, by the most unusual incidents, followed.

Michael was a child of the most sensitive and high-spirited character. The frowns, the scowls, the harsh commands, the frigid authority of a woman standing in his mother's shoes, were intolerable to him. The very thought of being compelled to acknowledge her superiority was utterly unendurable.

At the age of twelve years he resolved to cut loose from his juvenile moorings and set his little craft afloat upon the tempestuous ocean of life. It was now that his extraordinary fertility in native resources first exhibited itself on a grand scale. He had an aunt living in Chicago. He made up his mind that he would go to her. He jumped on a passenger train, told the conductor that his parents were dead, that the only friends to whom he could look for support were in the Garden City, and that he had no money. That gentleman happened to be one among the many noble-hearted men whom we often meet on the rail, and not only gave the enterprising child of Erin a passage, but took special charge of him, showing him every needed kindness during the trip. He reached the great metropolis of the Northwest safely and in the best of spirits. He soon found his aunt, who was not less delighted than surprised to see the bright, reel-footed hero. She took him at once to her innermost heart and treated him with the gentle goodness of a mother.

After remaining with her four months, during which nothing of particular note occurred, he returned to Buffalo, able to tell an experience in travel which,

probably could have been told by no other boy of the same age in the United States.

From now till the time of his majority he was engaged in boot-blackening, selling newspapers, laboring in machine-shops, bar-tending, and sailing. Meantime he learned to drink, gamble, fight, and everything else that was rough and debasing. His experience in the use of the ardent may be judged from the fact that when he was seven years old he could swallow a pint of whisky, all at once, and walk straight under it.

In the Spring of 1874 he was laid up sick at Cleveland, O., from the effects of a terrible debauch. The Crusaders of that city, being then under full headway, found him out, and besought him to sign the pledge. He refused to be obligated by them, but, so soon as he recovered, took the Father-Mathew obligation from a Cleveland priest, and from that moment to this has been true to it.

He was now about twenty-five years old, and was sailing on the lakes. In the following winter he went to Norwalk, O., and obtained employment of N. S. C. Perkins, a noble-hearted gentleman, in a sewing machine factory, on no other recommendation than that of his strict teetotalism. Here he, with others, organized a Father-Mathew Society, and was chosen president of the organization.

In the Spring of 1877, he joined George Hall and William Hill in a sweeping Blue Ribbon revival, by which Norwalk was taken, root and branch.

This not only brought Mr. Fanning into notice, but

discovered in him certain latent abilities, of the possession of which he had never been conscious. His impromptu speeches so extensively sounded him out as a ready, sparkling, fascinating, and powerfully convincing orator, that invitations, not only from his own, but from other States, poured in upon him by the hundred. Thus was he, rather against his own inclination, drawn into the general field, in which he ranks among the very foremost of the Murphy Evangelists. Up to June 20, 1878, he had traveled in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois 3,474 miles, spoken at 102 cities, made 236 speeches, and seen 43,700 persons sign the pledge at meetings conducted by him. He has been especially successful among the Irish Catholics, and has excelled all others in uniting them with Protestant elements in the places where he has labored. The author here speaks, not from report, but from personal knowledge of Mr. Fanning's work in numerous towns; as, for instance, Vincennes, Ind., where he was ably assisted by the Rev. Beharrel, of the M. E. Church; Elder Clarke, of the Disciples' Church; Mrs. Col. Wm. Denny, an eloquent female orator and successful temperance missionary; by the excellent pastor of the Baptist Church, and by the entire Catholic clergy. Franklin and Edinburgh, Ind., may, also, be mentioned as cases in point. At the latter of these cities he effected a complete union of the Romish with all other moral forces in driving intemperance from a rum-cursed community.

One of the most brilliant futures is undoubtedly before Michael J. Fanning.

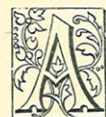


LIFE OF TONY DELIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

A SPANISH FATHER — A PORTUGUESE MOTHER — BORN, AND PRINCIPALLY RAISED ON THE ISLAND OF MADERIA — PECULIAR DISPOSITION — EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER — AN ELECTRIC ENGINE IN HUMAN FORM — EFFECTS OF BRINGING A BOY UP ON NATIVE WINE — “THE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE” PROVES ITSELF A FIRST CLASS MANUFACTURER OF DRUNKARDS.

“Καὶ ἐιργξέ μου Ἀρξεῖ σοι ἡ χάρις μου ἡ γὰρ δύναμις μου ἐν ἀσθενείᾳ τελειοῦται.” — “And He said to me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.” — II. COR., Chapter 12, verse 9.



ANTONIA M. DELIGHT, known throughout the Eastern and the Western States as Tony Delight, is one of the most marvelous examples of the purifying efficacy of the love of God, known to any part of the world, or to any age of time. His case is one of those striking ones which so grandly display the boundless mercy of our Heavenly

(398)

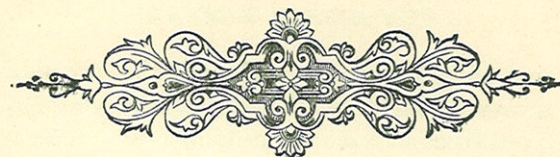
Father. Tony Delight was born in the Island of Maderia, in November, 1829. His mother was a Portuguese woman. His father, who was of pure Castillian stock, was a wine-maker. Tony, at an early period of his life, emigrated to the United States, and began business as a barber in the East. He showed himself to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed, and literally coined money at his trade. But an appetite for alcoholic drinks, with which he was born, and which had been from early boyhood pampered at his parental home, was soon, by the American system of mixed drinks, kindled into an all-consuming blaze.

For a number of years he traveled from city to city throughout the Atlantic and the Western States, establishing model barber shops, all of which his unbridled passion for drink, and the shocking excesses, in gambling and illicit amours, to which it led, compelled him to sacrifice and abandon, one after another. In many instances he connected drinking saloons and gambling rooms with his tonsorial establishments, which, in each case, only served to hasten his ruin.

During his course of almost unparalleled debauchery, he lost three good wives by divorce, was in scores of the meanest kind of fights, and several times came very near losing his life by violence.

Finally, after a series of incomparable reverses, and an amount of suffering which can never be told, he located permanently in Chicago, where upon the loss of a darling child, his present excellent wife, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Dr. E. P. Goodwin,

pastor of the First Congregational Church, procured his conversion to God. With the pardon of his sins, his appetite departed, and, though it occasionally returns, the grace of God has, ever since, enabled him to master it. He immediately identified himself with the Christian Temperance Workers of Chicago, and has ever since been actively and most profitably engaged in "rescuing the fallen." From two to three times a week he leaves his splendid barber shop on Madison street, and goes into the field to gather sheaves for the Lord. Meantime, his place of business, which is near the Farwell Hall Block, being a well-known house of refuge for repentant drunkards and gamblers, he does a vast amount of good at home. He is now working as hard for God as he used to work for the devil, and the fruits of his earnest, self-sacrificing efforts are abundant and glorious.



THE ANN ARBOR REFORM CLUB.

ITS ORIGIN—ITS GROWTH—ITS GOOD WORKS.

"Καὶ κατανοῶμεν ἀλλήλους εἰς παροξυσμὸν ἀγάπης καὶ καλῶν ἔργων."—"And let us watch in order to incite one another to love and good works."—HEB. Chapter 10, verse 24.



ANN ARBOR, although the acknowledged Athens of the Northwest, being the seat of the only real university in the Mississippi Valley, has not been exempt from the blighting evils of intemperance. So powerful, indeed, was the whisky influence in that most highly cultivated community less than two years ago, that it was deemed scarcely possible to accomplish any thing toward mitigating the curse.

But on Sunday, the twenty-fifth of March, 1877, that invincible chief of the Red, Captain J. C. Bontecou, at the earnest request of the Rev. Dr. Haskell, the Rev. R. B. Pope, Mr. Theodore Taylor, and other noble-hearted citizens, boldly planted his batteries before the strong social and political intrenchments of Alcohol in

that city, and opened fire. He was ably seconded by D. Bethune Duffield, of Detroit, and, having secured the Opera House, gave the people to understand that he would not retire till victory perched upon his standard.

Although the audience was very large, the first day's work resulted in procuring only fifty signers to the pledge; but during the next day one hundred more were obtained, and on the third evening the Captain organized a club, with an enrollment of three hundred members. Wednesday night, March the twenty-eighth, he delivered his farewell lecture, and took his departure the following morning, leaving in the field a force of five hundred brave recruits, under the command of the gallant John Schumacher.

Such is the origin of the Ann Arbor Red Ribbon Reform Club. This valorous corps of redeemed men, at its first regular business session, which was held at Good Templars' Hall on the evening of the thirtieth of March, 1877, adopted a constitution and by-laws, and appointed three committees—one to solicit additions to the membership, another to provide speakers, and another to secure a permanent home. Meantime it fixed upon Sunday afternoon for its public meetings, and upon Wednesday evening for its executive meetings.

Under the inspiration of an all-dominant desire to rescue their suffering fellows from the iron grasp of the merciless demon of the cup, the dauntless Ann Arbor "Boys" knew no such command as "Halt." Onward! was their watchword, Victory! their motto.

In a short time they were snugly housed in four neat, commodious, and tastefully furnished rooms in the Opera-House building, with ample facilities for their own entertainment and for a vigorous prosecution of the war in which they had enlisted for life. Members, officers, and committees were faithful in the discharge of all their duties. The meetings were well attended and ever fruitful of good. Hundreds of the hardest drinkers in the city were converted into sober, industrious men. No reverses were suffered on account of Puritanic bigotry or sectarian meanness. Ministers and communicants of all denominations freely participated in the Sunday-afternoon exercises, showing that they cared more for humanity than for their creeds.

The results were glorious, and when the club was five months old, it was incorporated, under an act passed by the Michigan Legislature on the fourteenth of April, 1877, with a membership of one thousand. The men who figured most prominently in procuring the incorporation were, Messrs. R. E. Frazer, — Reynolds, J. Q. A. Sessions, John Schumacher, Theodore Taylor, D. W. Ansdern, Charles Boylon, Charles H. Wordon, C. G. Clark, Steve Moore, D. E. Doan, W. W. Bliss, James Murphy, Maurice O'Roark, William Mathews, N. R. Watterman, N. W. Cheever, H. S. Ash, A. W. Britton, A. L. Noble, and Robert Cuthbert.

At the end of the first year of its life the organization showed an enrollment of twelve hundred, comprising persons of every avocation, and including many of the most talented representatives of the various professions.

The "Boys" celebrated their anniversary week in a series of revival meetings, which added five hundred to their number. Night after night the Opéra House was crowded to its utmost, and at the close the Hon. R. E. Frazer addressed, with telling effect, an audience of more than three thousand in University Hall, inducing, as will be seen by reference to Mr. Frazer's life, which appears in another part of this volume, two hundred and forty persons to sign the pledge on that single occasion.

On the first of September, 1878, the institution numbered over two thousand members, which shows how it has continued to work since its birth-day. It presents an array of talent, energy, and missionary enterprise before which the rum-fiend quails and trembles. It has established many thrifty clubs in every part of the country around its vicinity, and is recognized as the CHAMPION RED RIBBON CORPS OF MICHIGAN.

It frankly acknowledges that much of its grand success is due to the heroic ladies of Ann Arbor, who have always done everything in their power to promote its interests and further its humanitarian ends.

Financially, it is in excellent condition. It owns property to the amount of \$1,000, which is insured; pays its rent in advance, and has \$250 in its treasury. Its home is the most attractive place in the city, and is well worth visiting by any one sojourning in that region. Its Secretary, Mr. James B. Saunders, is one of the most faithful and efficient men in the Ribbon work.

Its officers besides those named are: First Vice-President, H. E. H. Bower; Second Vice-President,

Christopher Millman; Third Vice-President, Michael Donahue; Financial Secretary, G. T. Mann; Treasurer, James LeVan.

Among the millions of Ribbon heroes throughout the nation none are more worthy of the fadeless honors with which God will reward their glorious achievements than the lion-hearted Ann Arborians.

I close this chapter with a brief account of sundry reform bodies, some of which the Ann Arbor "Boys" have founded, and with all of which they are intimately associated. The Catholics of Ann Arbor have a thriving and most excellently conducted organization, called the St. Thomas Temperance Benevolent Society, which has a relief fund, and pays to any sick member, who is in good standing, three dollars per week. It adopts the Red Ribbon for its badge, and is doing a splendid work among the sin-smitten. The following is its list of officers: President, B. T. O'Mara; Vice-President, Peter Hines; Corresponding Secretary, John O'Brien; Financial Secretary, James O'Brien; Treasurer, Edward Fitzgerald. It is on a solid foundation, and supplies a want in the community that nothing else could supply.

The Saline Red Ribbon Club, established by Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, Feb. 28, 1877, has increased its membership from thirty-six to four hundred and seventy; is out of debt and in a flourishing condition. It has received the special attention of the Ann Arbor Club, and has greatly profited thereby. Its officers are: President, William P. Carson; First Vice-President, Alfred Miller; Second Vice-President, C. O.

Rogers; Third Vice-President, Marshal LeBaron; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, Sidney S. Tripp; Financial Secretary, Alexander Gordon; Treasurer, E. A. Hauser.

The Red Ribbon Club at Lodi was organized by John Schumacher, President of the Ann Arbor Club, with H. S. Ash, and N. W. Cheever, prominent members of the same club, Sept. 30, 1877. J. C. Munroe and Thomas Hicks took the lead in the work at this point, but secured the assistance of Schumacher, Ash, and Cheever, in laying the foundation. The club started with thirty-six members, and in one year had one hundred and sixty-eight. Its officers are: President, Thomas J. Hicks; First Vice-President, Horace Penfield; Second Vice-President, Lydia Lockes; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, Charles Brown; Financial Secretary, Edward Glover; Treasurer, Lester H. Sweetland. It is out of debt, and has thirty-five dollars in its treasury. Under the able management of its efficient officers, it is doing a vast amount of good in its neighborhood.

The Red Ribbon Club at Whitmore Lake, formed by leading members of the Ann Arbor Club, in May, 1877, and most efficiently officered by President Pray and Secretary E. U. Stiles, has more than quadrupled its membership during the past year, and is taking the country all round it.

Besides these, there are flourishing Red Ribbon Clubs at Ypsilanti, Dexter, Hamburg, Salem Station, Delhi, Dixboro, and Salem — all established in the year 1877, and to every one of which the Ann Arbor Club

sustains the most important relations. They are nobly doing their part in spreading the redeeming light of the conquering Red all over the grand State of Michigan.

The representative citizens of the beautiful city of Ann Arbor, and the management of the great University of the Northwest, have covered themselves with genuine glory in the encouragement they are giving the "Boys" who are waging that glorious war which shall end only in the complete overthrow of the rum-power throughout the length and breadth of one of the proudest Commonwealths of which the greatest of Nations boasts.





SUNDRY WORKERS.

“Ὁὐχὶ πάντες εἰσὶ λειτουργικὰ πνεύματα ;” — “Are they not all ministering spirits?”—HEB. Chapter 1, verse 14.

P. R. BAILEY, who was born in Harrisonburgh, Va., in the year 1844, and who never received but twelve months schooling in his life, has done, and is still doing, a great work in the West. His life has been an eventful one. Receiving by inheritance an appetite for strong drink from a father who, though a noble-hearted man, died a drunkard, he early began a career of intemperance which, after inflicting unnumbered woes upon him, dropped him next door to pauperism in the town of Maquoketa, Iowa, with a wife and four children suffering for food and raiment. He had served the country faithfully during the Rebellion; had published four different papers in as many cities, and now, in the prime of life, found himself penniless, without credit, and almost friendless.

At this most critical juncture he was saved by a couple of reformed workers who were holding a meeting in Maquoketa. The first speech he ever made in his life was the one with which he supplemented the donning of the Blue. That effort was so excellent that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the place put a respectable suit of clothes on him, and sent him out to redeem others. Giving up everything else, he has earnestly labored, without vaca-

(408)

tion, from that time till now, and counts his converts by thousands in various parts of the Hawkeye State. He is an eloquent speaker, and every way a valuable leader in the great cause of Reform. He is worthy of all honor, and will, doubtless soon push his conquests far beyond the limits of his own Commonwealth.

FRED. GETCHELL.—This earnest, unselfish, and eminently successful representative of the Blue Ribbon is a native of Maine—that grand little temperance State that has leavened the continent—and is now about thirty-three years old. In May, 1871, he married the daughter of Judge Miller, late Chief Justice of Iowa, and settled down to business, becoming a member of one of the heaviest lumber firms in the country. He formed the habit of drinking in Des Moines, and passed rapidly from moderation to drunkenness. But in January, 1878, at one of John W. Drew's meetings in that city, he signed the pledge and put on the badge of freedom. He immediately went to work under Mr. Drew, going with him from place to place, and rendering valuable assistance in the reclamation of fully ten thousand victims of the demon. He has never charged any thing for his noble services. He is now located in Chicago, and, although occupied with an extensive lumber trade, still works, and that effectually, for temperance whenever called upon. He has always taken rank among the first business men of the nation, and is one of the brightest and highest of Free-Masons. He has filled the most responsible positions in Knight Templary. His influence as a Reform Worker is felt throughout a number of the States of the Northwest.

“SILVER TOP.”—Samuel A. Chambers, better known all over the country as “Silver Top,” on account of his snow-white hair, is one of those redeemed men who rejoice in

being reformed drunkards. He began to drink when a boy, and continued till very late in life. For many years he was a traveling circus clown, and was distinguished in his profession. His course of dissipation was one of almost unmitigated debauchery and misery. He had delirium tremens several times, and says it is impossible for any man to over-do a description of the horrors inflicted upon him by that dread malady. But when the Blue Ribbon wave struck Illinois it overwhelmed "Silver Top," and ever since he obligated himself to drink no more, he has been doing glorious work as a Murphy Evangelist. The principal fields of his operations are Southern Illinois and Southern Indiana. In the latter region his efforts have been especially telling. Vincennes, Corydon, and numerous other cities, which to-day marshal their reformed hosts, are proud to claim him as their recruiting officer. All honor to brave old "Silver Top."

C. W. PHILLIPS is a native of Charleston, S. C., and, in the capacity of a journeyman printer, has traveled all over the United States and the Canadas. He acquired the habit of drinking after his majority, and before he attained his thirtieth year was a periodical drunkard of that inveterate type we so often meet among mechanics and artisans. On the first day of April, 1877, he was in Logan, Ohio, and was recovering from the effects of a spree of ten days. A Murphy meeting was being held at the time in that town. Mr. Phillips attended one night just to while away the time, and was so thoroughly moved by the Evangelist in charge, that he took the pledge. He was straightway pressed into the field, and has ever since been continually engaged in temperance work. He has labored with splendid effect in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa. He was with Mr. Calderwood in the reduction of Davenport. He

has procured, altogether, about 30,000 signers to the pledge. He is a speaker of impassioned eloquence, and a worker of remarkable pluck and efficiency.

FREDERICK DESMOND DALTON, editor of the *Chicago Ribbon Review*, is a reformed man, and a worker of remarkable versatility of talent. He excels as a planner and organizer. In years past he held a responsible position in the Illinois Grand Lodge of Good Templars. He is now, with others, engaged in the perfection of a scheme for the consolidation of all the Ribbon forces into one grand coöperative league. The excellent paper of which he has editorial charge, abundantly attests his superior abilities as a writer. In his fine management of that journal, which is the only one of its kind in Chicago, he is doing valiant and indispensable service for the cause.

JOHN H. MONROE is of Irish parentage, but was born in the State of New York. He was bred a Catholic. According to his own account he was forty years a drunkard, during which time he was successively a sailor, a soldier, a saloon-keeper, a gambler, a hotel-keeper, and, finally, when completely wrecked by rum, a day-laborer. During the great Moody and Sankey revival in Chicago he was converted to God, and from that period till now has been earnestly and fruitfully engaged in both Ribbon work and Gospel work. He is one of the most eloquent, effective exhorters in Chicago, and is a great power, not only in the reformation of drunkards, but in wedding souls to Christ. He is a very successful organizer.

JOHN WOOD was reformed during the efficient labors of Dr. Henry A. Reynolds in Chicago. He was a hard drinker, but a fine business man. Since his reformation he has, in connection with his excellent brother, James Wood, accom-

plished a vast amount of good in the Illinois metropolis, especially in the vicinity of the Stock Yards. Both he and James have freely spent their time, their energies, and their money in building up and maintaining clubs. Chicago is greatly indebted to them for their noble services. They are good speakers and untiring workers.

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER, a distinguished female attorney, of Clinton, Iowa, born in Lowell, Mass., Nov. 3, 1840, and a literary graduate of Genessee College, N. Y., is a woman of extraordinary intellectual power and heart-force. Absolutely great in her profession, being a practitioner in all the higher courts, of acknowledged superiority, she is at the same time a faithful, loving wife and mother. She has been in the general field, as a temperance evangelist, ever since the Crusade, in which she took a very active part. She is a Blue Ribbon worker of wonderful popularity, and a strong prohibitionist. Her oratory is of the most finished, scholarly character, and her ability in argument was never surpassed by the most logical specimen of the masculine gender. She has reclaimed thousands of the fallen throughout the Northwest. She is truly a grand woman, and is especially effective among the higher and more cultured class of drinkers.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.—This eminent member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Illinois, is a yoke-fellow of that brilliant orator and noble manager, Miss Frances E. Willard. She is a resident of Rockford, Ill., and is one of the most thorough, successful Red Ribbon workers in the nation. While she is a splendid speaker, she knows how to get right down to the drudgery of the detail of business. Her executive abilities are marvelous. Few, if any, of the sterner sex can excel her in the organ-

ization of clubs, the establishment of reading-rooms, and the like. She redeems many of the very worst of drunkards, and, best of all, she takes care of them after they are reclaimed. She invited Dr. Reynolds into Illinois, and is acting as his agent. She adds to her other splendid qualities a very high order of poetic talent.

"KATE HARRINGTON," the great Red Ribbon songster of Iowa, the distinguished author of "Centennial and Other Poems," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, has accomplished much for temperance through her sweet muse. Many of her pieces are among the very finest specimens of verse the language affords. Her Club-Songs are exceedingly popular among the "Boys" who wear the Red. "Kate Harrington's" real name is Mrs. Rebecca S. Pollard. She lives at Fort Madison, Iowa, but travels much abroad to labor both in speech and song for the advancement of the cause.

MRS. MARIA BALLARD HOLYOKE, the State missionary of the Illinois Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is a remarkable combination of pluck, energy, and talent. She participates in the Ribbon work wherever she goes, and she goes everywhere. She is the most indefatigable traveler, talker, and singer in America. Through heat and cold, wet and dry, she moves and toils incessantly. She is a good lecturer, and excels in the ministry of song. There is scarcely a county in Suckerdome in which her voice has not been heard pleading in behalf of the cause of human sobriety.

DR. C. N. WHITNEY, of Kewanee, Ill., is a life-long temperance worker, of rare tact and ability. He is an able, eloquent speaker, and a powerful writer. He is now publishing the *Kewanee Courier*, and at the same time

traversing a vast area of country, and establishing clubs. He is a Red Ribbon chief, and has had, throughout his wide field of operations, the most splendid success. He is thorough, practical, and profoundly honest in his work. He has been the means of the redemption of many thousands of drunkards, and is a tower of strength to the cause.

HON. JOHN SEBOSKI.—This great Polander is a representative of the Royal Purple Ribbon, and of that noble temperance order, the Good Templars. He is a mighty reasoner, and a strong, convincing speaker. He is all the while traveling, much of the time with Mr. Crampton, the originator of the Royal Purple, in the interest of the cause. He attracts large audiences, and reclaims thousands of wrecks. He carries the doctrine of prohibition, and that with marked success, right along with the Ribbon work. He is a man of superior ability, and of spotless purity.

REV. W. W. SATTERLEE.—This flaming orator and incomparable organizer, is a resident of Minneapolis, Minnesota. He was born in Laporte County, Ind., April 11, 1837. He has been an active temperance worker ever since he was eleven years old. He is a prominent minister in the M. E. Church, but is now, and has for some years been, wholly devoted to the cause of total abstinence. He has done for Minnesota what no other man has done for any other Western State, in the organization and incorporation of The Minnesota Temperance Union. This grand institution is supplied with a funded capital of \$50,000, the interest on which is annually applied to the advancement of the cause of sobriety. Under its splendid auspices many cities and counties in Minnesota have effectually prohibited the sale of intoxicating drinks. Mr. Satterlee is a mighty Ribbon Worker.

JUDGE SAFETY LAYTON, of Chicago, after several years of immoderate drinking, reformed on the 17th of February, 1877, and put on the Red Ribbon. He is one of the greatest and most successful lawyers in Illinois, and freely gives the use of his fine talents and the weight of his strong influence to the cause of reform. His eloquence has procured the salvation of many drinkers. Were he to take the field at large, he would be an invincible power.

HON. WARNER H. CURTISS, of Waterloo, Iowa, the originator of the Tribe of Jonathan, is doing yeoman service in his State. His organization is one of mutual protection, and, as the name implies, is governed by brotherly love. It comprises only reformed men, who are bound to stand by and support one another in their battles with the tempter, and to assist one another in time of need. Yet the Tribe of Jonathan is not a secret society. Mr. Curtiss is a fine speaker, and is wholly devoted to reform work. His ribbon is tri-colored, with the word "*Jonathan*" printed on it. His clubs are remarkably solid and thrifty.

STEPHE R. SMITH, formerly a journalist of marked ability, is a reformed man, and ably represents the Blue Ribbon. He is a very good speaker, and operates throughout the Northwest. His home is at Galesburg, Ill., where he was known many years as one of the most sparkling writers, and one of the worst of drunkards. He is the author of several respectable works, and a man of noble literary attainments. Since his reformation he has labored earnestly, constantly, and profitably for the cause. He has no pet notions, no special schemes of his own, but takes the movement as he finds it, wherever he goes, and, with

admirable tact, makes the most of existing local facilities. He is doing a good work, and a great deal of it.

PERCY SMITH, the son of Stephe R. Smith, was the first boy orator who ever engaged in the Ribbon Work. He was a member of the Galesburg Band of Hope, and was a born elocutionist. At the age of ten years he accompanied his father everywhere, and recited various select pieces with astounding power and effect. One or two of his best recitations were of his own composition. No man of any age ever showed more zeal, or a deeper interest in the cause of total abstinence than little Percy Smith. And his labors were crowned with success in scores of instances. He was the means of the reformation of many a full-grown sinner, his own father among them. He was truly a most extraordinary child. But O, how sad to tell! he was killed on the 12th of June, 1878, by falling under a moving train of cars at Galesburg, being only a little over ten years old at the time of his death. In the Paradise of God he awaits the coming of his little brethren of the Band of Hope.

ADDINGTON D. WELCH, a talented journalist of Rhode Island, is one of the most successful representatives of the Blue Ribbon in New England. He is a reformed man, and is a great pet among the Yankees. He is a convert of the venerable J. K. Osgood. He has procured hundreds of thousands of signatures to the pledge in various parts of the country, and has several times carried his State for temperance at the polls. He is a splendid orator and a ceaseless worker. He has labored with fine effect in several of the Western States, particularly in Indiana.